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THE

METROPOLITAN


MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLIX.

MAY TO AUGUST.

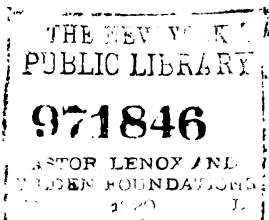
LONDON:

KENT AND RICHARDS, 51 & 52, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH & SON, GLASGOW;
AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1847.





LONDON :

Printed by WARD & GRIFFITH, 16, Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street.

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METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1847.

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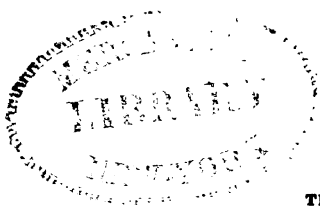
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Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the editor was unable to place the MSS. in the printers' hands till late in the month. He fears, therefore, some few errors may have occurred. One of them he would beg the reader to correct. In page 79, tenth line from the bottom,

For "forehead broad of air,"
read "forehead broad and fair."



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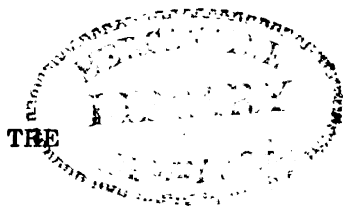
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METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESY.

CHAPTER XXV.

LET a vanquished king learn to die on the day that is destined for the termination of his glory, on that same day let him close his eyes to this mortal life. Let him look round from the field where night has prostrated him, what illusion encourages him? there is no arm raised for him—the wailings of the ruined, which had been before drowned in the shouts of victory, now rising above all other sounds, and heard alone, oppress his soul.—If choosing between death and the degradation of being led in triumph before the car of the conqueror, he presses the debasement, below even the reptiles were those who supported him; and the crown crushes his head, as the tile crushed the head of Pyrrhus. Is he not dispirited by the insults of the cowards who hasten almost joyously to shelter in the shadow of that great overthrow? Is he not tortured by the sneers of traitors? In the vista of his meditations does he not see a vengeance of blood, a retributive justice on the edge of his enemy's sword? The conqueror fears God: he will not slay him. Is it befitting that a man on whom thousands of his fellow-creatures depended, should taste the bitterness of suspense for his own destiny? The hour of passion is past, and half eternity could not compensate for it: he will live; this is his life: to strain after the

* Continued from page 268, Vol. xlviii.

May, 1847.—VOL. XLIX.—NO. CXCII.

B

splendour of a diadem on which he gazes, but which shall never more adorn his brows, or those of his race; to struggle after it the more vehemently the nearer he approaches to the sunset of hope; even as the flower that was once a nymph* turns to the daily mutations of the sun-god that has ceased to love her—to dash himself against the bars of his prison, to stain them with his blood, and then to fall back exhausted in the despair of impotency: his own thoughts are the vultures that prey upon his vitals; he fears every viand: he tastes no drink till he has first held it up to the light and examined it: he does not hazard a step without first trying the spot where he must place his foot; his own shadow alarms him. And his children? he cannot see them, he *would* not see them. And what could he teach them? maledictions! the rattling of the fetters will make their hatred grow up in them more effectually than his words. Shall he show them his misery? Is not that which they themselves endure enough? Shall he hear them reproach him for their existence? He will never again see or hear a human being; his mind has become ferocious, his intellect wild: no one speaks to him, yet he lends an ear to unknown voices, and replies to them. Sometimes a reminiscence of victory animates his visage; but suddenly he casts down his eyes and beholds an object so miserable that pity itself has no tears to weep for him: he contracts his brow, and closes his heart so tightly that not a single sigh can escape,—victory always exalts, though defeat does not always degrade; but the soul of iron that can survive defeat pays a greater penalty for it than the loss of the crown.

Sweet is the repose of the victorious; but sweeter still is the morning saluted by the eager thought of what has been gained. Scarcely did the fateful Charles see the darkness clearing away than he called his squires and bade them buckle on his heaviest suit of armour; a thousand times he chided them for their slowness, while his own impatience delayed them: at length he sallied forth completely armed; the vanguard, ready to march, was awaiting him in the square: to the reiterated acclamations with which he was received, he modestly answered, “we have not yet conquered.”

The orders were given, the military movements commenced; Charles pursued his rival with the eagerness of a hawk, for he well knew that fortune was often changed by one hour of inertness, and his men were invincible, in their first ebullitions,—he did not take the road to Capua, considering it too long, but went to Venasso; and there, knowing that the unprecedented atrocities committed by his troops at San Germano had alienated the Neapolitans, and being besides admonished by the Apostolic Legate with strenuous remonstrances, he sought to repair the past; wherefore he received

* Clytie transformed to a sun-flower,

the Syndics of the City graciously, and dismissed them with affable speeches, desiring them to tell the citizens that he had come to restore and avenge religion. He then went to visit the bones of St. Nicander the Martyr, from which annually flowed a limpid fluid called *manna*; true it is that at his visit, the time of the yearly miracle was passed, nevertheless, the Count besought the Legate Pignatelli so well, and Pignatelli the Monks, and the Monks the Saint, that the latter was pleased to renew the miracle for this occasion. It is not to be expressed what discourse was excited among the populace; that Manfred had never visited those holy bones, that the prodigy had never been renewed for him, that Charles was a real Christian, a true champion of the church, and Manfred a heretic, and they would no longer endure the dominion of a reprobate, and an excommunicate. The Archbishop of Cosenza took off the interdict and lavished the treasures of the indulgences with liberal hands; the joy-bells rang, the priests named their new master, the arm of Judah: the citizens called him Invincible, a few of the more prudent were silent. The short sojourn of Charles at Venasso obliterated the sinister impression made at San Germano, reassured the doubting, and confirmed the partizans. He left the city accompanied by the good wishes of the people, and proceeded along the banks of the river Volturno towards its mouth, in order to cross it with greater security, for although it deepens in proportion as it approaches the sea, yet it runs with less rapidity than above Venasso, where the rivers Cavaliere and Lorda flow into it almost simultaneously. Having sought out and found the easiest ford, some companies had already passed over, when Charles perceived at some distance, a troop of persons who appeared to be approaching him; he halted doubtful of what was about to occur: when they came near, he perceived, from their dress and their ensigns, that they were envoys: they came to offer him homage, as deputed by the Lords of Rocca D'Arce, Rocca D'Evandro, Rocca Guglielma, Rocca Monsina, Castel Forte, and of many other districts, who acted, some spontaneously, since at the instigation of Rinaldo di Caserta, they were welcome: Charles encouraged them to remain faithful to him, and added that he would not place garrisons in their fortresses, in order to show that he had no suspicion of their fidelity, but in fact because he would not decrease his army, and he designed to attack the enemy with all his force, knowing that in the situation to which Manfred had been reduced by late events, all things depended on the result of one battle, and he dismissed them with all kinds of gracious affabilities. Having crossed the Volturno, the army of Charles hastened along the road which leads to the skirts of the Mountains of Maltese, and at sunset it reached Alife. This city also opened its gates to Charles of Anjou, and if he had been less austere, the citizens would have carried him through the streets as in triumph: but Charles

repressed them, and they contented themselves with shouting as loud as they could, to drown the voice of conscience that called them traitors. But if there be any excuse for treason, the people of Alife could plead it, for they remembered the injuries they had sustained from Frederic the 2nd, when through the instrumentality of the Count di Celano, he wasted their unfortunate territory with fire and sword; in vain did the transgressors supplicate him for pardon, the Emperor was inexorable, at his death he left to the people of Alife a legacy of vengeance, which they paid back to his son; crime is bad, vengeance is still worse; but crime is born from crime, and thus wickedness perpetuates itself in the world. The town of Talese made little more resistance than Alife. An ancient tradition related that the foundations of a city which were to be seen at about a mile distant, were those of a former Talese, destroyed by the Saracens; therefore the Talesans hated them, and wished Manfred dead for their sakes; nevertheless on the first appearance of Charles's soldiers, the inhabitants shut their gates, and made demonstrations of defence. The Provençals were preparing for the assault, when the Archbishop of Cosenza, arrayed in his pontifical habits, went forward under the walls, and commanded the Talesans to open their gates, telling them that if they resisted they would bring evil on themselves, and might expect, in a short time, condign punishment both in this life and in the next. Talese came under the power of Charles, as Jericho did into the hands of the Jews, except that the walls of the former did not fall down.

Charles took no other revenge for this shadow of resistance, than by honouring the town very little with his countenance: he proceeded onwards, directing his march to Santa Agata dei Goti, not that he expected to gain it as easily as he afterwards did, but that in the event of coming to battle in the plains of Benevento, it was necessary he should secure it, as it menaced his rear too much. Destiny granted him still more than he could have hoped, even though hope itself is often intemperate by its own nature. At about two miles' distance from Santa Agata, he met a solemn deputation, who surrendered to him the keys of the town, and with humble prayers recommended it to his favour: he replied, that he would regard it with paternal affection. Such unexpected good fortune moved the mind of Charles in so great a degree, though generally of a sober temperament, that he scarcely knew what to say; he entered Santa Agata in an ecstasy, and as he was passing through the gateway, he was seen to bend forward in his saddle, and kiss the jambs of the gate. The Romans, the French declared, that the hand of Providence was clearly to be seen in this *progress*, as it might be called, rather than *conquest*; even Charles began to persuade himself of it: this "*being destined*," appears a great matter to mankind, and seduces the strongest minds. Without

taking any repose, all armed as he was, he repaired to the church wherein were preserved the sacred relics of St. Menna the Solitary, and returned thanks to the Almighty: on leaving the church, he met a captain whom he had left at the gate, and who accosted him, panting, as if breathless with haste: "Sire, men with a white ensign have come to the gate, shall I let them enter?—they ask to speak with you."

"Yes, admit them at once, Lacroix: do not let friends wait at the gate of a friend; you will find us at the Palace of the Syndics."

Charles was mistaken *this* time; those were *not* friends whom he received, in the palace of the Syndics, with frank and affable manners, in order to inspire them with a good opinion of him; this time he built on a sandy foundation, and his edifice did not stand: a cavalier, who appeared to be the principal in the embassy, asked him, with soldier-like bluntness: "Are you Charles, Count of Anjou and Provence?"

The pride of the count was offended by such a rude interrogation, and resuming the haughty reserve that was natural to him, he replied, "We are."

The cavalier, without making any salute, added: "Well, then, my Lord Count, his Majesty,* Manfred the First, King of Sicily, my master, has despatched me to you as an ambassador, to treat with you for a conditional truce of a month, and ——"

"What is your name, fair sir?" interrupted Charles.

"Giordano, Marquis di Lancia."

"Well, good Marquis di Lancia, return quickly, and tell the Soldan† of Lucera that we desire neither truce nor peace with him; and that within a few hours either *he* shall send *us* to Paradise, or *we* will send *him* to hell."

Thus said Charles, insolent by nature, and from design. A cavalier in the train of Giordano, who was holding his shield across his breast, in a manner intended to display its device of a thunder-bolt falling from the clouds and destroying a tower, with the motto—"it comes from a hidden hand," in fact, our Ghino, who had joined himself to the embassy, and who bore this device either from disdain, or for a vaunt (for vaunting is the surface of bravery, as fear of prudence), in order to make the French knights recognise in him the victor in the tournament at Rome,—Ghino, I say,

* I have ventured on an anachronism in applying the term "majesty," to kings in the thirteenth century; this title was then, and for long after, restricted to the emperors; and "grace," "highness," or similar terms, were given to kings. The title given to Manfred, throughout the original of this Work, is, "his serenity," for which, on account of its strangeness to English ears, I have substituted the familiar word "majesty."—TRANSLATOR.

† Charles gives Manfred this title, as implying that he was rightfully only Sultan of the Saracens, (whose chief seat in Sicily was Lucera,) and not a Christian king.—TRANSLATOR.

unable to bear the haughty speech of Charles, exclaimed: "Sir Count, as brave a man as you are, accept the truce; for I swear to you in truth you will find it very beneficial."

"What says this huge-limbed fellow, who, if we mistake not, appears to us to be the victor in the tournament at Rome?" asked Charles, of some of his nobles.

"He defies and menaces."

"He defies!"

"Yes, Sir Count," resumed Ghino, "accept the truce, brave man as you are; for you will not always find traitors to leave you the pass free, nor Saracens, who abandon their posts, nor Benevento."

"Good cavalier," interrupted Charles, going close up to Ghino, "do you promise us a battle ere we enter Benevento?"

"Knight of Chance, do you think I joined your enemies in order to see you triumph?"

"You could not deliver to me a message more agreeable nor more welcome than this; receive then in guerdon this our rapier."

"My own will suffice to slay you, count; my father left it to me, as my grandfather had transmitted it to him: we Italians are not accustomed to have many swords, for we are not accustomed to yielding them up to others."

Charles frowned, and interrupted him. "Be it as you will, Sir Knight; we only ask of you one favour, and that is, to bear to Manfred the Swabian our glove, in token that we challenge him to battle to-morrow; and tell him from us, that we bid him, for once, cease to fly before us; truly we never thought him a *hero*, but we believed him to be a *man* at least. When we left France, we brought among our troops soldiers who thought that they were coming to the conquest of Naples; if we could have imagined that which has come to pass, we would have brought demoiselles and troubadours, and would have besieged the cities with the courts of Love. What will they say in the court of King Louis, if the Count of Anjou ascends the throne of Naples without a single rencounter?—are the descendants of Frederic of *this* stamp? Oh, I pray you, tell your master that we entreat he will not envy us the fame of *one* victory, and that he will not deprive himself of glory; for the most glorious part of his life will be to die by the hands of a son of France."

Ghino was about to reply, but the Count turned his back on him, and retired to another apartment. Ghino looked at the glove which remained in his possession, observed that it would scarce cover half his hand, and smiled; then stretching out his arm towards the door through which the Count had disappeared, he exclaimed: "I will keep this glove for myself, and I swear to you, Count, that if your troops gain the victory, which Saint Ambrose forbid! you shall not enjoy the fruits of it, if my arm, and that of my followers, does not fail in the emprise."

The fatal hours were approaching. Manfred the next morning convoked a council of his officers and nobles, and thus addressed Count Giordano D'Angalone:—

"Now, you see, Giordano, whether our presage be true. Did I not tell you that we should reap nothing from this truce, but the infamy of having proposed it?"

"Sire, it is only the loser who is sad; it was incumbent on you to do this, in order to conquer. The enemy will not swallow the bait, let us take order to compel him to it."

"Explain, Giordano."

"The same causes which would have ruined the enterprise of Charles at San Germano, will ruin it at Benevento. Let it not displease you to delay, for by delay the enemy will be wasted, your majesty's force will be augmented by the troops which Conrad of Antioch has in Abruzzo, by those which Count Frederic, the Count di Ventimiglia, and the two Counts Capece, are assembling in Calabria and in Sicily; and you will afford time sufficient for the barons to bring up their levies."

"Count D'Angalone," exclaimed Manfred, "our affairs are not now in their integrity, as they were at San Germano; that which would then have been laudable, would now be injurious: our honour must be retrieved."

"Under favour, sire, you know, better than other men, that the affairs of the kingdom cannot be governed by the canzonets of Troubadours; and that honour follows him who conquers."

"And what, then," interposed Ghino di Tacco, "since this Provençal robber has been so quick in invading the kingdom; and is so ready with his tongue; and has even the insolence to send his glove as a defiance to the son of the Emperor (and here he displayed the glove delivered to him by Charles), shall we be such dastards as not to reply to the challenge?"

"Since when, good Cavalier," replied D'Angalone, "since when are we compelled to fight whenever it pleases the enemy? Duels, perhaps, may have other laws; but in battles the good opportunity is always the honourable time."

"You speak like the skilful general that you are," interrupted the Marquis di Lancia; "but recollect that, with the subsidies we found in Benevento, we already outnumber the French army; consider also, this incursion of Charles will be diffused abroad with the fame of a victory, and will certainly be remembered by the church; and besides,—I say it with bitterness of heart, but experience compels me to say it,—who knows how many subjects of the realm, flattered by novelty, deluded by promises, and perhaps led by evil inclination, may be seduced by our delays to rebel against our king? This is a fire which must be checked at all hazards: example is contagious, and if it spread through the provinces, we shall have both foreign and domestic war, whereas we have now only foreign war."

"*Machatub Ruby!*" cried the Emir, "it is destined. If Allah will, thou shalt find the adventure succeed, while thou art seeking to resist it; if we are to conquer, the troops we have will suffice; if we are to lose, all that could come would not avail us."

"I tell you that the probability of conquering is but small, and your doctrine is not good for soul or body; and besides, it is condemned by the Gospel."

Thus said the wise Giordano, standing alone in support of his opinions; and by dint of sagacious reasonings he might have succeeded in bringing Manfred round, but that a sound of trumpets cut short the words on his tongue. Manfred sprang up, grasping his sword; the rest of the council sprang up also, exclaiming, "To arms! to arms!" Giordano himself, unconsciously excited by the martial call, laid his hand on his battle-axe, and the cry, "To arms," was ready to burst from his lips.

"And to arms be it!" cried Manfred, animated with a new ardour, and he rapidly issued his commands. "Count D'Angalone and Calvagno, take the German companies, and form them into a compact body, more deep than wide in front: let this be the vanguard. Let it make the first attack, and endeavour to break the enemy's ranks; let it advance step by step, preserving its compactness, were it to advance even up to the person of Charles. You, Count Lancia, Ghino with your Tuscans; and thou, Jussuff, with all thy Saracens, shall form the main body, follow the vanguard, but not too closely. At about half an arrow's flight you will receive the advantage of the impression made by the Germans, whom we repute infallible; advance in their rear, divide into squadrons, and, if necessary, dismount from your horses, and disarrange the files. To you, Rogiero, we entrust the royal standard. We, ourselves, at the head of the bridge, with our Apulians, will command the reserve. Go! take order; we will rejoin you in a few moments. We will not exhort you to be valiant, we will only pray that fortune may favour your valour."

"Helena, my best beloved!" cried Manfred, hastening in his armour to the Queen, and with his iron grasp pressing her delicate hand so closely that, for a long time after it bore a violet-coloured mark; "Helena, farewell! Before the sun sets, I shall be victorious or dead!" Then, without awaiting her reply, he turned to his children and embraced them. "You will, I hope, be happy; but if fortune decree otherwise, remember under all circumstances, that you are the grand-children of an Emperor—the children of the royal Manfred. The only instruction that a vanquished king can give his children to guide them rightly through life is, to know how to die. You know that there is but one way of coming into the light of the world, for there is but one cause for life. But innumerable are the ways of quitting the world, because innumerable are the causes of death. If nature overwhelm us with afflictions, it has also conceded to us the means of escaping from them. Do

not fear death. He is a liar who affirms it to be terrible. The nearer man approaches to it, the less hideous does it seem, and it even appears lovely when man is on the point of embracing it. My children, preserve your life against persecution, against misery; but do not forget that heaven has made a refuge from infamy—in the earth!" They all wept. Manfred looked on them affectionately, and said:—"Is it thus you animate your king for the approaching fight? Must a warrior be accompanied into danger by tears? I swear to you that, ere long, similar tears shall bathe the cheeks of the Lady of the Provençal. But if destiny—Ah, my faithful Benincasa, where art *thou*?"

"Are faithful subjects wanting to your sacred person?" said an esquire, called Giovanni di Procida, advancing with a firm step; "if my sovereign will honour me with his commands, I swear to fulfil them as long as my life shall last."

"Generous son of a generous father! we do not doubt thy valour. If thou hadst the years of Benincasa, we know not what difference would be between you, beyond the name and the countenance. Thy offer pleases us so well, that we will confide in thee alone, though so young thou be. If the end of our dynasty be decreed above—if the race of Frederick shall no longer rule the land of Sicily, thou shalt safely conduct our consort and our children to Lucera, or rather to Manfredonia. My beloved Helena, thou shalt take shelter either in Epirus, with thy father, or in Arragon, at the court of Peter,* whichever shall please thee best; in truth, thou wilt have lost thy crown, thou wilt have lost thy husband, whom thou wouldst have loved even without the diadem—but thy children will remain to thee—thy children, my Queen, the stay of thy declining years, the consolation of thy past misfortunes. To know you all safe, even after my death, is re-animating to my spirit. Now, one embrace—do not weep thus—you know not if it be the last." He disengaged himself from their arms, and spoke to Giovanni di Procida, "Remain at Manfredonia, and, until galleys arrive from Catalonia or from Greece, let neither entreaty nor menace —"

Rogiero, who, while Manfred was embracing his family, had stood motionless at a few paces distant, now ventured to look up, and advance a step. He strove to speak, but his lips trembled convulsively, and his words were imperfectly uttered; he gazed fixedly on Iole, with unmoving and dilated eyes. She strove to answer him—the words crowded to her lips—they struggled in her throat, convulsing it with the agony of effort, and then fell back to oppress her heart. She strove again—every bodily faculty, every mental power were strained in the attempt; the veins of her forehead and eye-lids became tumid and purple—her cheeks flushed—all her life seemed ready to gush forth with her words. But

* Peter of Arragon was married to Constance, Manfred's daughter by his first wife.

nature yielded in the unaccustomed strife. A long, shrill scream rent the ears and hearts of all around, and Iole, pale and powerless, sank to the ground like a statue struck down by the thunderbolt.

The Provençal trumpets sounded again their challenge to battle. Manfred seemed to hear in their voice a tone of mockery. He sprang to the door, shouting, "Swabia! Swabia!"

Rogiero saw the king depart, looked at Iole, and lifted his hand towards heaven, sighing, "May I meet her again happy, or may I never see her more!" and he hastened away.

Helena, supporting her daughter, was unable to follow Manfred, but sent after him a piteous cry. Manfredino, alone, ran after his father, calling,—“Oh, my father! my father! will you come back this evening?”

Unfortunate child! at first he heard the footsteps distinctly, then only a confused sound, and at last he heard no more. He returned with his hands to his head, weeping and lamenting as he came, "My father is gone away, gone away; and he has not promised to see me again this evening."

The troops of Charles had reached the summit of the neighbouring hills, and from thence they beheld and admired the city of Benevento, renowned for its beauty and its antiquities, not less than for the superstitious opinions of its people. Its origin is lost in the darkness of mythology, yet there are not wanting writers who affirm it to have been built by Diomedes, King of the Etolians, after the Trojan war. We have little information respecting it during the domination of the Romans, for the history of that nation absorbs the history of all the conquered countries, and, while it lasted, "Rome" signified all Italy. The chronicles relate that Totila snatched it from the rule of the Greeks; but its greatness begins after the conquest by the Lombards; for Otari, subduing Italy as far as the uttermost part of Calabria, erected Benevento into a noble Duchy, and bestowed it on Zoto, his general.

We shall not write a chronology of the Dukes who succeeded him; we shall only say, that on the coming of Charlemagne into Italy, the Duchy was not destroyed, on the conditions that the Duke Arechi should shave off his beard, and compel the Lombards to shave theirs; that he should coin money bearing the name of Charlemagne, and should destroy the fortresses of Salerno, Acerenza, and Conza. Grimoaldo, the noble-minded son of Arechi, would not observe these conditions, alleging *that he was free and freeborn, both on the father's and mother's side, and that he would always maintain his freedom, with the help of God.* Nor did his acts contradict his words. He vindicated his liberty, caused himself to be anointed with regal ceremony by the bishops, and assumed the kingly diadem. The Dukes who came after this Grimoaldo, till the period of the Normans, are distinguished only by their various effigies engraven on medals, or by some crimes. The new

lords oppressed the people so much, that the latter implored the help of Pope Leo IX., who repaired to Germany, to the Emperor, Henry III., and agreed with him to exchange the tribute of the hundred marks of silver and the barbed horse (imposed by Benedict II. on the Church of Bamberg), for the territory of Benevento; provided that the Imperial troops should assist him to conquer it. Pope Leo succeeded in his views, by the good will of the people of Benevento, and he invested with the Duchy one Raidolfo, a Lombard, who was soon after expelled by Anfredo, the Norman Count of Apulia, the elder brother of Guiscard.

The ill-will between Rome and the Normans was augmented by this new injury, which gave rise to a tiresome series of skirmishes, that had nothing in common with regular battles, except the slaughter. Finally, in the year 1059, these contests were accommodated in the city of Melfi, and Benevento was restored to the Holy See, only to be again taken from it in after times. But the greatest injury sustained by this contested city was inflicted by Frederick II, who, in 1242, after subduing it, razed the walls. It bore the marks of the ferocity and ambition of those who first oppressed it, and then chose it for their residence; its own aspect was the history of its vicissitudes. Near to it was to be seen and admired a triumphal arch of Parian marble, erected by Trajan, for the road commanded to be made at his expense, from Brindisi to Rome. A part of the walls, not demolished by Frederic, displayed the strange style of architecture brought into Italy by the Northern races; the recent repairs, and the eight gates erected by order of Manfred, showed the restoration of the Arts. The castle, founded by the church, at the instance of the Pontifical Governor, lifting its dark towers above the city, manifested, and perhaps still manifests, to the traveller what *was* in those times the solemn majesty of the successors of St. Peter.

Charles of Anjou, the more he gazed on Benevento, the more worthy did he deem it of being conquered by him. His eyes examined it all round, many times, to discover some weak point where he might make a breach, and attempt the assault; but he perceived that it was too skilfully fortified to be possibly taken by assault. He sighed, and turned to look down into the intervening valley: it appeared spacious and well suited for an engagement. The rivers Calore and Sabato (which mingled their waters at the extremity of Benevento) crossed the plain, and a magnificent bridge formed the communication between their respective banks. He inquired the name of the champaign country, and was informed, Santa Maria della Grandella.

"Oh, if we could but succeed in bringing out the enemy into this valley!" said Charles to Monfort.

"Let us push forward, at once, to occupy the bridge, and ——."

"The enemy, perceiving the advantage, will not come forth. Sound the trumpets."

This blast was the first challenge that interrupted Manfred's council. After the signal, the Count stood panting with hope and fear, to watch what would ensue. The gates opened, and some companies of the Italian army began to defile through the plain, towards the bridge.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" asked Charles of his surrounding nobles, "or does Manfred really come forth? Yes, he does. Heaven be praised! Now, barons, this is the day you have so eagerly desired. *Montjoye! Montjoye!* we are on the eve of battle!"

"Fair Cousin," said Monfort, in a low voice to the Count of Anjou; "since the Knight of the Thunderbolt ——" the rest was spoken so low that none of the surrounding nobles heard it. Charles appeared displeased, and returned an absolute negative; but Montfort persisting, he gave way, and replied, "Do as you will, cousin, but take care that he is worthy to bear them; certainly that cavalier is a terrific personage."

"Leave it to me, and I will find your man, with an iron heart, and a foggy head." With these words he went through the ranks seeking a Gascon gentleman, named the Sieur Henri de Cocence: whom, when he had found, he told that the King, Charles, impressed with his merits, had determined to invest him with his own armour, and make him leader of the vanguard. "I might have contested the honour with you," added the crafty Monfort, "but being your intimate friend, I have left it to you. Think of the glory that will hereafter redound to your family, Sieur de Cocence—remember that henceforth you will quarter the Fleur-de-Lis of France in your arms."

"Truly," replied the Gascon, "the honour that King Charles does us is great, yet not greater than the honours to which the Viscounts de Cocence are accustomed. Do you see, Monfort, that bridle bit, of gold, in a red field—do you know the occasion of it?"

"I have heard you, Sieur Henri, relate something regarding it."

"What! are you ignorant, Monfort, that it was assumed by Regnalt de Cocence, for having held the bridle of King Clovis, whom that noble received after the battle of Soissons? And those hands clasped together in a field, or?"

"Yes, indeed, Viscount; but come, for the King awaits us, and the enemy is advancing."

"Geoffrey, Viscount de Cocence, standard-bearer to the Emperor Charlemagne (rest his soul!) had his hands cut off while bearing the Oriflamme in battle; and fame relates that Geoffrey, without being at all dismayed, held the standard in his teeth, and thus restored it to the Emperor, who said to him, 'O, Sieur ——'"

"That is all to be found in the history of the reign, at page four thousand one hundred and eight; it is said to have been written

by Harduin,—a very learned man that Master Harduin, Viscount; first Councillor of Charlemagne and Deacon of Rheims.” And thus interrupting him, and drawing him along, Monfort conducted the Viscount into the presence of Charles, and said, “Here is the Viscount de Cocence.”

“Sieur de Cocence, your deeds have found such favour in our sight, that we have come to the determination to invest you with our own insignia, and to place you at the head of the first line;” and he made a sign to his esquires, who surrounded the Viscount, and began to strip him of his own armour.

“Many thanks, Sire; you do me great honour. Nevertheless it is such as the race of Cocence has been accustomed to from time immemorial. Do you know — gently, gently;” he said with petulance to the esquires, who were angrily pulling the armour off his back. “Do you know, Sire, the origin of the Golden Bit?”

“By St. Denis! Do you think we are so ignorant of the glories of France?”

“It is well. And the clasped hands?”

“Certainly. Great glory awaits you below in yonder valley, Sieur Henri.”

“A man can do but what he can; nevertheless, I will so conduct myself that you shall be satisfied, Sire. We will wheel round and descend these mountains—gently,” he cried again, to the esquires who, in pulling off his gauntlets, had scratched his hands—“we shall reach Benevento before we meet the enemy—we will take it by assault, and then —” He was now in his buff doublet, the enemy was increasing on the plain—Charles began to arm him with his own armour, and while thus occupied he observed to the Viscount,—

“No, Sieur Henri, you will leave the trouble of commanding the movements of the troops to the Marshall Mirepoix and the Brothers Vandamme; give all your care to fighting bravely. The command would distract your attention,” (he now buckled on his spurs); “I could swear that no Cavalier will have earned better than you the golden spurs.”

He now took from his neck the collar of Grand Commander of the Order of *Outre mer*, and put it round the Viscount's neck. “This Order from the present hour will adorn either your life or your sepulchre.”

The Order of *Outre mer* (i. e. beyond sea), known also by the names of the Order of the Ship, and of the Double Crescent, was instituted by St. Louis, brother of the Count of Anjou, in 1262, at his second voyage into Africa. It was composed of a collar of scollop shells, intertwined with crescents, where hung a medal representing a ship at sea. Each emblem had its signification. The shells denoted the strand at *Aigues Mortes*, the place of embarkation. The crescents, the war to be undertaken against the

Infidels. The ship, the voyage. In truth, Charles with this Order on his neck, called to mind an enterprise from which little honour was derived; but calculating the utility he might derive from an ostentation of piety to be greater than the injury accruing from his decreased reputation in arms, he constantly wore the insignia in Italy.

The Viscount being armed at all points, Charles called for his horse. The noble animal appeared, enveloped in immense housings, embroidered with Fleur-de-Lis; and the moment he perceived his master he neighed. Charles showed some regret at yielding him, but he suddenly shook his head, and said, "Go, Benevento is well worth a barbed horse." The Viscount being mounted,— "Nobles!" cried Charles, "receive my orders. You, Viscount de Cocene, Marshal Mirepoix, Vandamme, and Clermont, take with you a thousand French horsemen, and sustain the attack. Let the troops of the Flemings, the Brabanzons, the Picards, the Romans, and the Cavaliers of the Queen, form the main body of the battle. Let Guillaume, the standard-bearer, carry the ensign; and our Cousin Robert, of Flanders; the Constable, Giles le Brun, and Bertram de Batz, shall command them. Ourselves will head the reserve with the Provençals. We will keep about our person Guy de Monfort, Grary, and you, Count Guerra, with the Guelfs of Tuscany. The word is the usual war-cry of France—*Montjoye! Cavaliers!* Go then, my children, and acquire lands and lordships."

They moved forward, and then, seated on a snow-white mule, appeared Bartholomew Pignatello, Archbishop of Cosenza, surrounded by many prelates, and arrayed in his most splendid robes; even his mule was covered with a mantle of cloth of gold, embroidered with silver pots. His servants wore vests of cloth of gold, with silver pots; and the majors-domo carried gilded maces, surmounted with silver pots. This armorial ensign is certainly honourable, since the chronicles of the ancient times relate that one Landolfo, a captain in the galleys of King Roger, at the Siege of Constantinople, was so daring that he penetrated into the kitchens of the Emperor Emanuel, carried off three cooking pots of silver, and assumed them as his* family arms; which, however, savour a little of the ridiculous; and they were rendered still more so by the anxiety of the Archbishop to display them everywhere. Pignatello, having reached Charles's presence, gravely asked if he should read the Bulls of Indulgences, given by Popes Alexander IV., Urban IV., and Clement IV., to whomever should fight in this Holy Crusade. Charles replied that it needed not, for they all knew the bulls by heart; but if the prelate gave them his benediction,

* The family name, Pignatello, is derived from *Pignatta*, the Italian word for Pot.—TRANSLATOR.

they would be well contented with it. The Archbishop took the aspergillum in his hand, and, without dismounting, blessed them in good form. He then hastily recited a kind of peroration, in which he called Manfred the son of Ahab, stricken with sacred anathemas, a viper, an Arian, an Arnoldist, a Priscillianist, and an Atheist, all together; but he styled the French, on the contrary, true sons of Israel, and descendants in the direct line of the tribe of Judah. Then he intoned the Psalm, "*Exurge Domine et defende causam tuam*"; and took his departure, chanting rejoicingly as he rode along the plain.

And now the doleful sounds began,—on this side and on that, crying "*Montjoye!*" and "*Swabia!*" the hosts rushed against each other, eager for victory; the space which divided them disappeared, and the slaughter began. The French, by the order of the Marshal Mirepoix attacked with a wide front, for, seeing the German squadrons advance in the form of a square, they hoped to outflank them with the troops commanded by the Brothers Vandamme. The German cavalry had in those times the reputation of being invincible; and to say the truth, so mutable are things in this world, though then incapable of resisting a charge, from defect of discipline they were insuperable in making the charge. In obedience to the orders of Manfred, the German cavalry pressed the centre of the enemy's vanguard with such force and such constancy, that partly from their extreme valour, and partly from the weakness of the French centre, the latter began to waver, to give way, and finally to break; the wings of the vanguard wheeling in order to take the Germans in flank described the half of a semi-circle, and met the main body of Manfred's army formed, in a straight line, at a short distance from the troops in advance; and thus instead of attacking on the flank, the French were obliged to defend themselves in front from superior forces. Fortune carried her lamentable but flattering deceit still farther; the centre troops composed of Ghino's band and the Saracens, taking advantage of the opening made by the Germans, dashed through it, shouting, *Swabia! Swabia!* the sound spread itself through all the valleys round about, and added to the panic, which the Saracens augmented by the incessant beating of their drums, which being their own invention were used in those days by them exclusively, but have been since adopted by European civilization to transmit signals in war; and to torture the ears of citizens in peace, Europe has added fifes, its own invention, to complete the harmony. Robert of Flanders, and the Constable Giles Lebrun hastened forwards with the main body of the French to sustain the tottering fortunes of the day. Shouting *Montjoye!* and *St. Martin!* they charged gallantly. The Cavaliers of the Queen, formed part of these troops, and fame says that they made good use of their swords on this occasion, and farther relates, that the Sieur Henri de Cocence,

enraged at having been driven back for about the distance of two arrow flights, rode furiously along the ranks, crying out, "Christian Cavaliers, make head, by St. Denis! what will be said of *me* in France! shame! shame! forward! forward! our enemies are Paterins*—heretics; their swords have no edge, heaven has rejected them!" Two of Manfred's Cavaliers perceiving De Cocence, (whom they mistook for Charles of Anjou,) thus advanced in front of his men, sprang out of their own ranks, placed their lances in rest, and spurred towards him. The persons near the Viscount perceived his imminent danger, and warned him of it, but he stood firm, crying, "Now you shall see fine sport." The two Cavaliers coming up at full gallop, ran the Viscount through the chest, both at the same moment, so that the points of the weapons came out of his back in an angle, and raised him from the saddle and bore him for some distance transfixing upon their lances. Manfred's army raised a shout of victory, believing that the Count of Anjou was slain, and continued the combat more eagerly than ever; nor were the French less vigorous in defending themselves, as if well aware that in the end the enemy would lose the day. The two armies were thus contending on the bloody field, when the sun indicated the hour of nine, and Giordano D'Angalone, without his crest, only half covered with armour, his cuirass pierced in several parts, and his sword broken in his hand, came up to the Emir Jussuff, and said, "Give me thy scimeter; I only need to strike a few strokes more, and the victory is completed."

"Follow me, Count," replied the Emir, "and I will provide thee with a sword." Thus saying, he spurred towards Clermont, who both from his arms and his acts appeared to be a renowned knight. Clermont seeing the Emir dashing forwards against him in a reckless manner, stood on his guard, reckoning securely on his back stroke, he aimed a blow with his full force; the Emir with admirable dexterity stooped to his courser's neck, passed the hostile blade, which scarcely grazed his shoulder, pulled up the swift Borak, wheeled about, and discharged a cleaving blow on the crest of Clermont, who, raising his legs and opening his arms, fell dead upon the ground. The Emir stooped from his saddle, took up the dead man's sword, and gave it to Count Giordano: "Take it—thus does Jussuff provide arms for his friends."

"Brave man," replied Giordano, "the use I will make of it shall be worthy of the manner in which it was bestowed on me." And he disappeared, mingling in the thickest of the battle.

The army of Charles, repulsed at all points, had left the Cavaliers

* Paterins were a sect that sprang up in the twelfth century, and were condemned in the General Lateran Council, 1179. They are said to have held marriage as sinful, and to have taught that they were sent to bear all things patiently, and to console all men; whence they were called, "the Consolers," in Lombardy, and the "Good Men," in France.—TRANSLATOR.

of the Queen alone, and these, determined to die rather than retreat, drawn up in a close body, were contending against the whole army of Manfred. Giordano Lancia, not considering it judicious that all the forces of his Sovereign should be occupied with a handful of men who were destroying themselves by their own exertions, and fearing that those who had been repulsed would rally, and return to renew the attack, called Ghino and D'Angalone, and commanded them to detach their men, and pursue the French, uninterruptedly, while he himself remained to overthrow the relic of Charles's army. They obeyed his commands, galloping on the traces of the fugitives, and slaying alike the yielding and the resisting; quarter was refused; mercy was extinct; the miserable carnage was dreadful even in the eyes of many of the victors.

"By heavens, I cannot bear the sight," cried Charles, who was a spectator of the slaughter, from the top of a height, called the Rock of Roseto, "My lance, squires! my horse! quick, here! to the rescue!"

"Fair cousin," said Guy de Monfort, restraining him, "remain quiet, by St. Martin! let them conquer for a quarter of an hour longer, and then the victory is ours."

"I cannot endure—"

"By the soul of my father, you *must* stay,—be firm!"

D'Angalone's soldiers in spite of his efforts to restrain them, being impelled by greediness for spoil, broke their ranks, and secure of victory, dispersed about to plunder; the horses strayed along, abandoned to their own will, the riders dismounted, went searching the persons of the dead and dying, and breaking off with their swords such ornaments of the armour as they deemed valuable—some clutching with rapacious hand at a corpse for the sake of a coveted vest or buff doublet, tore at it so furiously as to bring away the skin with the garment; some finding they could not take the rings off the fingers of the slain, cut off the fingers, and crammed them into their bosoms without loathing,—so vile is human cupidity! Ghino and D'Angalone exerted themselves to stop these disorders; striking the ribalds on the back with the staves of their lances, "to horse, greedy wretches!" they exclaimed, "to horse!" The fellows, intent on their prey, either did not feel the blows, or running forwards, rubbed their shoulders a little, and continued doing worse than before.

"Now we will descend the heights, cousin," said Monfort, and Charles, mounting his horse, said to his nobles, "follow me, barons! you will see my crest wherever there will be most glory to be gained. And you Guido Guerra, remind your Guelfs that by conquering at Benevento, they recover their regretted country." And he descended to the plain.

A courier despatched by Count Lancia presented himself before Manfred and said; "Sire, we have conquered."

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The king raising his eyes to heaven with a spontaneous thought of praising the Lord, saw the French corps de reserve extending along the declivity of the hill of Roseto, and descending to the plain, and he commanded the courier; "return to Giordano, and tell him to be on his guard, for we have not yet conquered."

Then gazing on the troop of Guefts, and struck with their fine appearance, he inquired who they were, and was answered, "the Florentine Exiles."

Tradition records that he said, "Where now is the aid from the Ghibelline party, whom *we* aided with so much toil and so much treasure?" And becoming still more pleased with the appearance of the Florentine band which was advancing in admirable order, he added, "in truth these men cannot lose this day." Meaning, that if he conquered, he would take them into his pay, and give them a position in his army.

"To horse, villains! to horse!" cried Ghino and Giordano; but the Provençals, galloping up in full speed, were already upon them. The Germans and Italians leaving the prey, though with reluctance, prepared to combat them; the horses had rambled away grazing, and in the sudden confusion many lost them, for the animals taking flight, fled: no man had his own horse, and they had not yet formed into squadrons, when the French burst upon them with furious impetuosity, and drove them back about forty paces: the Germans then stood firm; the space that divided the armies was filled with corpses; the French hesitated, as loath to trample the bodies of their brethren. Charles, thinking that this hesitation would give the enemy time to form anew, and would perhaps cause the loss of the battle, exclaimed: "On, soldiers! do not heed treading on them, but think of revenging them; these your dead comrades rejoice in offering you the way to victory over their breasts: *Montjoye! Montjoye!*" and he was himself the first to advance.

"Make head!—forward!—would you fly before those whom you had yourselves put to flight before? Manfred is regarding you,—die, or conquer!—*Swabia! Swabia!*" Thus cried Ghino and Giordano in vain; their soldiers were out of heart, fear was spreading among them. Monfort charged them more fiercely than all the others: mounted on a strong Norman horse, plying his heavy war-mace on all sides, he made dreadful havoc among the troops of Manfred. Ghino observed him, and knew him by his shield; for after the Roman Tournament, he had laid aside his device of Italy reversed, and had re-assumed his family arms, which were three antique chair gules, in a field argent. The good Tuscan could not endure to look upon the slaughter he made, but snatching a lance from one of his men, he charged Monfort, crying: "Look to yourself, you are a dead man."

Monfort avoided the blow, and Ghino had passed him in his

career; he struck after him with his mace, but missed him. Ghino laid lance in rest again, and again spurred his horse against Montfort, who awaited him with a firm countenance, but a palpitating heart, when one of his esquires, springing behind Ghino, flung a javelin at him, which, entering where the cuirass met the lower armour, penetrated under the last false rib, and he fell from his saddle mortally wounded.

"In truth, Raoul," said Monfort to his squire, smiling: "the cavalier thou hast slain was a brave man, and did not deserve to die by treachery; but it is well for thee that a dead man cannot fight." Thus saying, he urged on his horse, which, less brutal than his master, refused to tread on the fallen. Fool! he knew not that heaven destined for him a death a thousand times more miserable. It is to be believed that Providence, who had caused his great-grandfather, Simon Monfort, to die by the blow of a stone on the head at the siege of Toulouse; Almeric, his grandfather, by an arrow, under the walls of Ptolemais; and Simon, his father, of honourable wounds, when maintaining the liberty of the English, against their king, Henry III., denied to Guy, in punishment of his barbarities, the glory of dying on the field, which was become hereditary in his family; for being taken prisoner in the sea-fight between the Sicilians and the Neapolitans, in the Bay of Naples, in 1287, he ended, in the squalidness of a dungeon, a life which he had adorned by great feats of arms, and had disgraced by ferocious misdeeds.

Count Giordano D'Angalone looked upon the fall of Ghino, and a darkness overspread his soul; but resolved never to return as vanquished to the spot he had left as victor, finding himself near the band of Guelfs, he rushed into the midst of them, eager for a glorious death. He penetrated the troops, amid a storm of thrusts and blows, till he had reached the standard which was borne that day by Corrado di Montemagno of Pistoia; he grasped it with his left hand, while he wielded his sword with the right. Corrado, on his side, held the standard fast, and defended it: the Paladins, as those twelve knights were called, who led *Tacha* to death from Modena, surrounded D'Angalone, and pierced him with deadly wounds; but the brave man, unheeding them, continued his combat with the standard-bearer, who at length overpowered, and wounded in many places, fell from his saddle: at the same moment, D'Angalone dropped also, and breathed his last on the Lily of Florence.—In those days, the Italian factions hated each other with a deadly hate, and their deeds were deadly; brother fought against brother, and son against father; yet in the chronicles of the time I have read, and not without emotion, that after the battle was over, the Guelfs gave an honourable burial to D'Angalone, laying him in the same grave with Corrado di Montemagno; erecting over it a cross, which bore on its right arm the name of *Giordano*, and on

the left that of *Corrado*; and besought the passer-by to recite a requiem for the souls of two valient men who died on the field of battle.

Now that the two leaders, Ghino and D'Angalone, had fallen, there was no longer any check to the flight; there was nothing to be seen but a stream of fugitives scouring the plain, nothing to be heard but cries of, "Save himself who can." In this disorder, they reached the place where Giordano Lancia, after having conquered the cavaliers of the Queen, had re-formed his soldiers in array, in order to bring them up to the assistance of the other troops. "Here is the enemy!" cried the foremost of the fugitives, pale with terror.—"What enemy?"—"The Guelphs, the French, a troop of devils unchained."—"Let them come! here we stand, in Heaven's name, to combat them."

The troops of Lancia rushed upon the approaching French with inestimable valour, and were driven back with equal bravery. They closed their ranks and returned to the charge, and were again repulsed: the third charge was the most bloody, nor, though greatly cut up, were they disheartened,—they adventured a fourth. Infinite were the blows given and repaid, infinite the wounds, infinite the corpses. But Lancia cried, "Be firm!" to his men, and they, animated by his example, lost not an inch of ground. Rogiero fought in the front rank; Manfred's banner was as firm in his hand as on the top of a tower: the most daring of his men crowded round him with impetuous zeal, and when he waved the banner in the wind a cry of joy arose, and the courage of the combatants was redoubled. In the assault, not to win signifies to lose, and Charles saw from the obstinacy of the Italian troops that his emprise was desperate. He was depressed, but not disheartened, and becoming more cruel from adversity, he meditated an advantage. We have often observed that a man in adverse fortune becomes malignant, and will commit acts of which he would never have thought in better times. Thus it happened in the present instance. The son of France had recourse to fraud, and breaking through every law of nations established in those ages, intent only on doing the utmost possible injury to the enemy, he gave orders to his soldiers to kill all the horses of their antagonists. Such an order was contrary to the faith mutually due between two hostile powers when in action, but victory excuses every crime committed to gain it; and if Grotius pronounced that man must keep faith with his enemy, and do him the smallest possible amount of injury, we think he must have said it at mad Midsummer, but would not have repeated it in sober January.

The order of Charles was given all along the ranks, and on every side the cry arose "Out rapiers: kill the horses!" It was immediately put in execution. Lancia's front rank, before they could stand on the defensive, found themselves dismounted, and Lancia

himself had his horse killed. The dismounted men fell back in disorder on the rear ranks; the latter opened to receive and shelter their comrades, but unfortunately in receiving these they could not repulse the enemy, who entered promiscuously with them. The French, with a vivacity heightened by the hope of victory, struck fast and heavily, nor were king Manfred's soldiers wanting to themselves in this extremity: they were equal in valour, but not in circumstances. Neither in ancient or modern times has there ever been a more bloody fight, nor one contested with more determined valour. For a long period the plain of Santa Maria della Grandella exhaled pestiferous vapours, occasioned by the intense fœtor of the unburied bodies; for more than half a century the bleached bones scattered along the valley attested with what ferocity thousands of victims were slaughtered there; and even in these days it not unfrequently happens that the peasant, tracing his furrows, finds his ploughshare stopped midway, stoops, and finds it entangled with fragments of a skeleton; he picks them up with an imprecation, and flings them into his neighbour's field.

Without a helmet, his hair matted with blood, wounded in the face, holding in his left hand the royal standard all torn, and in his right his sword hacked up to the hilt, Rogiero presented himself before Manfred, crying to him as he approached, "To the rescue! Sire, to the rescue!"

"What is the matter? do the cowards quit the field? Where is Messer Ghino?"

"He is dead."

"And D'Algalone?"

"Dead."

"Heaven's vengeance, barons, to the rescue! Follow your king: he will lead you to glory or to death!" And he put his horse in motion. Hearing but a faint sound behind him, he turned his head; not more than ten persons followed him,—the remainder, amounting to fourteen hundred horse, and four thousand foot, stood motionless.

"Haste, haste! quick to the rescue: delay is ruin!" cried Manfred. Still his troops stood immoveable. Now his great delusion began to explain itself, and the heart of the king trembled. "Oh, my faithful barons," he exclaimed vehemently, approaching them, "move forward for the sake of your preservation, and for that of your children. I will not remind you here of all my favours, but think of your honour, think of the disgrace!"

"We think of our souls; we wish to be absolved from the excommunication."

"What do you say? Did you not fight with me against Pope Alexander? Is it yet a year since with armed hands you made incursions into the territories of Rome? I do not ask you now to invade the country of others, but to defend this kingdom."

"The kingdom is yours ; defend it if you can."

"Yes, I can with the aid of your valour. You, who have been accustomed to fight under the Eagle of the son of Frederic, you will not abandon me now in the midst of victory. Fulfil at Benevento the oath of fidelity you swore at Monreale. Ah ! will you not place for the second time Manfred upon the throne ?"

They answered him by sounding their trumpets, and quitting the field, a treason that would have been incredible, but that both Guelf and Ghibelline historians relate it. The Neapolitan nobles, like the Poles under their ancient constitution, took the field on horse-back in the dangers of the kingdom ; and, like the Polish nobles, formed the principal and most numerous part of the troops. The reader who is acquainted with the history of Poland must be surprised at the resemblance between the Pospolites* and the bands of the Neapolitan nobles. There was the same luxury, the same instability, the same habits. They differed only in this, that the Poles defended what they deemed liberty, and the Neapolitans defended monarchy. Manfred, who distrusted their loyalty, placed them under his own command, hoping that the authority of his presence would restrain them. How they corresponded with his hopes he now saw. For a few moments he stood thunderstruck at their enormous baseness : at length he broke forth,—“ Fool ! and I entreated them ! ” he raised his hands as in the act of imprecation—“ No ! they are unworthy even that I should curse them. I condemn them to live. Happy for me that my honour and my fame are not in their hands, like my throne ! ”

He turned his horse, and urged him forwards with voice and spur. At that moment an extraordinary circumstance occurred : the silver eagle which he bore as a crest, fell upon his saddle bow. He turned pale at the fatal omen, saying, “ This is a sign from heaven, for with my own hand I fastened this crest so that it could not fall off.”

Thus saying, he recovered his firmness and his courage, and, since it was not granted him to live, he rushed into the thickest of the battle that he might die as a king.

(To be continued.)

* The mounted Polish nobles.

MUSIC AT SEA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE boats swiftly skimmed from the ship to the shore,
And the boatmen plied gaily and gladly the oar ;
The wind blew against them, the billows were strong,
But they lightened their task by the magic of song.

Anon, they suspended their lay for awhile—
And methought that they wearily flagged in their toil,
Till soon they renewed in full chorus the strain,
And the oar lightly dipped in the waters again.

A moral, to me, in the music there seemed,
Since an art—vain and trifling by many esteemed—
Thus aptly I found could a hardship surmount,
When promptly and cheerfully turned to account.

Our talents oft serve an excuse to convey
For indolent languor, or boastful display ;
Yet to blend them with duties we ever should aim,
They should strengthen, not soften, the mind and the frame.

And the graceful attainments that decorate life,
Should lighten its labours, and lessen its strife ;
And bid our frail bark o'er its waves smoothly glide,
Though sometimes opposed by the wind and the tide.

SIR MONK MOYLE.*

BY J. LUMLEY SHAFTO.

CHAPTER V.

“ The feet grow weary, and the hand
Some needful rest requires ;
But oh ! one little member still
Runs on, and never tires.”

IMMEDIATELY on their landing in Dublin, O'Sullivan accompanied the baronet and his grand-daughters to Gresham's hotel, which he had been in the habit of frequenting whenever his regimental duties called him to Ireland. Having seen his friends comfortably

* Continued from p. 381, vol. xlviii.

domiciled, and taken a dish of coffee with them, the captain departed to join his regiment, then quartered in the Irish metropolis, promising to pay them a visit on the following morning.

But where is pretty Mistress Grace all this time? We would not willingly neglect her, for we have a sort of *penchant* for ladies' maids; they are mostly so quick-witted, every thing in their situation tending to make them sharp and intelligent, and besides, a lady's-maid may be occasionally made the vehicle for carrying a good deal of information to the reader, in her own original and peculiar way. To return, then, to our Abigail. She, good soul, after having been tongue-tied during the greater part of the voyage by that formidable foe to volubility, sea-sickness, at last found herself, to her unspeakable delight, comfortably seated, with her coffee and hot muffins before her, in a snug parlour of the Gresham hotel. But having eaten up all the muffins, (and she had been served with true Irish hospitality) and having all at once, as if by magic, found the use of her tongue again, the social creature longed, as was most natural, to make some one else acquainted with the recovery of that valuable little organ; and she now sallied forth in quest of an auditor. Proceeding at last, somewhat despairingly, towards her own bed-chamber, she there fortunately found one in a buxom good tempered chamber-maid, who was making the necessary arrangements for Mistress Grace's accomodation for the night. After a few introductory remarks about the tediousness of the passage across the channel, the threatened storm, and her own dreadful illness, which she pathetically described as being "so very bad, that she could neither eat nor talk," (quite tantamount, in Grace's estimation, to being *in extremis*) she now proceeded to indemnify herself for her long abstinence in the latter respect, as she had already done in the former. She first gave a slight sketch of Madoc Hall, then told, as fast as lip could utter, the whole history of Sir Monk Moyle and his family, dashed off to the life the characters she met with on board the packet, and retailed divers secrets which she had fished out of Mrs. Wertz, the waiting-maid of the baroness. Fortunately for Grace, Mrs. Wertz happened to be an Englishwoman who had travelled with a family to the baths of Baden, and there married a native of Germany; and shortly after her husband's death, which happened within about twelve months of their nuptials, she entered into the service of the baroness. When Grace had rattled over these various heads, with amazing rapidity, she at last declared, panting for breath, that "the horrid sea sickness had made her almost forget how to talk." At this juncture, she was summoned to attend her young ladies' toilette, and away she flew, down one staircase, up another, and along divers passages, to a new scene of action.

"Well, Grace, how are you now?" inquired the two sisters at

once, in a kind tone ; for they had not learned, like too many fashionable young ladies, to treat a servant's illness more lightly than that of a pet lap-dog.

" Oh, I'm much better than I was, thank you, mem ! and thank you mem ! Good la ! I really thought I must have died : my head seems to swim still, when I think of it. I never was so ill, that I remember, in all my life."

" But sea-sickness, Grace, is neither very uncommon, nor very dangerous," said Miss Moyle ; " you had many companions in your misery."

" Dangerous or not, Mem, I don't think all the world will tempt me to cross the sea again, when once I get back to Madoc Hall. And yet, if I had not been so very ill, I could have enjoyed myself vastly with that foreign lady's waiting-maid, she was such a nice droll creature, and she told me such long stories about Germany. And what do you think, Mem ? I know all about the Baroness Balderdash, and"—

" Balderbusch, you mean, Grace."

" Yes, I suppose that's it, but these outlandish names are so hard to remember. Well, mem, as I was saying, she told me all about the baroness, and her husband, and how he was a clock-maker"—

" A clock-maker ! nonsense, Grace."

" Yes, indeed, mem ! he was nothing but a clockmaker : and he made a lot of money, by making clocks for the Emperor of Austria, and the great people at court ; and then he bought himself a title : for in Germany, any one may buy a title, Mrs. Wertz said."

" So I have heard," said Miss Fanny.

" Oh dear ! yes, mem ! and then Mrs. Wertz told me, after he bought the title, he bought an old crazy castle, as was a'most tumbling to the ground, quite ruined like, some such a sort of a place as that we saw at Conway, I suppose. And then he went off in a fine coach, to Munich, and paid his addresses to the baroness, who was the daughter of a rich merchant, a Mr. Hard-egg*—la ! mem ! isn't it a funny name ?"

" As ridiculous as the whole story, Grace."

" Yes, mem ! that it is !" responded the voluble waiting-maid, quite innocently, " Well ! Mr. Hard-egg was a distant relation of the baron, and had dealt with him for many years, when he was a clock-maker. He used to sell clocks for him at Munich on commission, and made a deal of money himself, mem, in that and other ways : and by reason the baroness was his only child, she was a great fortune, and had a many lovers ; and amongst them was a son of Professor Grunt-wig†—he ! he !—and a nephew of old Doctor Guttle-bob‡—he ! he ! he !—Really, mem ! those German names are so droll, I cannot help laughing."

* Hardeg.

† Gruntvig.

‡ Gottlebob.

"Some of them certainly sound rather ridiculously in *our* ears," (said Fanny, smiling, and addressing her sister,) "from the association of ideas connected with similar sounds in our own language: and no doubt many of our Welsh names, and English ones too, would seem equally absurd, from a similar cause, in the ears of the Germans."

"Yes, my dear; I think some of our old primitive names, especially of places, would match anything to be met with, even in Germany," responded Miss Moyle.

It had long been a habit with the little Abigail to communicate, to some one or other, everything she had heard during the day, before she slept. This was an account which she always kept very strictly balanced: and such was her scrupulous honesty in this respect, that she could not compose herself comfortably upon her pillow, unless it had been faithfully discharged. Her thoughts would still run for half the night upon the various unsettled items: but when these had been fairly got rid of before she retired to rest, she felt her mind at ease, and she went off to sleep, with the pleasing consciousness that she was at liberty to open a new account on the following morning. On the present occasion, Grace had already made considerable progress in assisting her young ladies to undress; and beginning now to be apprehensive that time would not suffice for getting rid of that immense budget of news which she had collected in the early part of her voyage to Dublin, before "that horrid sea-sickness," had disturbed her in her pleasing vocation, her hands now, involuntarily as it were, began to slacken their exertions a little, and her tongue went off again at double speed.

"Well, mem! as I was saying:—young Mr. Grunt-wig and Mr. Guttle-bob were both of them mighty angry with the baron, for paying his addresses to Miss Hard-egg: for though both of them could not have had her, each thought he was sure to be the man. And they said as how she favoured the baron, just because he was a baron, and nothing else; for you see, mem! he was old enough to be her father. And so altogether there was a fine piece of work, that's certain: and there had like to been a duel about it, if not two. Indeed, there would 'a been, if Mr. Hard-egg had not 'a gone to old Parson Easy-back,"*—(giggling again,)—"a most partic'lar friend of his, and he interfered, and prevented it; but he could not make them all friends together, no how at all. And so, mem, when the baron went to court in his fine coach, the two young gentlemen were in a terrible taking about it, because, you see, mem, neither of them had been there themselves: and they said he had no right to go neither, because he had been a clock-maker, a good deal longer than he had been a baron; which, you know, was true enough, mem!"

* Eisenbach.

"No, indeed, Grace; I don't know anything at all about it, except what you are now telling," said the younger Miss Moyle.

"Well, mem; but it's quite true, though, I do assure you. But for all that; after the baron had been to court, almost all the great folks in Munich sent him invitations; and Miss Hard-egg accepted him as a lover, with her father's consent, and the two young men were both of them sent about their business. Well! at last, mem—Oh, dear! I had almost forgot. Amongst others, our ambassador, Sir Brook Taylor, invited the baron to a very grand party, where there was I don't know how many hundred great people. Only think, mem! La! only think!—" pausing for a moment to recover her breath.

"Well, Grace; there was nothing very wonderful in that."

"But what do you think, mem? Our ambassador was a horse-dealer!"

"A what, Grace?"

"A horse-dealer, mem!"

"That was rather wonderful, certainly," observed Miss Moyle; "if one could only believe it."

"You foolish girl!" added her sister, "how *can* you make yourself so very ridiculous? I really wish you would learn to talk a little less, Grace. What should Mrs. Wertz know about our ambassador at the Bavarian court? And how can *you* be so silly as to suppose he would be a horse-dealer? Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Indeed, but he was though, mem! I do assure you. For Mrs. Wertz was well acquainted with Cottle, the ambassador's coachman, being—as how—they were both from the same neighbourhood, somewhere in Wiltshire; and had known each other when they were children. Cottle used to be often coming over to this country, to buy fine horses for his master; and then, by reason he was ambassador, they went to Bavary free of duty, so that common horse-dealers had not a fair chance. And then Sir Brook used to sell them at Munich, and make lots of money by them; and then he would send Cottle over again here, to buy more."

"It is altogether a most improbable story," remarked Miss Moyle; "and I really don't believe it."

"Well, mem! it's true though, every word of it. And at last it got to be known that horses were constantly brought from England without paying duty, and such like; and all to sell, and make money of them. And then, Mrs. Wertz says, there was a piece of work, somehow, about it, and it got into several of the German newspapers. Oh! I *do* so like Mrs. Wertz! She is such an amusing creature! But, let me see; I had nearly forgot all about the baron. Well, when he married Miss Hard-egg, there was such a grand wedding! Oh! I never heard of any thing like it in all my life!"

"That is probable enough, Grace," said Miss Fanny Moyle; "whatever the other parts of your story may be."

"Ah, mem; but when the wedding was over, what do you think the baron does, but take his bride off to the old crazy castle, far away amongst the mountains and forests. Oh, dear! it makes me shudder only to think of it. It does so remind me of that story I was reading lately, about the Castle of Udolpho."

"If the place was so very solitary, as you describe it, Grace, I'm afraid the baroness would not at all like it."

"No, not at all, mem; and so she very soon told him. And she always made him go to Baden, or some such place, for the winter; but she did not object to being at the castle a little while, in summer. Well, mem; after they had been married three or four years, who should happen to come there, one fine summer's day, but the very gentleman as sold it to the baron: and he, out of pure spite, because he thought he had not got enough money for it, or else to try whether he could not get it back again for still less, tells the baroness that the castle is haunted, and that this was the reason why he let the baron have it cheap. And then he tells her a long story about a room that has been shut up for years, where something very dreadful had been done, a long time ago; so long, he said, when the baroness inquired further, that nobody now knew anything at all about it."

"That I think very likely, Grace."

"Oh, mem! but the gentleman told the baroness a great deal more than that. He told her that at midnight, from twelve to one o'clock, there was always something which ought not to be there, to be seen lying upon the old, crumbling bed in that chamber; and that if the room was opened, and any one would keep a watch at night, when twelve o'clock struck they would plainly see it lying there; and he swore that he had seen it with his own eyes: so there could be no mistake about that, you know, mem. Upon this the baroness falls into fits, and because the baron would not leave directly, she packs up, and runs away home to her father, to pass the rest of the summer, till the baron should come for her, to take her to Baden. And would you believe it, mem? Old Mr. Hard-egg only laughed at his daughter for her pains!"

"A very sensible old gentleman, I dare say," remarked Miss Fanny. "There is nothing very new in this wonderful story of yours, Grace. There is generally some absurd tale of this kind, that goes with an old ruinous castle, along with the fixtures and the ancient furniture, wherever it may be. Germany, Wales, or England," (turning to her sister) "it is all the same. I believe there must always be a mysterious shut-up chamber, or a haunted tower, or something of that sort."

"O yes, my dear; it could hardly be a real, genuine old castle without it."

"Well, mem; I should not like to live in such a place, at any rate. I'm certain I should die of fright. But by far the worst part of the story is still to come. The baron set off one day, while the baroness was away at Munich, to pay a visit to a gentleman some miles off, in a very lonely part of the country. And so, mem, as he was returning home at night, he was set upon, and killed by a banditti, in a forest that he had to pass through; and his servant only escaped, by galloping off, as fast as he could. Wasn't it shocking, mem?"

"Dreadful indeed!" ejaculated Miss Moyle, "It is a strange story altogether."

"Yes;" remarked her sister, "and Grace has got hold of such an odd medley, of probable and improbable, possible and impossible things, that one hardly knows what to make of it all. If this be true, about the baron, no wonder that the poor baroness appears to be so nervous."

"No wonder indeed, my dear; I really feel for her."

"Oh dear! mem; it's far too true, I can assure you. Mrs. Wertz told me so, and you know she could not be mistaken about such a thing as that."

"No, Grace, not very easily; you are correct enough in that, I dare say."

"Well, mem; the baron had made his will, soon after he married, and left the old castle, and best part of his money, to the baroness: and so she came in for most of his fortune, at his death, beside what her father had given her on her marriage; and the baron's brother was in a terrible rage about it. Mrs. Wertz says he's a most shocking bad man, and she thinks he would not care at all to murder the baroness, if he only had an opportunity."

"Oh! Grace; it is very wrong, either for Mrs. Wertz to say that, or for you to repeat it," observed Miss Moyle. "That is making a little too free with the character of a stranger."

"I'm sure, mem, I don't mean any harm. I should be very sorry to say a word against the baron's brother, or against any one else. I never do, mem, if I can help it. He may be a very worthy gentleman, for any thing I know, and I dare say he is."

"Nay, that is quite another question, Grace. A man may not be particularly worthy, and yet not capable of committing murder."

"That's very true, mem; but you know he's such a long way off, I thought it did not much signify. At any rate, he's never likely to hear of it."

"And for that reason he cannot defend himself." And here the fair sisters smiled involuntarily at the peculiar morality of poor Grace's logic.

"Well! as I was going to say, mem; the baroness grew very nervous and timersome like, soon after the murder of her husband; and so she took Mam'selle Lippert to live with her. Let me see—

yes, that's her name:—la! what a strange-looking lady she is! Not much of a lady either; for she only lives with the baroness as a sort of a poor kind of a companion, not much better than Mrs. Wertz,—or myself, mem. So Mrs. Wertz, says, I assure you, mem."

"But you have nothing at all to do with that, Grace;" observed Miss Fanny Moyle; "and I think Mrs. Wertz might have been better occupied, than in talking so freely about those with whom she lives."

"Oh! she does not say a word against the baroness, mem! but she says Mam'sellé Lippert has some queer outlandish notions,—and—and—that certainly altogether she's no better than she should be."

"Grace! Grace! I could like to see you a little less fond of gossiping; for where there is much of that, there is always more or less of scandal."

"Scandal, mem!" exclaimed Grace, with looks of horror and surprise. "I would not talk scandal for all the world, *if I knew it*. I never mean to do so, I assure you, mem. Oh dear! no; I cannot bear it myself. But I was *so* sorry, mem, I did not hear the ghost-story out. Mrs. Wertz was just going to tell me the end of it, when I was seized with that horrid sea-sickness. I never knew any thing so provoking in all my life. Oh! I would give any thing to know the end of the ghost-story."

But Grace, not knowing the end of it, had now (quite unconsciously,) brought the labours of her hands to an end, just about the same time that her tongue came to a stand-still. The two fair sisters, now arrayed in the soft and snowy folds of their flowing night-dresses, and looking even more charming, if possible, than with all the adventitious aids of fashionable costume, were ready to seek that repose, which neither sin nor sorrow had ever driven from their pillows: and they kindly wished (let no mincing double-refined young lady be shocked at such obsolete condescension,) they kindly wished their attendant a good night.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSALMANI.*

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

WHY is that curl upon thy lip,
 Dark daughter of the Moor?
 No claim to rank or state hast thou :
 Thy sire is mean and poor.
 Is it that Hate has filled thy breast,
 A hatred yet unpaid ?
 Do dreams of vengeance scare thy rest,
 For him, once judged of men the best,
 Proud Indian maid ?
 Can such as man disturb thee too ?
 Hast *thou*, too, heart to love ?
 Methought cold nature wafted thee
 Such petty cares above.
 And yet—but once to have discern'd
 That ray of feeling there—
 That form, when flame of passion burn'd,
 Thy beauty living, not inurn'd—
 I'd think thee *more* than fair !
 What summons now that look of ire ?
 Is it the madd'ning sense,
 That brothers, sisters, friends, and sire,
 Are warp'd before a deadly fire,—
 Slow-crackling Indolence ?
 Immoveable thou seemest now,
 Cold chisell'd as the stone :
 Yet who can say, that, in thy breast,
 True feeling *never* shone ;
 Nurture it not—expel it far—
 Of such be most afraid :
 Should *once* enthusiasm light thy brow,
 Beware the tear—the broken vow,
 Proud Indian Maid !

* Musalmani, or Mahomedan woman of India, from the Arabic "Musulman," which I have known some of my compatriots and co-exiles pluralize in English, as *Mussulmen*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.*

CHAPTER VII.

"Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along."

Childe Harold.

"The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground."—*Rasselas.*

THE crack, the cockney view in Madeira, is the Cöural,* seen from an elevated ridge on the road to St. Vincente, and near a mountain called the Pico das Bordas, from whose summit there is *rather* a peep of Funchal in the distance. It is about fifteen miles from town; but I shall not stay to describe it, so often have far abler pens than mine done justice to its singularly magnificent scenery. Moreover, my reminiscences of the Cöural are mostly associated with picnic parties, and such exceedingly unromantic circumstances that I should not be in a fair position to attempt anything of the kind. All I can say is, that I have been awestruck, and paralyzed like every body else on the brink of the crater, yet turned away, and found much comfort in a cold collation. Like many, I have experienced a kind welcome from the ex-consul at his fine *quinta* of the *Gardin de Sera*, and admired the varied attractions of that charming place. Like them I have done a good deal of rapture about the scenic effects of the Cöural; cursed the bad roads; wondered at the amazing number of lizards, and lichens upon them;—blessed the amiable hospitality of Mr. V——, and been delighted with his tea-plants, and the beauties of his exquisite retreat in the mountains.

So we will not ride to the Gardin, nor even to the opposite side of the Cöural by a shorter, and more striking road, because I intend presently to descend into the bed, and return by that route. But we will look immediately round Funchal, and see what glories are to be discovered without scampering in the snow, or getting lost in fogs, or even without making picnic excursions to the Gardin.

* Continued from page 442, vol. xlviii.

† The Cöural das Frieras, or *Nun's Fold*.

Not far from Funchal, at the head of the ravine de — something, I forget the name, is a cascade of considerable beauty. It is not a very well known spot, because the approach is by the bed of the valley, a place only suited to those who have a pair of tolerably strong legs to depend upon. On the 14th of November, —(I like to be particular in my dates when speaking of Madeira, —the contrast between our own, and its climate appears the stronger,)—"in the year one thousand eight hundred, and forty-four, Saint Martinio, the Bacchus of the Portuguese, as if to give his disciples every inducement to do him honour in copious libations to his divinity, having graciously blessed us with his glorious summer,* I started on horseback with a guide in the direction of the waterfall. The morning was hot, but not oppressive;—a light breeze rustled the warm foliage; hundreds of bright birds, and insects flitted to and fro in the perfumed air; the little lizards were unusually busy, and the country looked green, and glowing, and breezy. We passed the burial ground of Saint Roque. There is a poetry about these Catholic places of sepulture. Arranged into beds of flowers, and waving shrubs, the lowly mound, or unobtrusive cross alone distinguish the last resting place. How truly, had Keats anticipated such a grave, might he have said—"he felt the daisies growing over him!"—There is poetry in the large cross, silently and sternly stretching its weird arms in the middle of the garden; there is poetry in the *arbor vitæ* trees (their name a lesson,) bending in sombre, melancholy aspect over the graves of the departed. There is none of English tastelessness in this mode of depositing the dead; no vulgarity of reminiscence; no "sacred to the memory's;" no epitaphs, worse than misplaced biblical quotations on "departed worthlessness, or worth."

We are such creatures of prejudice,—not wrongly so,—and a spot of English ground to the dying Englishman, far from his own home, is a boon he would fain crave for all that remains when his spirit is fled, and gone.

Yet as the birds sang so sweetly over those quiet graves, and the bright shrubs just bent under the light wind—and there was silence else,—I could not help thinking of the poet's prayer:—

"Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies blooming earliest, linger late,
To hear the bee his busy note prolong;
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower's blush, the redbreast's lonely song."†

* Saint Martinio's summer is a sort of brilliant effort made by the expiring summer of Madeira for about ten days, before it gives place to the more moderate heat, and brightness of the winter season.

† Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer.

But I am digressing. We wound down a path leading to the ravine de —, so execrably steep, and bad, that, unaccustomed as I then was to Madeira thoroughfares, looked somewhat hazardous. At the bottom the scene was homely, and delightful. The valley was broad, and smiling with patches of cultivation; the mountain torrent divided, and meandered through blocks of stone, and verdure, in many a rippling stream. A little cottage, and a corn mill, its wheel in busy revolutions throwing off the water in glittering spray, stood on the lowermost bank; through the entrance of the ravine, the sea, far away, spread like a glowing mirror; upwards, fine hills rose one above the other into the land-locked distance. There was a pure sky, a warm sun; there was a sound of rushing water; the goat-bell tinkling; lizards basking on the broad stones, and picturesque peasants leaning lazily on their long poles,—it was a pleasant scene.

Here I left my horse, and borrowing a staff from the bronzed and bewhiskered miller, descended to the bed of the stream, in winter a raging torrent, but now so gently gushing among misshapen stones, and rocks, stern evidences of terrific storms. Stepping from block to block, and occasionally getting immersed above the ankle, I commenced the ascent of the ravine, with some difficulty keeping up with my active guide. Its character during an ascent in three miles of some two thousand feet, is rugged, and wild. Masses of rock, difficult to pass, lay scattered to the base of the hills, foaming among which the stream pursues its subdivided course, winding circuitously in making its passage through the broken bottom. Sometimes it widens into large pools of chrystal water, or dashes over the face of an obstructive rock in miniature cascade; now it gurgles over its pebbly bed; now is lost under a succession of grey stones, and again is seen joyously flowing among verdant vegetation, murmuring in the distance. Patches of grass, and water-cresses grow by the side of the stream; at times, a bed of the straggling yam, or pumpkin; beautiful heaths, and ferns spring up nearer the precipitous sides of the valley, those sides covered with dark myrtle, hundreds of feet above;* while violets, and wild thyme luxuriantly cling to the rocky ground, filling the air with a delicious perfume. Losing sight of the entrance, the scenery becomes wilder, the bottom more rugged; the stream stronger; the ascent more difficult. Immense fragments of detached basalt fill the bed of the torrent; they are of all shapes, and sizes; and to jump, and scramble from one to another is an easier matter for the active peasants with their loads of brushwood than for an individual newly imported from Cockney-land.

Mountains on either side rise magnificently close, and to a magnificent altitude; their jagged outlines strongly marked on the

* A mass of white flower when I was there.

clear blue sky, and their dizzy pinnacles jutting boldly forward, and overhanging the ravine, threaten to topple down headlong. The scene grows closer, and yet more grand as it changes to a succession of hill locked valleys. To the very summit of these noble barriers, the laurel, the flowering myrtle, the til, the chestnut, and beautiful heaths, flourish so thickly as only to allow the grim, grey rock occasionally to stand out in savage relief to the many tinted foliage. Enormous misshapen stones attest the ravages of the torrent, or of volcanic action; but columns of basalt which no agency seems yet to have removed from their parent strata, rise superbly to the height of four, or five hundred feet from the base of the mountain. Amidst these singular wrecks left by the great convulsions whose action appears to have reached the inmost recesses of the island, huge table rocks, and gigantic slabs stretch like continents across the large reservoirs into which the torrent continually flows.

Such is the valley whose serpentine course we traced; turn after turn was passed, new beauties ever opening on the view, till at length we reached the object of our toilsome march, crashing, and roaring over the wild head of the ravine, in the midst of rocks, and crags, and giant, disordered foliage.

In itself it scarcely repays the fatigue; it is a striking feature in very striking scenery. The entire depth is not more than three hundred feet, and there is a break half-way down. A deep natural reservoir receives the glittering cascade in spray, and foam, and silvery mist.

The winding valley, the torrent flowing far below, the mountains rising above, around, the savage prison walls of the place; the stillness only broken by the rushing waters, or the twitter of the light canaries flitting by in many a gaysome flock; the agile goats clambering inaccessible precipices, or sporting amidst the beautiful ground foliage of bright heaths, and ferns; the large hawks, soaring aloft, now far above the highest pinnacle, almost lost in the blue sky, and now dropping swiftly down upon the mountain-side;—there was in all this, a picture so silently grand, and yet so full of life and beauty, that without being very romantically inclined, one could hardly help enjoying it.

And as we lay stretched upon a broad rock overlooking the valley, and far above it, undisturbed by one unwelcome sound to break the charm of the scene, two wonderfully sublime objects were present.

The glorious sun, penetrating the ravine, and shining warmly on every bright coloured tree, and shrub in that "happy valley," threw such shadowed of lofty pinnacles, and shapeless crags over the smoother surfaces of the mountain side, as the eye only of a painter could fully appreciate;—such shadows as made one sorrowful to see pass so transiently away, and quickly evading the grasp

with which we would fain detain them, seemed to mock one's insignificance in the midst of those singular beauties, and stupendous phenomena of nature.—And there was yet another, and more glorious sight in the fleecy clouds, as gazing upwards we caught their changing forms floating, and chasing each other over the mountain peaks. And had not *they* their shadows, fleet as themselves, cast hastily over rock, and tree, and torrent, and for a moment darkening with fickle shape each wild object that they impalpably rested on, as they sped across that wonderful valley?—Oh! it was a beautiful spot, from which the shadow and the cloud fled carelessly away!

Those vast “accumulated crags,”—those grey peering pinnacles—those toppling precipices, and fallen rocks—those hanging woods—the deep glen—the wanton torrent—the bright foliage—the green moss, and brighter flowers—and all so smiling in the noon-tide sun!

I lingered on: who would not have loitered in such a place? The sky became of a deeper and more violet hue, for the sun had sunk behind the topmost ridge; tree and shrub were no longer tipped with golden light; the shadows fled one by one and returned not: the chirping birds had ceased their sportive flights; dense clouds gathered above, and broke and curled down the gorge; and dark, and gloomy, and very still was the Ravine de —

I reached the church of Saint Roque just as the sun was sinking below the great western Cape. The moon rose full, and large as ever, it shone upon Madeira; and I tried to make myself believe, as in duty bound, that I ardently desired to be at the waterfall again. But I was too near Funchal, and a sweet smelling kitchen, and I could hear the cork with a loud *thrup!* proclaim the opening of another bottle of *that* Madeira, and fancied I could detect the delicious *aroma* borne on the night breeze that blew softly from the coast.

Expeditions in Madeira are not always confined to the hills: there are places of interest along the coast much more easily approached by water than by land, and if the time be well chosen, such explorations are pleasant enough. My own individual experience did not lead me to form a very favourable opinion of water excursions.

I went once with a pleasant fellow to Cabo Gerão. The day was ominous:—the Fifth of November. It was brilliant in the extreme, being, as my friend classically remarked, “the rummest Fifth of November he ever saw.” All went on well till we reached the Cape. Cama do Lobos looked charmingly picturesque; imbedded in its vine grown hills, and bold cliffs; the fishing-boats with their angular sails dashing lightly over the lightest of all possible ripples that ever ruffled the sea, gave life to the scene, and we went merrily along at the best pace we could manage to get

out of two intensely lazy Portuguese rowers. Arrived at Cape Giram, we wished to land, because there happened to be no animate object in view by whose proportions we could calculate the stupendous elevation of the headland: and we felt, as everybody else does, for the first few looks, rather disappointed. Now, the cursed boatmen descanted on the sharp stones upon the beach, and the fragile bottom of their bark, and in spite of threats and entreaties, stuck obstinately immoveable, as those disagreeable animals, the Portuguese, always will do under such circumstances. But one of them after some hesitation, jumping into the water, chest deep, signified his ability and willingness to have the honour of carrying Senhors Inglesas through the waves on his shoulders. In an evil moment I consented to mount. Oh, horror! I shall never forget my sensations, when after advancing a few steps I felt my bearer trip against some substance, and totter forward. Still, he might recover himself: he held on to me like grim death, but oh, unlucky chance! at that moment a strong wave came rolling in; the double mishap was too much for my *fidus Achates*; he tottered forward again, plunged, made a desperate effort to regain his lost footing, but sinking gradually, and never relaxing his hold of my legs, dragged me with him completely under water. Of course when I disengaged myself, I struck out boldly for the shore, forgetting the shallowness, nor did I stop till I stood dripping under Cape Giram, amid a roar of laughter from the boat. I admit that the scene must have been remarkably fine, but I felt particularly spongy and uncomfortable, however resigned I might have looked. But the best figure in the picture was the big boatman, on his knees, begging and praying of Senhor to forgive him.

Fancy going into raptures about Old Gerão,—appalling altitude,—and all that kind of thing afterwards. How much a little event changes our impression of places! Now, mine of Cape Giram is associated with everything that is ludicrous. I could not, for the life of me, write about the glories of the cliff. Truly, there is but one *dip* from the sublime to the ridiculous!

But a more serious adventure “by the sad sea waves” compels me to doubt the efficacy of marine excursions in Madeira altogether. I went on a trip once to the westward with a party of four or five men, intending to remain away some days, and explore that part of the island. Accordingly, provided with baggage, provisions, maps, and paraphernalia of various kinds, we left Funchal one lovely evening just after sunset, in a stiff boat manned by four Portuguese rowers, whom we had selected as being more likely to exert themselves than the generality of the lolling lazy vagabonds who throng the beach.

Why we started so late I have never been able to discover, unless it were to benefit the only invalid of the party, by intro-

ducing him to the southern coast of Madeira by the constitutional light of the moon, and under the constitutional influence of a night breeze upon the sea. But our plan was to pull down the coast to a place called Calhêta, some fifteen miles from Funchal, where we had a letter to the *padre*, or *madre*, or somebody who was particularly requested therein to house us for the night, but without being required to give an express warranty that no lively companions should disturb our slumbers.

And so, launching from the surf, below that memorable pier, which the poor Portuguese have made so many futile attempts to erect—an immortal monument of their perseverance and ingenuity, but which is unfortunately washed away once a fortnight—the moon well up, with light hearts and merry tongues, one Saturday evening at gun-fire, we left Funchal.

I will not dwell on the peculiar loveliness of that night, nor on the beauty of the coast; the gigantic proportions of the towering cliffs, never forgetting the great Cape itself: the curious wave-worn caverns, where the sea poured furiously in, making its escape, through apertures in the roofs, in columns and clouds of spray, which glittered like gems in the broad moonlight: nor the little villages, all so bright and shadowy on the sea-shore: nor the moon herself, so large and full: nor the diamond sprinkling from the bow of our boat as she dashed through the undulating sea. I beg leave to say I *did* mark all these things, in spite of joke and repartee, and many a ringing laugh echoed back from that wild shore.

About eleven o'clock we reached Calhêta. The wind had for some time been whistling, and blew freshly when we made the village. Calhêta is always a difficult place to land at when any wind springs up from the south-west, so considerable is the surf. On this eventful night it was not surf alone, but enormous breakers ever increasing in size rolled in on the rough and broken beach. Long swelling waves carried us on their crests near enough to see the fearful turmoil we should have to encounter, while the boatmen, who were really alarmed lest we should attempt the landing, kept their oars balanced, and dropped them into the water with a vigorous stroke the instant they thought the boat was approaching too near. So we held off and on, deliberating for some time, the wind always increasing, and the sea becoming rougher every moment. We had guns with us, and fired once or twice to get the villagers down to the beach, and hear what they had to say on the subject. The effect of the reports, rattling, crashing, and breaking to and fro on the savage hills, was inconceivably startling. Indeed the whole scene was curiously wild. Our little boat, the sole object on the tossing sea; before us the rocky coast, and giant cliffs, around which the waves were eddying in foam and spray; the recess, where, embosomed in dark hills, was the small village,

church spire, and red roofs brightly reflected in the moonlight; the lights flickering in the houses; the roar of breakers, and the howling wind, were unusual sights so combined. Now and then, a light cloud for a moment would obscure the moon, and all was black and gloomy, when again brightly gleaming on the wild picture, the perils which awaited our landing became more distinctly visible. Presently, groups of half-naked peasants were to be seen on the beach; once or twice we thought we distinguished voices, and our boatmen did a little *Stentor* in the way of conversation, certainly; but as we did not dare approach within a quarter of a mile of the breakers, and the roar and hum was almost deafening, I was not surprised they could come to no understanding.

Three of our party were old hands, and at once declared the impracticability of disembarking with any degree of safety. There was a split in the cabinet; I was for a shoot on to the shore, a ducking, and a good night's rest,—the invalid was also anxious to get out of the night air and threatening storm at all risks. The boatmen, however, decided it, for they absolutely refused to make the attempt. Contemptible scoundrels! there might have been a little danger, but it was slight, and a boat's crew of our jolly Jack-tars would have tilted us out on the shore without hesitation. However, opposition was vain, the boat's head was put round, and we pulled back to a place called Magdalena, a most romantic spot, but equally unadapted for landing on a rough night. Here, holding off and on a huge rock, upon whose slippery sides it was proposed to effect a landing,—now tossed far above it, and now looking up at its slimy surface from the depths below—we had the same sort of interview with naked villagers, the same vociferations, the same dispute in the boat, the same tremendous coast, and a heavier surf, and eventually the same result.

Equally unsuccessful was a similar attempt to scale the rocky shore of Ribeira Brava.

I was by this time horribly sea-sick, and laying on a thwart, had the satisfaction of beholding three of the party sitting in the bottom of the boat, enjoying a *petit-souper* of cold chicken-pie and claret. I heartily voted for a speedy return, smothered the invalid up in blankets and pilot-coats, till I really doubted whether he could avoid being suffocated, and piously gave myself over to all the horrors of sea-sickness. To make a long story short, we reached Funchal at gun-fire (six o'clock) next morning, having spent a most desirable night, coasting on the waters. We were tremendously hard run by the jokers, who said we were all afraid of wetting our jackets; and rated by the saints, who declared it was a judgment upon us for starting on Saturday night, and contemplating Sunday travelling. So two of the party went to church, and we hope the whole expedition was absolved.

Neither did an excursion I once made to the fossil bed of

Canical with a party of pleasant fellows at all alter my opinion of the deliberate rashness of such undertakings.

We started on a two days' tour from Funchal, at six o'clock in the morning, intending to breakfast at Santa Cruz. After rounding the Brazen Head, the eastern point which forms the bay of Funchal, we were met with a hurricane of wind, that seemed to have determined on driving us back to Funchal, at least; and instinctively every man bent down, and held on his light straw hat with a clutch of despair. For an hour did our boatmen bravely stem the adverse element. They said they progressed, but I, who kept casting fearful glances back on the rough headland, on whose sharp and surf-beaten sides the wind and waves were driving so furiously, could not help fancying it became larger, and each wave and rock more distinct, as the sea beat terrifically against it. At all events it was preposterous to think of proceeding when it was nearly eight o'clock, the hour at which we proposed breakfasting at Mr. G——'s pretty *quinta* in Santa Cruz. There was no alternative; to return, was to be *chaffed*,—so after some difficulty we pulled ashore in a wild little creek, safely deposited provisions and great coats on the ground, and finding a couple of sturdy countrymen willing to shoulder the baggage, started *sans* breakfast on an eight-mile walk to Santa Cruz. Poor fellows! how our party toiled painfully along in the warm sun! They were all invalids with the exception of myself, and they had promised themselves an unfatiguing and hazardless trip; for unless the weather appears settled on the hills, they never venture there, but along the southern coast they can generally depend upon it. And what walking! up and down,—over rocks and defiles,—run, jump, and hop,—enough to shake the life out of a dozen dyspeptics! I enjoyed the walk myself. It is so seldom one gets a *constitutional* in Madeira: the climate is not adapted, and it is not customary.

The sun was warm, but the wind, which was a sort of a young hurricane at sea, blew refreshingly and gently over the land. The road, though barren, was new to me; and there was such life and busy health in my friends the lizards, who in countless numbers were rustling their gladsome little bodies among the leaves and stones, or laying basking in the sun. All but my companions seemed rejoicing in that brilliant morn, and joyed in the motion and the toil. For there was strength, and health, and vigour, and energy everywhere but in their faces. Poor fellows! God help them! Alas! where are they now?

I need not say how quickly hampers were opened, and corks extracted, when we did reach Santa Cruz, about eleven o'clock. But to pursue our water wanderings: towards afternoon we began to think of the grand object of our cruise, and remembered that there *was* such a place as Canical, to visit whose curiosities we had been tempted to leave Funchal. Accordingly, we hired a great

country boat, with a double bank of many rowers, the only one to be seen ; and as it was too large to be drawn on to the shingle, we were carried to its deck, through the surf, on sturdy Portuguese backs. I shall never forget an exceedingly long Irishman of our party, who was carried on board by a very short stiff little man, and whose legs could by no possibility be kept clear of the water. It was amusing to see the various manœuvres our long friend adopted to keep his feet dry. He twisted, and bent, and coiled them about his bearer till the man writhed like Laocoon in the folds of the serpent, and looked much more ludicrous. It was all to no purpose ; first his ancles, then his knees, and before he reached the boat he was almost precipitated altogether.

The coast we passed was the same I saw when we first arrived off Madeira. Suffice it to say, our state barge moved along at a very stately pace, our boatmen were lazy, the fates unpropitious, and the sun was just going down when we reached Canical.

To visit a fossil bed by moonlight, a good dinner awaiting us at Santa Cruz, was a species of scientific madness not likely to seize any who formed that expedition. We immediately put-about, and did not even see the “whereabouts” of the curiosity. I confess there was great want of enthusiasm, but then invalids are not enthusiastic people. This *place of shells* is said (by *savans* and naturalists) to be one of the wonders of the world :—I do not dispute their judgment, because I never saw it.

A winter’s evening passed in an English *quinta* in Madeira must not be imagined to be a night spent in a well-furnished little paradise, through whose delicately-curtained windows, the orange and flower-perfumed air enters softly ; and whose downy beds, and couches invite that luxurious repose which the climate seems to justify. The family being in town, the *quinta* is unfurnished, with the exceptions of chairs, tables, and bare bedsteads ; and in this state is *lent* to you for a night’s lodging. You have possession of the key,—the roof, and the floors are your own, and be it in the mountains, or on the sea-shore, this is all you may expect to find. Provisions, such as you require ;—crockery, that you do not mind breaking ; knives, and forks, made to be lost ; spoons, which were never intended to find their way to “my uncle’s ;”—great coats to lay upon, and, if you are wise, a blanket for a coverlid,—these are the indispensable luxuries with which you must be provided while travelling in a country which, let alone railway hotels, does not even afford “good accommodation for man and horse !”—All *toiletterie* may be dispensed with ; soap you can carry, but beyond that, I pity the man who hangs lovingly over his dressing table, and *cannot* forego a single appendage thereto. If you know how to set about it, you may have a cheering fire, and that always makes a comfortable affair of it.

To rave about orange-blossom, and heliotrope, is all very well ;

but they are scarcely the luxuries people might imagine, after sunset in the month of January in Madeira.—Excellent wine,—a mull of rich tinta perhaps, cards, and conversation, are things which always make an evening pass pleasantly. On this memorable occasion, I remember, I slept on three chairs, the strongest in this case going to the wall, and the few bedsteads being reserved for those who most required them. I slept well enough; but in the morning awoke in the singular position of my neck on one chair, and a leg on another, the accompanying limb resting tranquilly on the ground. Who would care for a feather bed and a snowy quilt after *that*?

We had arranged the next day, having had horses sent from Funchal over night, to return home by a place called the Portella, on the north eastern coast, and the Serra de St. Antonio. The weather proved fine, and we started early, leaving the little village of Santa Cruz, its miniature *praza*, and sombre rows of trees, the cross at the end, and its noiseless, melancholy streets without much regret.

A nice canter in the fresh morning air, along the road which skirts the coast for a few miles, soon brought us to the village of Machico. Ill-fated Robert de Machim, and your hapless bride! Who knows the story? I must say, if the present denizens of Machico are knight Robert's descendants, they do not flatter their parentage.

The village is a poverty-stricken place, and a perfect colony of beggars. I declare I saw no individual there who could be ranked above that detestably odious class, the Portuguese beggar. They crowd, and swarm round you to a most disagreeable extent, considering the nature of the animals.

They are an abominable set of impostors. The blind pilot you on your way to the chapel; the lame run gallantly along by your horse's heels; the paralytic dance before you, and the most ragged monster of the lot bears the firmest step, and most wholesome complexion. At the chapel there are some relics of that same Robert de Machim, but the beggars are too troublesome to allow any one to see them.

As we rode through the village at a rapid pace to shake off the crowds of filthy wretches who beset us with their whines, and prayers, we were struck with the number of roofless, and ruined houses, and learned on inquiry that we saw the effects of the ravages committed a short time before by a ruthless soldiery let loose upon the unfortunate followers of Dr. Kalley. Would these were *all* the atrocities that were perpetrated in the same cause. There were worse things untold. We should be sceptical about it, if we had not been an eye witness of the devastations, and remembered at the same time the extreme enlightenment of Portuguese understanding!

The valley of Machico is one of the most beautiful in Madeira. It is moreover peculiar. It bears none of the evidences of volcanic action which mark the vast craters such as the Coural. It is a broad, magnificent valley, winding upwards from the coast, through a succession of noble, and verdant hills, occasionally wooded, and reaching a height scarcely inferior to any in the island. But the whole scene is soft, and quiet, and smiling, and the road winds through close, home country, hedges, ditches, and sloping banks, which, after the more stupendous scenery in other parts of the island, is quite refreshing, and English-looking. Arrived at the head of the valley surrounded by fields, and cultivation, symptoms of rude ploughing, and groups of labourers busily occupied,—we struck away to the right, and pushing our horses with great difficulty, and after many *spills*, up an ascent rendered slippery, and almost impassable by previous rain—we gained the Portella, one of the most singular of all the scenic beauties of Madeira.

Amidst a circle of magnificent hills, forming an imperfect amphitheatre of stupendous dimensions, arises a mass,—I do not know how else to term it—of rocky land, which appears to have slid away from the mountain range, and stopped just in time to prevent being swallowed up in the deep waters which ceaselessly roar beneath its savage cliffs. The north coast in all its grand proportions finishes the view. It is an extraordinary freak of nature. We stood on the disjointed headland, thousands of feet above the sea, miles from the mountains' base, and the vastness of the *slip*,—for such it appears to be,—is indescribably grand.

Leaving the Portella, we turned our faces towards the south, and rode to the Serra de Saint Antonio, where we rested our *burro-queros*, and somewhat baked horses, at a tumble-down place called the Pilgrim's House. It certainly was never intended for pilgrims of our kind, for it boasts neither bread, nor wine. Here we rested however, and consumed the remainder of our viands, and strolled about the Serra to see what sort of place it was. The Serra de Saint Antonio is a large extent of table land which crowns the eastern extremity of the island. I do not remember its exact elevation, but, if I remember rightly, it is something less than the Paól de Serra, a similar one to the westward, which is between five, and six thousand feet above the sea. The Serra de St. Antonio is rather a favourite spot with the English, many of whom have tolerably nice *quintas* there. Not one of them exhibits the slightest taste in its construction, and one which Mr. B—— was building when I was there, is the ugliest specimen of a house that man, turning his own architect, ever erected. This is a pity; the place is delightful,—flat cultivated country,—good roads,—nice galloping ground, and all that, extending for many miles; while the view from the ugly *quinta* I speak of, is really superb;—on either hand the sea,—northward towards the Portella; and the

eastern neck of Madeira, Point Saint Lorenzo, and the Desertas to the south.

The ride homewards, across the soft undulating Serra, by the broom-clad hills of Camacha, and through the chestnut groves of the Paleiro was delightful. The sun set that day with unusual brilliancy, and a bright starlight, such as shines through the clear atmosphere of Madeira, lighted us down to town by that twisting breakneck road which enters Funchal at the Rua de —.

Enough of water expeditions; if they had all ended as pleasantly as this I would not complain; but I think any one will allow that my experience proves them to be eminently rash, and unsuccessful generally.

I will pause once more, before taking a hasty ride to the north of the island, while the brig rocks heavily in the bay of Funchal which is to carry me away from Madeira.

(To be continued.)



SONG OF THE SCOTSMAN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

“It is a well-known fact, that in the vast prairies of the Texas, a little plant is always to be found, which under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the North.”

AND art thou thus faithful, sweet plant, in devotion ?

Dost thou bend thy fair flowers ever northward alone,
Amid the rude elements' changeful commotion ?

How well does thy constancy symbol my own !
I have known life's bright sunshine, and felt its rough weather,
Since first from the home of my youth I came forth;
I have left the loved land of the moor and the heather,
But my heart, my fond heart, ever turns to the North.

Yes, Scotland, I picture thy glens and thy waters,
Thy blue misty mountains, thy braes of wild flowers,
Thy true-hearted sons, and thy golden-haired daughters,
The calmness and peace of thy still Sabbath hours.

No poesie equals the gifted revealings,
That the glorious bards of my country breathe forth ;
No music possesses a spell o'er my feelings,
Like the songs of my boyhood, the songs of the North.

I look with disdain on the gay careless ranger,
Who finds in each climate the home he desires ;
The Scotsman can give not the land of the stranger
A place in his heart with the land of his sires ;
He may yield not to idle and useless dejection,
He may prize genuine friendship, and value true worth,
But his thoughts will still bend in a homeward direction,
And turn, like the *Prairie's* sweet flower, to the North.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IF we remember aright, Count Grammont in his *Memoirs* states, that owing to the genius of Richelieu, monarchical power became settled and confirmed in France, and had it not been for the incapacity of Buckingham, the same desirable results might also have been obtained here. Well was it for us that the incapacity of Buckingham guided the helm, and that the gradual assumption of power on the part of the crown which, begun by Henry VII,* was continued by all the princes of the Tudor line, met with a timely resistance when the sceptre passed into the hands of that weak and worthless race whose vices and misfortunes—whose puny efforts to beard the rising power of the English people, have but served too well,—

“To point a moral and adorn a tale.”

Sooner or later the hour of emancipation would have come.—There would have been the sword of the avenging angel. The cry of the feeble, the rising up of the brave, the fierce contest of right with might, the triumph of the true, all this in time there would have been ; but first there would have been years of silent suffering, of tremendous wrong,—years in which foul insult would have been done to our common humanity, and our common God,—years which the lover of his kind would wish to blot from the history of the world. And terrible would have been the hour of righteous retribution,—it would have come, as it came, in the twinkling of an eye, to the gay and graceful court of a neighbouring land,—when

* Henry VII had a great idea of what was due to his station. On one occasion he had a mastiff killed, for daring to attack a lion, the king of beasts. This is standing by one's order with a vengeance!

men of polished manners, and illustrious names, and unsullied lives, expiated by a fearful death, the crimes of their fathers' sires,—when from the vineyards of France there rose up to the blue heavens the deep full cry of anguish and despair.

“When the streets ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That they blush'd like the waves of hell.”

In the fifteenth century England certainly was drifting towards despotism. When the monarchies of Western Europe were evolving themselves, he would have been a bold man who would have maintained that here the monarch would be the most bereft of power. The sovereigns of France, of Sweden, and Denmark, had much about the same power as that enjoyed by our own,—those of Castile and Arragon had less. The parliament of Burgos preceded our first parliament by a hundred years. In the circumstances of neighbouring kingdoms, the observer might see what would place power in the hands of the people; here, nothing of the kind was visible, nay, rather the reverse might have been expected. After the exhaustion produced by the contest of the red rose and the white, Henry of Tudor, the sole representative of the House of Lancaster, came to the throne, and by his marriage with Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward the Fourth, his seat was rendered at once secure; his policy silently but surely increased the prerogative of the crown; his son, who inherited £1,800,000, which his father was said to have amassed, walked in his steps, and never was man better fitted for the part he played. To show his idea of the rights of the crown, let the following anecdote suffice. Hearing that the commons were likely to object to a grant Wolsey had demanded, for the purpose of carrying on the war with France, Henry sent for one of the members, Edward Montagu, the ancestor of the dukes of that name, and maternally of the present dukes of Marlborough and Buccleugh, and upon his kneeling, exclaimed, “Ho! will they not suffer my bill to pass?” and laying his hand upon Montagu's head, added, “Get my bill passed to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of your's shall be off.” Queen Elizabeth was not one whit behind her worthy sire. Had not Charles, like the blundering fool he was, given up Strafford, the policy of the Tudors, of Henry the Eighth especially, would not have been in vain.

That policy at its most brilliant period was guided by the man whose life we are about to review. Statesmanship and diplomacy became vital powers in the time we mention. The sword was still in request, but it had lost somewhat of its potency. In some degree it made way for the pen. In some degree it found itself matched by the policy of peaceful lives, but experienced intellect. The dim grey of the morning, was gleaming in the east; men's minds were awakening;—Art was coming forth on her mission, to civilize and refine; ideas were being printed and published by

the press. England then began to be, what till the present time she has ever been, the land of illustrious statesmen,—her history then became one of great names. By them she has been adorned, by them her name has been rendered one of honour, in every corner of the globe. When they were yet rare—when the path that lay before them was untrodden, undefined, dimly visible, without precedent, that boon to the incapable and the weak—one of the most powerful of them, Thomas Wolsey, appeared upon the stage, and never did man better illustrate the nothingness of fame and rank and power.

Wolsey was born at Ipswich, in the month of March, 1471. Common report makes his father a butcher, of this we have no certain proof. The worthy and painful Mr. Groves took three journeys to Ipswich for the purpose of acquiring information relative to the Wolsey family, but with little success. All he could gather was that Wolsey's father's name was Robert, no very valuable addition to historical lore.

Cavendish describes Wolsey, as an "honest poor man's son." We are inclined to believe the common report as to the occupation of his father, especially as that report we find prevalent in the lifetime of the Cardinal. That then that report was widely circulated, we gather from the speech made by Charles V, when he heard of the impeachment and death of the Duke of Buckingham; his language was, we believe, "then has the butcher's dog slain the finest buck in christendom." A local tradition yet prevalent in his native county also strengthens the common report. On the east coast of Suffolk, on the marshes not far from Southwold, may be yet seen Wolsey's bridge, as it is called, in memory of the Cardinal. The tale is, that when a boy, driving some cattle, he nearly lost his life there; in consequence of which when he became great, he ordered the bridge to be built; so far the tale still in circulation. We are inclined to think that the bridge might have been built by the father, and that by a process of blundering, common to the "agricultural mind," and which to the students of history is not at all rare, what was done by his father was attributed to his more eminent son. As a proof of the common tendency to attribute to one who is well known what was in reality done by one of the same name, but of less notoriety, we refer to the memoirs of Wolsey, which common fame has referred to William Cavendish, the founder of the Devonshire family, but which were in reality written by George.* It is highly improbable that Wolsey spent any of his time at his father's trade. At the age of fifteen, we find him a student at Oxford, and already in possession of his Batchelor of Arts degree; and before that time he certainly would not have

* *Vide* Rev. Mr. Hunter's satisfactory pamphlet, entitled, "*Who Wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey?*"

been selected to drive cattle a distance of thirty or forty miles. A little while after, the "boy batchelor," as he was termed, became fellow of Magdalen College, of which college he appears to have misappropriated the funds for the purpose of finishing the tower, and tutor to the three sons of the Marquis of Dorset. From the father he obtained his first preferment, the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. There a neighbouring justice subjected him to the disgraceful punishment of confinement in the stocks, in consequence of a riot at a fair, in which our young divine took a somewhat unclerical part. Years afterwards, when Wolsey became Lord Chancellor, Sir Amias Paulet found that his discharge of the duties of his office had neither been forgotten nor forgiven. For this indignity to the imperious Wolsey, the poor justice was confined for five or six years in London. This affair, we can easily believe, made Lymington a very undesirable residence for Wolsey. He left it, and became one of the domestic chaplains of Archbishop Dean. At the death of that prelate, he went to Calais, where Sir Richard Nanfan, the treasurer, was so struck with his talents for business as to recommend him to the patronage of the king. This recommendation was not in vain. Wolsey became one of the chaplains of the court. Soon after, the living of Redgrave, in the diocese of Norwich, was given him, and what was better still, he obtained the friendship of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who, at that time, held the privy seal, and of Sir Thomas Lovell, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The career of our hero seems to have been prosperous from the very commencement. Before some men rise, they are brought down almost to the depths of despair; they have to struggle with every thing that can break the heart. The great Samuel Johnson walked the streets of London with an empty stomach, and a yet emptier purse. So have done many of our illustrious great. On the contrary, the only disappointment Wolsey ever seems to have had was that which left him to die broken-hearted in Leicester Abbey. But we must not anticipate.

Hitherto Wolsey had had no opportunity of presenting to the king his talent for public business. That desired time had now arrived. A treaty of marriage was pending between Henry and Margaret, the dowager Queen of Savoy. It was necessary to send some one to her father, Maximilian, the Emperor, on that business. Fox and Lovell recommended Wolsey, who, accordingly, was sent. Fortunately for Wolsey, the business proved what in theatrical language is termed "a hit." Mr. Galt says,—

"The court was then at Richmond, from which Wolsey proceeded with his despatches to London, where he arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. He had a boat waiting, and in less than three hours, was at Gravesend. With post horses he got next morning to Dover, reached Calais in the course of the forenoon, and arrived the same night at the imperial court. The emperor,

informed that an extraordinary ambassador had come from England, immediately admitted him, and the business being agreeable, was quickly concluded. Wolsey, without delay, returned. He reached Calais at the opening of the gates, found the passengers going on board the vessel that brought him from England, embarked, and, about ten o'clock, was landed at Dover. Relays of horses having been procured, he reached Richmond the same evening. Reposing some time, he rose and met the king as he came from his chamber to hear the morning service. His majesty surprised, rebuked him for neglecting the orders with which he had been charged. 'May it please your highness,' said Wolsey, 'I have been with the emperor, and executed my commission to the satisfaction, I trust, of your grace.' He then knelt and presented Maximilian's letters. Dissembling the admiration which such unprecedented expedition excited, the king inquired if he had received no orders by a pursuivant sent after him? Wolsey answered that he had met the messenger as he returned; but having preconceived the purpose for which he had been sent, he had presumed, of his own accord, to supply the defect in his credentials, for which he solicited his majesty's pardon. The king, pleased with this foresight, and gratified with the result of the negociation, readily forgave his temerity, and commanding him to attend the council in the afternoon, he desired that, in the meantime, he would refresh himself with repose. Wolsey, at the time appointed, reported the business of his mission with so much clearness and propriety, that he received the applause of all present; and the king, when the deanery of Lincoln became vacant, bestowed it on him unsolicited."

On the 22nd of April, 1509, died Henry VII., and his only surviving son, Henry VIII., in whom were united the claims of York and Lancaster,—on whom a nation's hopes were bent, then but eighteen, ascended the throne. The favour shown Wolsey by the father was continued by the son. In the war with France, which was shortly after undertaken at the instigation of the restless Julius II., Wolsey accompanied his royal master in the humble but useful office of commissariat (indeed, for Wolsey's love of power, no office was too low—none too high), and when Tournay yielded to the arms of the English, Wolsey was made its bishop.

In the forty-fifth year of his age, 22nd of December, 1515, Wolsey was advanced to the rank of cardinal, and was installed in Westminster Abbey with more than regal pomp. About the same time, the great seal was given him for life, with the dignity of chancellor of the realm. His power now became immense; in fact, he was the real monarch. Henry's will was but a reflection of his own. There were times, however, when Henry differed from the cardinal. In the correspondence between Wolsey and the monarch, published in the first volume of "*State Papers*," two

instances of this are given. One was when Wolsey offered to put himself at the head of 6,000 archers, which were to have been placed at the service of the emperor, but which Henry would not permit. And, again, when Henry suffered the English fleet to sail as usual to Bordeaux, though Wolsey strongly dissuaded him from it. The sequel showed that the cardinal was right; for the English fleet was captured, as Wolsey had predicted. But, with a few exceptions, Henry indulged himself in the pleasures of the court and of the chase, while Wolsey directed the affairs of state. Cavendish, his faithful friend and ardent admirer, describes him as he was in the full blaze of his glory, and the passage is well worthy of transcription:—

“Now, he being in the chancellorship, and endowed with the promotions of Archbishop and Cardinal de Latere, thought himself so fully furnished, that he was able to surmount Canterbury in all jurisdiction, and with power to convoke Canterbury and all other bishops and spiritual persons to assemble at his convocations wherever he would assign, and to take upon him the correction of ministers and matters within their jurisdictions; and he visited all spiritual houses within their dioceses; and he had all manner of spiritual ministers there as commissioners, scribes, apparitors, and all other necessary officers to furnish his court; and did present what ministers he pleased wherever he liked throughout the realm and dominion. Then he had two great crosses of silver, whereof one was of his archbishopric, and the other of his legatcy, borne before him wheresoever he rode or went, by two of the tallest and comeliest priests that he could get in the realm.

“And, to the increase of his gains, he had in his hand the bishopric of Durham and St. Albans, *in commendam*. When Dr. Fox, bishop of Winchester died, he did surrender Durham to the king, and took Winchester to himself. He had also as it were, *in farm*, the bishoprics of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford; for the incumbents of these were foreigners, dwelling abroad, and who permitted the cardinal to have their benefices for a convenient yearly sum. He had also attending on him men of great possessions, and for his guard the tallest yeomen in the realm.

“And for his household, you shall understand that he had in his hall three wards, kept with three several officers; that is to say, a steward that was always a priest, a treasurer that was ever a knight, and a comptroller that was an esquire; also, a cofferer, three marshals, two ushers in the hall, besides two almoners and grooms. Then he had in his hall kitchen two clerks, a clerk-comptroller, and a surveyor over the dresser, and a clerk of the spicery, which kept continually a mess together in the hall. Also, he had in the hall kitchen two cooks, and labourers, and children, twelve persons; two yeomen of the scullery, two yeomen of the pastry, with two other paste layers under the yeomen. Then had he in his own

kitchen a master cook, who went daily in velvet or satin, with a gold chain, besides two other cooks and six labourers in the same room. In the larder, one yeoman and a groom; in the scalding-house, a yeoman and two grooms; in the scullery, one yeoman and two grooms; in the butlery, two yeomen and two grooms; in the pantry, two yeomen, two grooms, and two other pages; in the ewry, as many; in the cellar, three yeomen, two grooms, and pages; in the chandery, two yeomen; in the wafery, two yeomen; in the wardrobe of beds the master of the wardrobe, and twenty persons beside; in the laundry, a yeoman and a groom, and three pages; there were two yeomen purveyors, and one groom purveyor; in the bake-house, a yeoman and two grooms; in the wood-yard, one yeoman and a groom; in the garner, one yeoman; in the garden, a yeoman and two labourers; porters at the gate, two yeomen and two grooms; a yeoman of his barge, and a master of his horse; a clerk of the stables, and a yeoman of the same; a farrier, and a yeoman of the stirrup; a muleteer, and sixteen grooms, every one of them keeping four geldings.

"Now will I declare unto you the officers of his chapel, and singing men of the same. First, he had there a dean, a great divine, and a man of excellent learning; a repeater of the choir; a gospeller; an epistoler; of singing priests, twelve; a master of the children; twelve singing children; sixteen singing men. In the vestry, a yeoman and two grooms, besides divers retainers that came thither at principal feasts.

"As for the furniture of his chapel, it passeth my weak capacity to declare the number of the costly vestments and rich jewels that were occupied in the same. For I have seen in procession about the hall forty-four copies of one settlement, besides the rich candlesticks and other necessary ornaments to the furniture of the same.

"Now, you shall understand, that he had two cross-bearers and two pillar-bearers. In his great chamber and in his privy chamber, all these persons: the chief chamberlain, vice-chamberlain, a gentleman usher, besides one of his other chamberlains; he had also twelve ushers, and six gentlemen waiters; also, he had nine or ten lords, who had each of them two or three men to wait upon him, except the Earl of Derby, who had five men. Then had he gentlemen cup-bearers, and carvers, and servers; and of the privy chamber, forty persons, six yeomen ushers, eight grooms of his chamber; also, an almoner, who waited daily at his board at dinner, twelve doctors and chaplains, a clerk of his closet, two secretaries, and two clerks of his signet.

"And for that he was chancellor of England, it was necessary to have officers of the chancery to attend him for the better furniture of the same. First, he had a riding clerk, a clerk of the crown, a clerk of the hamper, a chafer; then had he a clerk of the check,

as well upon the chaplains as upon the yeomen of his chamber. He had also four footmen garnished with rich running coats whenever he had any journey. Then had he an herald-at-arms, a sergeant-at-arms, a physician, an apothecary, four minstrels, a keeper of his tents, an armourer, a director of his wardrobe, an instructor of his wards, and a keeper of his chamber. He had also daily in his house the surveyor of York, a clerk of the green cloth, and an auditor of York. All these were daily attending, down-lying and uprising. And at meat, he had eight continual boards for the chamberlains and gentlemen officers, having a mess for the young lords, and others for the gentlemen. Besides these, there never was an officer, or a gentleman, or other worthy person with him but he kept some two or three persons to wait upon them, and all others with him at the least had one, which did amount to a great number of persons,—in all 180 persons.”*

In this princely style lived the cardinal. No wonder that Salisbury Square takes up but a part of the ground on which stood his mansion, at one time belonging to Empson, but given Wolsey by the master he served so well. Subsequently, Wolsey appears to have lived in York Place, near Whitehall,—a palace belonging to the see of York, *borrowed* by Henry when Anne Boleyn lived at Suffolk House next door, and which, owing to a defect in the king's memory, has been ever since retained by the crown.

The external policy of England at that time has now become matter of but little interest. Indeed, we have come to be sick of all external policy whatever; for it has always cost us more than it is worth. Louis Philippe is not the first foreigner by whom we have been outwitted; nor is Queen Victoria the first English sovereign who has been made a dupe. One of our earliest reformers has noted the fact of our mortifying inferiority in our diplomatic relations. William Tindall, in his *Practices of Popish Prelates*, says, that “the Frenchmen of late days made a play, or a disguising, at Paris, in which the emperor daunced with the pope and the French king, and wearied them; the king of England sitting on a high bench and looking on. And when it was asked why he daunced not, it was answered that he sate there but to pay the minstrels their wages only; as who should say we paid for all men's dauncing.” Henry and his minister seem to have shifted with amazing agility from one continental alliance to the other. This year at peace with France, the next at war; now embracing the cause of Francis, now that of Charles. Henry felt himself specially called on to maintain the balance of power, and for this phantom he cared not what sacrifices of treasure or of human life were made. Wolsey, condemned in these matters, has, we believe, been somewhat misrepresented. Mr. Galt shows that he was not actuated by

* The edition of Wordsworth says 800; Mr. Singers, 500. The latter is nearer the mark.

the personal motives that have been attributed to him. Both Francis I. and Charles V. paid him the most flattering marks of esteem; but to these he was entitled by his rank and character. The league between France and England, formed in 1518, to which Maximilian, and Charles, and Leo X. afterwards acceded, is generally held up as a proof of Wolsey's diplomatic skill. Mr. Galt says, the effects of this important measure were calculated to exalt the dignity of England, and to render her the judge of the neighbouring states. A writer of one of those meagre skeletons of history, so common since the schoolmaster has been abroad, in the volume of biographies published by the deceased Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge [?], asserts the same; but we humbly submit not proven to the admirers of the cardinal's external policy. The immediate effect of this treaty was the surrender of Tournay to the French. If to retain it were inexpedient, then the war which ended merely in its seizure was inexpedient. Henry and his minister committed a small blunder. They took a place that cost more than it was worth, and they gave it away without any *quid pro quo* whatever. The clause in the treaty betrothing the Princess Mary to the Dauphin, who was then not born, and making Tournay her dowry, was absolutely childish; and it is little better to say that the dignity of England was much increased by her being thus foolishly and needlessly mixed up with every continental squabble, and by her lavishing her treasures on the mercenaries, soldiers of Germany or Switzerland: our idea is that the league, or one like it, would have been made, had Wolsey been minister or not. Henry's pride was gratified by being mixed up with matters in which he and his people had no concern, and, whoever had been his minister, he would have acted much the same. What did it signify to our sires whether Charles the Vth or Francis the Ist was crowned at Aix la Chapelle; whether Charles or Francis reigned in Navarre; whether Milan was captured by the Imperialists or the French; whether the Venetians made peace with the Pope or not? These things affected the English people as little as the quirks and quibbles of Aquinas, and the rest of the schoolmen to whom Henry and his cardinal were so much attached. But Henry would have precipitated himself into continental alliances, whoever had been his ministers. We do not blame Wolsey for the league; but we deny that that league can shed the least portion of honour on his name.

When Leo X. died, Wolsey aspired to the tiara; but the French and Spanish cardinals joined, and Adrian, the tutor of Charles, was elected to the vacant dignity. Wolsey had matters of importance to attend to at home. Charles united with Henry a second time, and it was agreed that war was to be begun again with France; but how was the money for the war to be obtained? The feudal system was dying out, and it was to Wolsey's credit that he introduced the

beginning of that financial system which has lasted to the present day. He met the clergy, and then the representatives of the people, and prevailed on them to pass an income tax—a tax then, as now, more admired in theory than in practice. It was with difficulty that either the clergy or the people could be prevailed on to vote money for the war; Wolsey quoted scripture precedent, how Pharaoh by Joseph had taxed the Egyptians for the public good, and, at length, part of the sum solicited was granted. War with France was accordingly commenced. The campaign, however, failed of any practical result. Charles V. was fighting with more success. Henry rejoiced in his victories till the balance of power was destroyed by the battle of Pavia, when he, with a chivalry worthy of a better cause, went over and sided once more with the French. English money and English blood were again to flow, but now against Spain and with France; but no advantages resulted from this change of alliance. The war was opposed to the national feeling; Charles was a favourite. The king's prerogative was used for the purpose of making every man contribute largely towards an unpopular war. The people became poor, and the cardinal disliked; nevertheless, he continued to maintain his splendour at its utmost pitch.

"His revenues," says Mr Galt, "derived from the fines in the Legantine Court, the Archbishopric of York, the Bishopric of Winchester, and the Abbey of St. Albans, with several other English bishoprics which were held by foreigners, but assigned to him at low rents for granting them the privilege of living abroad, together with his pensions from Charles and Francis, the emoluments of the chancellorship, the revenues of the bishoprics of Badajoz and Placentia in Spain, with rich occasional presents from all the allies of the king, and the wealth and domains of forty dissolved monasteries, formed an aggregate of income equal to the royal revenues. His house exhibited the finest productions of art which such wealth could command in the age of Leo X. The walls of his chambers were hung with cloth of gold, and tapestry still more precious, representing the most remarkable events in sacred history; for the easel was then subordinate to the loom. The sons of the nobility, according to the fashion of the age, attended him as pages, and the daily service of the household corresponded to the opulence and ostentation of the master."

Such was the cardinal at home. He was yet more pompous and magnificent abroad. For his public processions, for such they were, Cavendish must be our authority again.

"Now must I declare the manner of his going to Westminster Hall in the term time. First when he came out of his privy chamber he most commonly heard two masses in his chapel: and I have heard one of his chaplains say since, that was a man of credit and excellent learning, that what business soever the cardinal had in the day time, that he never went to bed with any part of the service

unsaid; no, not so much as one collect, in which I think he deceived many a man. Then going into his chamber again, he demanded of some of his servants if they were in readiness, and had furnished his chamber of presence and waiting chamber; he then, being advertised of this, came out of his privy chamber about eight of the clock, ready apparelled in red like a cardinal; but his upper vesture was all of scarlet, or else of fine crimson taffeta or crimson satin engrained. His head pillion scarlet, with a black velvet cap, and a tippet of sables about his neck, holding in his hand an orange, the meat thereof being taken out and filled again with a part of a sponge full of vinegar and other confections against pestilent airs; the which he most commonly held to his nose when he came to a press, or when he was pestered with many suitors. And before him was borne the broad seal of England, and then the cardinal's hat, by some lord or gentleman of worship right solemnly. And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there were daily attending on him as well nobles of this realm as other worthy gentlemen of his own family, then cried the gentlemen ushers that went before him bareheaded, 'On, masters, before, and make room for my lord.' Thus went he down the hall with a serjeant-at-arms before him, bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying two great plates of silver; and when he came to the hall door, there his mule stood trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same.

"Then there were attending on him when he was mounted, his two cross bearers, his two pillar bearers, all upon great horses, all in fine scarlet; and so he marched on with a train of gentry, having four footmen about him bearing every one of them a pole-axe in his hand; and thus passed he forth until he came to Westminster, and there alighted and went in this manner up to the chancery, stayed awhile at a bar beneath the chancery, and there he communed sometimes with the judges and sometimes with other persons, and then he went up to the chancery and sat there till eleven o'clock to hear suits and determine causes; and from thence he would go into the star chamber as occasion served him: he neither spared high nor low, but did judge every one according to his right.

"Every Sunday he would resort to the court, being then at Greenwich, with his former rehearsed train and triumph, taking his barge at his own stairs, furnished with yeomen standing upon the bayls, and his gentlemen within and about, and landed at the Three Cranes in the Vintry; and from thence he rode upon his mule, with his crosses, his pillars, his hat, and his broad seal carried before him upon horseback along Thames Street, until he came to Billingsgate, and there he took his barge and so went to Greenwich, where he was nobly entertained of the lords in the king's house, being there with staves in their hands, as the treasurer,

comptroller, and many others, and so conveyed into the king's chamber. After dinner he went home again in like triumph."

Now the people being heavily taxed, fearful of losing what trade they had by a war with Charles, for an alliance with France was never a favourite plan with our forefathers, began to resent this show and bravery of the cardinal. Many of the nobility also whom he had thrown into the shade, looked at him with any but loving eyes. The clergy owed him no good will, for they felt that he had hurt them in two ways—he had endeavoured to make them bear their share of the national burdens from which they had been heretofore exempt, and he had endeavoured to curb their gross licentiousness of conduct. Wolsey leant upon a bruised reed. His apparent power and princely splendour were maintained but by the single will of the king, and that king headstrong and wayward more than any man that had hitherto sat upon the English throne,—that king, one whose "royal nature," as Wolsey himself said, would lead him, rather than want any part of his pleasure, to endanger the half of his kingdom—that king, one before whom the proud cardinal had so humbled himself as often to kneel for three hours together that he might dissuade him from his will, but in vain—let but that fickle and imperious will conceive that the cardinal stood between it and the gratification of its appetites—let it but shift to some other object—let it but be succeeded by indifference and neglect, and Wolsey's fall was inevitable, and sure. Already the signs of a coming storm had loomed in the distance and had blackened the horizon. Between Wolsey and his royal master more than one misunderstanding had occurred; and Wolsey, blinded by success, but little understood how to avert the impending peril. The editors of the State Papers conjecture that the conduct of Wolsey in his election of an abbess for the monastery of Wilton occasioned a coolness on the part of Henry which was never removed; and yet, within a very short space of time, we find Wolsey petitioning the king for a valuable preferment for himself and for his natural son. It is true that on his last embassy he appears to have foreseen the coming change; but the wonder is not that he saw it then, but that he did not see it before. He had seen Empson and Dudley, both of whom he had known, the grasping servants of a grasping king, given up to popular vengeance; he had seen Surrey distanced by himself; he might have seen that sooner or later his hour might come. His own knowledge of human nature might have told him that the man who could be false to the wife of his bosom, could also be false to the minister of his choice.

The fall of this splendour speedily arrived, and brought with it its appropriate moral. The hour at length came when it was given to Wolsey to learn the bitter truth that Strafford learnt in a succeeding age, when meanly abandoned by the craven Charles. Wolsey had lived for the king, and he had now to experience the

proverbial ingratitude of men who sit upon thrones. Henry had been married some time, and no male offspring had sprung from the royal bed. Catherine had no longer the bloom of youth, while Henry's manhood was yet undecayed. What with religious scruples feigned, and real desires felt, Henry became uneasy. When first his marriage was consummated, there were many who looked upon it as one forbidden by the laws of God. To effect it, a dispensation from the Pope was necessary. Archbishop Warham had spoken against it from the first. Mr. Galt says, and most historians agree with him, that the old king made his son protest against it in his fourteenth year. This is true; but this was done merely to facilitate the father in his endeavours to obtain the hand of Catherine's sister, whom the amorous old king seemed determined to marry. The protest was drawn up for that purpose alone, in proof of which we refer to the well known fact, that the princess had to be guarded in order that the marriage of the youthful lovers might not be prematurely accomplished. The aim of the father was to marry Joanna; and had not he at length become convinced of her insanity, his wish would have been obtained and another wife would have been provided for his son. The protest was drawn up that Henry VII. might have had a plausible pretext for breaking off this match between Catherine and the prince, had his own suit been attended with success. That suit was unsuccessful. Even the obstinate old king was at length convinced that Joanna was *de facto* insane, and Catharine of Arragon, then worthy of a monarch's love—not as Holbein drew her, when decay and sorrow had dimmed the light of her eye and the rose on her cheek—became once more a bride. Through many a year they had lived together, and Henry had become desirous of changes. Most of the writers on this period of our history, and Mr. Galt amongst the rest, are rather inclined, we think, to overrate Henry's religious scruples. For ourselves we candidly acquit our English Bluebeard of anything of the sort. In 1527, when a proposal for marrying the Princess Mary to Francis was entertained, the French minister urged in opposition to it the illegitimacy of the princess, contending that the marriage of which she was the fruit had been contracted in violation of a divine precept which no human authority could repeal. Whether this was really the case or not, nothing could better have answered the purpose of the king. The royal conscience, that had slept for nearly twenty years, now awoke, and deep was the agony of the royal heart. Henry loved Catherine—he felt, as he published in his address, that in nobleness of mind she far transcended the greatness of her birth—were he free to choose amidst “all the beauties of the world,” Catherine would be his choice; “her mildness, prudence, sanctity of mind, and conversation,” he felt, were without parallel; but alas! “we were given to the world for other ends than the pursuit of our own pleasure,” says the self-denying

king; rather "than commit impiety against heaven and ingratitude against our country, the weal and safety of which every man should prefer before his life and fortune," he could even sacrifice so noble a wife. Goldsmith tells us of a drunken soldier staggering in the streets, who was heard muttering his determination to live and die for our "holy religion." The religion for which Henry was willing to give such proofs of self-denial, happily unexampled, was of a similar character. Religion has often been wronged, but never more so than when, under her name, a woman, whose fair fame calumny had never dared to stain—a stranger in a strange land, already weakened by the approach of age—bereft of youth and hope—was basely trampled under foot by the man who had made her his queen.

Poets tell us,

"In all the drama, whether grave or not,
Love rules the scene, and woman forms the plot."

This truth was illustrated on a somewhat large scale at the time of which we write. To the same cause we must attribute the fall of Wolsey and the rise of the Reformation. Learned Dr. Jeddès thinks the latter was aided by the state of the air, as Lutheranism, in his estimation undoubtedly was. Paulus, Jovius, and Lipsius imputed it to the power of some malignant constellation. The sober truth must again be gathered, not from the romance of the historian, but from the pages of the poet. These were the days when

"Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel light first beam'd from Boleyn's eyes."

At the bottom of the whole was not religion, but a woman. There had come to Henry's court a maid fresh and fair, who to English beauty had added the lively charms of foreign manner. When Mary, the gay and graceful sister of Henry, became the queen of Louis VII., she was accompanied by Anne Boleyn; and when her mistress became the wife of Brandon, and returned to England, Anne still continued at the court of France,—a court redolent with her praise. Viscount Chateaubriant describes her as "rivalling Venus." It is most probable she was present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where Henry might have been smitten with her charms. Not long after she returned to England. The conduct of most women is an enigma, and that of Anne is no exception. Like most of her sex she loved to reign; like the worst she laid herself out for admiration; like the best she seems to have guarded her honour with a firm unflinching hand. Henry who, though he boasted no longer the comely proportions of his youth, was yet no stranger to affairs of gallantry, was not long before he made Anne aware of the passion with which she had inspired him. A high-minded woman would have repulsed him at once

from her presence ; but he was not the only married man who had dared to talk to her of love. Wyatt had done the same. Had she not been virtuous, she might have followed the example she had seen set by the Viscountess Chateaubriant, in the French, and by Lady Salisbury in the English court, and worn the splendid wages by which kings tempt to sin. Catherine was living ; not a whisper had been breathed of divorce. At the best, she could but hope to be the first in that long line of coronetted infamy of which Lady Jersey was the last. Nature has endowed every living thing with some more or less potent weapon of defence. In the autumn may be seen on the trunks of oaks a moth exactly resembling a withered leaf, for which the birds who prey upon it mistake it. To strength and power cunning is often a tolerable match. To what Cavendish not incorrectly terms, Henry's "pernicious and inordinate carnal love," Anne opposed the wiles of woman's art, and not in vain. Instead of becoming ranked with the Castlemaines and Portsmouths of the Restoration, she was enrolled with the long illustrious line of English queens. She took her mistress's place on the English throne, and in the heart of the imperious king. Henry's love was to be gratified, but Anne's honour was to be preserved. Thenceforth the path of procedure was clearly marked ;—the rightful wife was to be cast out,—a new one was to be taken in her place. The maxim, honour amongst thieves, was held sacred by the two parties in this delicate affair. The fate of Catherine was settled without a sigh. She, the wife of twenty years, was sacrificed as if she were a childish toy ! By fair means or foul, Anne Boleyn was to be invested with the name and dignities of an English queen.

The thing was done, but at a tremendous price. To attain his end it was necessary that Henry should shatter more than one tie, and break more than one heart. Amongst other events, it wrought the downfall of the cardinal, and his downfall was his death ; the loss of Henry's favour was final and fatal. It was in vain that Wolsey wrote and petitioned the king for mercy. "The sight of the rude and trymmeling hand of your grace's most humble and prostrate subject and priest" (we quote from the letters in the State Papers,) produced no effect on him who had listened unmoved while Catherine of Arragon had knelt at his feet and pleaded for her rights. Anne certainly had an aversion to Wolsey, though we cannot conceive that it was on account of his preventing her marriage with Percy. It seems improbable that she should make that a matter of reproach when it turned out to be the first step towards the promotion for which she longed. It is much more likely that she felt that as long as the cardinal guided the councils of the king she would have but a divided rule. Women by instinct know their foes, and Anne felt that sooner or later her interests and those of the cardinal would clash. To preserve herself she felt that

the power of the cardinal must be destroyed. Thence it was that Wolsey was banished from the royal presence, and that she prevailed upon Henry never more to see the man who had served him faithfully, who had pandered to his pleasures, who had promoted his interests for nearly twenty years. Wolsey felt this blow to his heart's core, and he never recovered from it. All that breaks man's spirit—service unrequited—disgrace undeserved—confidence rejected—pride betrayed—fell to his lot, and his heart burst beneath the stroke. Rapid and great as had been his glory, equally great and rapid was his fall. As he had thought that he could not rise too high, he had now to learn that he could not fall too low. Life without honour was to Wolsey an impossibility. He would either soar or die. To him, neglect and disgrace were bitterer even than the grave. There are men who can see their honour blasted, their power taken from them, and yet live on. There are men who can crawl and creep in the mire, who can remain apathetic when overwhelmed with disgrace. Wolsey was not one of these. As the sun was setting, and the leaves were falling, and winter was drawing nigh, a weary cavalcade stopped at the door of Leicester Abbey; "Father," said a broken-hearted, emaciated man, as the abbot approached the mule on which his visitor was seated, "I am come, father, to lay my bones among you." The next day the cardinal was dead.

Wolsey deserved the honours that he wore. Compared with his contemporaries he appears to advantage. He acted no assassin's part as did Gigli, bishop of Worcester. He plotted no treason as did Buckingham. He did not betray his country as the Cabal. He did not pay court to two masters at once as the ministers immediately succeeding the Revolution. Oxford and the College of Physicians yet remain to show how much he would have done for the people over whom he ruled. Never was man condemned by an English parliament on lighter grounds. What he had done he did under the cognizance of the king. His great blunder was that he did not see, what his knowledge of Henry's character might easily have led him to foresee, that to obtain Anne, Henry was prepared to violate every duty, and to burst every moral and prudential restraint; even he blundered here in common with Campeggio and Clement VII., and to that blunder we owe the Reformation. Undoubtedly, Wolsey was fashioned to much honour from his cradle. He had the rare skill not only to attract men's admiration, but to retain their affections. His personal demeanour was that of a prince. The heir of a hundred kings could not have conducted himself with a haughtier mien and more regal pomp than the butcher's son. While the impress of feudalism was yet strong in the land, in his own person Wolsey gave a striking illustration that the base-born can hold his head as high as the noble of purest Norman blood. In an age of serfdom on the part of the people,

and arrogance on that of the peers, he demonstrated, that from the "rude and rascal commoners" could spring up men worthy to take the place and to wear the laurel of men of oldest descent—of most unsullied fame. Wolsey's moral character, tried by the standard of the present day, requires the severest condemnation. Selfish, arrogant, voluptuous, in the days of his pride, he was paralyzed and craven-hearted in the dark hour of disgrace. Tried by the standard of his own times, he was neither a saint nor a fiend, and he was better than most of his class. Most of the courtiers of Henry VII. had his vices; few his redeeming merits. It is easy for us to condemn him; but it is evidently unfair. We protest against judging the men of the past by the light of the present. If they walked not according to the light they had, then let them be reproached; but not otherwise. The time does, in some degree, mould the man; over most it tyrannises with an iron hand. Men have been better poets than Chaucer, better printers than Caxton, better statesmen than Wolsey; but we still quote their names with respect, because, in their day, they were each the first of the class. To Wolsey's credit, it must be remembered that those who knew him best clung to him to the last, when he was weighed down by misfortune and disgrace; that Cromwell eloquently pleaded his cause, and that to Cavendish we are indebted for the most authentic life. Wolsey was Henry's better angel, and, left to himself, Henry became the odious monster—that blot and disgrace to the annals of our land that he has ever since remained. But it was not till Wolsey's death that the people learnt the real character of the uxorious and besotted king. Wolsey—

Was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer;
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing
The most princely. Ever witness for him,
Ipswich and Oxford. One of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him,
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Thus writes one whose Henry the VIII. is still worthy of study,
as the best history of the time. J. E. R.

VOICI CONSUELO !

CONSOLATION.

Summer winds are blowing, love,
 Summer streams are flowing, love,
 Summer grass is growing, love,
 In the shade and sun.
 Put thy work and needle by,
 Let us forth beneath the sky,
 Evening's gorgeous hour is nigh,—
 Day's work well nigh done.

Shadows lengthen slowly, love,
 Eve, sweet calm and holy, love,
 Comes to cheer the lowly, love,
 In their hour of rest.
 Through the lanes and meadows, we
 Will walk onward lovingly ;
 Worship beaming from each eye,
 Throbbing in each breast.

Thou art all my treasure, love,
 Riches without measure, love,
 Far beyond all pleasure, love ;—
 Press my hand in thine.
 God's great earth is very wide,
 We can wander side by side,
 Blessings flowing in full tide,
 From thy heart to mine.

Oh, what deep emotion, love,
 (Pure as yon blue ocean, love,
 Where in ceaseless motion, love,
 Suns and planets glide.)
 Floweth, dearest, from thine eyes ;
 Marriage true, of sympathies ;
 E'er thy touch electrifies,
 Thine, beloved bride.

And whate'er betide us, love,
 Nothing can divide us, love,
 Pain and Want have tried us, love,
 Much, and very long.
 Consolation I from thee,
 Will gain, and thou from me,
 Strength sustained, energy ;
 Suffering made us strong.

Cooling gales are blowing, love,
Fragrance upward flowing, love,
Midnight stars are glowing, love,
 From the depths divine.
Songs of night are gushing sweet,
From the nightingale's retreat.
Let us homeward turn our feet,
 Press my hand to thine.

G. H.

Tancred; or the New Crusade. By B. Disraeli, M.P. London :
Henry Colburn. 1847.

MR. DISRAELI should certainly have announced his Avatar in all the newspapers. He has faith in great ideas, and says truly that they are the sources of power over men. All his life he has been hunting after great ideas: all his life he has missed them. First, Eton was a great idea. Then, radicalism, and the Reform Bill, gave wings to his aspiring ambition. He stood upon the shoulders of Joseph Hume, and gambolled before a delighted constituency. He began an epic; then he courted Lord Durham. At a brilliant dinner given in honour of the rising genius of theocratic radicalism, he tried to captivate, by all kinds of winning ways, the heart of the radical peer. But he was too brilliant. He said too many good things, and made too much display. Instead of captivating, he disgusted Lord Durham, who laughed at him for his pains. It was clear to the young aspirant that there was no great idea in radicalism; at least, he could not discern any, so he went on a new quest. Bold, enterprising, witty, he made his way into the strongholds of aristocracy, and there chased after great ideas. Young England developed itself, and Mr. Disraeli took up with the "new thing." How one, of aims so exalted, could attach himself to the tail of Lord George Bentinck, the public, who have been looking on of late, must determine. This one thing is clear, this one inconsistency is glaring: Mr. Disraeli has seen through all the secrets of our landed aristocracy,—their hollowness, folly, and false pride, their utter unfitness to lead the nation, their utter unwillingness to do the work, their ignorance of the spirit of the age,—and yet with desperate tenacity he still clings to this aristocracy, fawns on their leader, and glories in their livery. He can depict, none so well, for he has been through it all, the path of an aspirant for the honours and privileges of fashion. He sees, few so clearly, the

follies of fashionable life; and exposes, few so well, the littleness of great society. He delineates an aristocracy past its prime; nominal leaders, unfit for leadership. They live uneasily, and exist by sufferance, because out of their places. Mr. Disraeli apprehends and teaches that new leaders and new ideas are wanting; for the old leaders and the old ideas have languished into mere galvanic life. Acknowledging all this, seeing all this, he still helps to retain the unfit leaders in the van, and the incapable workmen at their task. If abler leaders and abler workmen, unpatented, except by the great gifts of God, did not sometimes thrust them aside, assume the command, and work manlike at the work, we and they should soon lapse into destruction, into national death. The hunt after great ideas ends in Lord George Bentinck, the Normans, and Jewish regeneration.

But Mr. Disraeli has all his life mistaken his forte. He never yet found his work. He was not made to make an Avatar, but to be the Boy of the "great world," and the author of an aristocratical "Pickwick." Great ideas do not take a mansion in Belgravia, or a cottage at Richmond. Pall Mall is not the theatre of great politics. An aspirant to the shrine of philosophy mistakes woefully if he seek her temple in May-fair. You might as well hunt for camels in Lincolnshire, as search for historical truth in aristocratical boudoirs.

So Mr. Disraeli has read society backwards, as he has read history backwards. Progress is humbug, for there are no kings of England. The great ideas of Europe are all worn out and rotten. The great attributes of Europe are expiring. All is going to decay, for the want of a vivifying principle. Civilisation is mere animal comfort; it was greater in ancient than in modern times. The people are nullities; individuality is dead. All great men and great women, including dancers and actresses, and money-lenders, are Jews. Arabia furnishes creeds and rulers to Europe. We are in worse than a pit of perdition, unconscious of our destiny, and Arabia is to haul us forth. The East is to conquer Europe, not Europe conquer the East. And the great idea whose might is to renovate the whole framework of Western society is, "Theocratic equality." Such is the gist of "*Tancred, or the New Crusade.*"

It is time, however, we said something about the story itself. Tancred de Montacute, only son of a Duke of Bellamont, carefully nurtured upon sound orthodoxy, and in due time carried to Christ Church, longs to travel. He startles his ducal father one morning, in the library, by refusing a seat in the House of Commons, and requesting permission to go to the Holy Land, for the laudable purpose of finding what is Duty, what is Faith,—what he ought to Do, and what to Believe.

Of course, the respectable old Duke wishes to dissuade his son from so mad a scheme. By the advice of a shrewd friend, he

inducts Tancred into the great world, with a view of weaning his mind from his dreamy purpose. But he will fall in love neither with fashion nor the fair sex. A bishop is set to convert him, but he poses the bishop. A lady entraps him, whose heart professes to be at Jerusalem, but which turns out to be in Capel Court. Nothing can detain him. To his credit be it said, for him the great world has no charms. He goes in his own yacht to Palestine, prostrates himself all night at the Holy Sepulchre, visits Gethsemane, strolls on to Bethany, meets an interesting Jewess there, returns to Jerusalem, sets forth on a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, is taken by the Arabs, reaches Mount Sinai, nevertheless, goes up alone into the mountain, sees an angel who tells him to "announce the sublime and solacing doctrine of theocratic equality," returns to the Arabs, is ill of a fever, is cured by the lady he met at Bethany, is released, and instead of returning to Jerusalem goes to Canobia in the Lebanon with a young ambitious Emir, and buys arms for his mountain tribes in order that an Asian Empire may be founded, and Europe renovated by oriental influences. In the third volume we have, described with great powers and beauty of language, many scenes in eastern life. A hunting party in Lebanon; a gorgeous feast at Damascus; a wild and improbable journey into the Syrian mountains, where Tancred discovers a tribe who worship the old gods of Greece; a conflict with the Turks, ending in a victory, and a flight to the desert; and ultimately, the return of the hero to Jerusalem, a second journey to Bethany, another interview with the fair Jewess there, with whom Tancred at length falls desperately in love; and the whole novel abruptly closes with the announcement that the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had arrived at Jerusalem.

But, in fact, there is no story in the three volumes. The hero is not a hero at all, but only a convenience useful to the writer for the purposes of pictorial description. Persons and manners are sketched with that felicity for which Mr. Disraeli has of late been famed. Gorgeous halls, splendid dresses, rare jewels, delicious eastern gardens full of quivering trees, glowing flowers, and gushing fountains, majestic men and beautiful women, Hebrew, of course, or Norman—these abound. Small talk, and talk of deeper import, or what is meant for such, are profusely scattered through the volumes, blended with descriptions of city and landscape, of mountain and desert. The gossips and fashionables of the East are cleverly put before us. Notwithstanding the sneers which Mr. Disraeli flings at diplomacy, he seems to have studied the art. But he is almost proverbial for wit and ingenuity. What he has seen, that he can pourtray, spiced, of course, with his own peculiar idiosyncrasy. Still, a novel with no plot, a book which inspires immense interest, but of the fate of whose hero we are utterly careless, is no ordinary achievement. The effect is produced by

the series of splendid pictures, the nearness of the incidents to our own day, and the fact that the characters who figure in the novel are chiefly sketches from real life. This, indeed, combined with his piquant wit, stinging sarcasm, and refined fancy, is, we take it, the great secret of Mr. Disraeli's success—the interest all feel in the personal. In a former novel he has said, “nothing is great but the personal;” using the word in its larger and nobler sense of individual greatness. This is true; but the personal in which Mr. Disraeli excels, and by which he interests his readers, is the petty personal. The greatness of society is the greatness of its greatest persons. A man may have an individual grandeur of character—a personal greatness; he also may have an individual power of character in what is called “personality.” For instance, he may be great, comparatively, as a speaker of “personalities,” or he may be great as a writer of “personalities.” Mr. Disraeli is great in both. His books interest, chiefly because they contain exceedingly clever personal sketches of living men and women.

Mr. Disraeli has, however, great literary abilities. We have not stated this before, but assumed it as an acknowledged fact. It is a notoriety of the day. Every body who has read novels, or notices of parliamentary proceedings, is well aware how clever Mr. Disraeli is. There is something real in his books, something true in his speculations. The reality of his books is style, the truth of his speculations we have endeavoured to point out. Though he has not genius in the highest sense of the word, yet he has tact, wit, and ingenuity, in the highest degree.

Tancred is decidedly the best written novel which Mr. Disraeli has yet published, with which we are acquainted. It is not so verbose as his earlier productions. It sparkles with brilliant sentences. A richness of language, a depth and glow of expression, and a profusion of splendour in accessories, distinguish the two last volumes. It is only when he assumes that solemnity so well befitting the bards and chroniclers of his ancient race, that he becomes affected, and irksome to read. His western education has spoiled his eastern aspirations. He is a stranger in the land of his fathers, and, we are bound to confess, seems much happier in sketching the innovations Frankish fashion, and European influence, are producing, even among his own race, in Syria, than in sketching those manners themselves. The first chapter of the second volume is stilted. Mr. Disraeli cannot be sublime: there is nothing tragic in his composition. All his tragedy is, artistically, a failure. Of course we except the tragedy enacted every session in the House of Commons, as developed in his opposition to Sir Robert Peel, but we are sure the tragical effects of that opposition fall wholly on Mr. Disraeli's reputation.

As a novel, the three volumes are a failure; as a series of well-drawn tableaux, somewhat loosely strung together, they are a suc-

cess. The best effect of the book, which is indeed a high merit, is, that it stimulates the reader to reflect upon the present state of society. Here we join issue with the author. His view is sombre and sorrowful; ours is bright and gladsome. He sees only anarchy and the seeds of death sown thickly in all Europe. We see daily approximations to order; we see daily evidences of vigorous life. He looks upon the nations through the medium of a *blasé* Norman aristocracy; we through that of an energetic Saxon people.

No doubt a further infusion of eastern blood into the western nations would conduce to that progress which Mr. Disraeli treats with so much of his own heartless scorn. But, at best, the benefits derived from the amalgamation of the races would be mutual. At present, Asia is approximating to the civilization of Europe—not Europe to that of Asia. Once they outstripped us; now we outstrip them. Before either can adequately enjoy what each is possessed of, both must occupy similar platforms of moral and intellectual elevation.

Progress is like water—it will run to a level as nearly as the inequalities of condition and race will permit. While one half of the world is barbarous, the other cannot be civilized. To a certain extent, the barbarous ideas of the one half exercise a degrading influence on the elevating ideas of the other. Compensation goes on all over the world. The despotism of the north sustains the remnants of despotism in the west and south of Europe. The ignorance of the clown frustrates the embodiment of the wisdom of the sage. Corruption in the worst portion of society infects the best portion of society. And the law of progress, ever true in its working, will diffuse the accumulations of the wise few among the ignorant many—requiring that all should *know* before any can adequately *enjoy*. Nature will not admit of a monopoly. Those who run before the rest cannot obtain the full meed of victory until all arrive at the goal. The relative progress of the world must be measured by the idea of right, and the aggregate power of reducing it to practice, which has been and is possessed by the aggregate of mankind. In the logic of progress, as in the logic of reason, it is universal, not particular, propositions which yield us true conclusions. In matching epoch with epoch, we must not cite particular instances of particular nations, but their relation to the whole. Thebes and Athens, Rome and Bagdad, are not *exponents* of progress in their respective ages, but large elements in the calculation. We must always strike an average.

Leaders are always martyrs. The man of an age is not the most advanced, but the ablest among those who represent the characteristics of that age. He commands the greatest confidence and sympathy. Because there are so many like him, but less able, he heads the majority. The leading man, as the leading nation, must

wait for his ovation, until the common sense of his own, or a succeeding age, has mastered what he taught.

It has been said of a great Edinburgh reviewer, that he had paid so much attention to the accessories, as to forget the essentials, of style. In like manner, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has paid so much attention to the aristocracy, that he has mistaken the people. What the former are, and what is going on among them, he seems to know pretty accurately; but he knows nothing truthfully of the people, or the doings of the people. With the "quality," both at the west end of London and the east end of the Mediterranean, he would have you to know that he is on familiar terms. He can sketch the manners and the palaces of both. An English lord, in a round hat and well shining boots, or an Arab chief, clad in white, and puffing rare tobacco-smoke through his nostrils, is delineated on his pages with all the animation of life. They walk, talk, and act, and for all we know, naturally. Likewise he can describe in rich and musical words a splendid woman, or a gorgeous robe: a rare and ornate apartment, or a vast and beautiful landscape. He can write and tell stories about Jews for ever. To read his description of a ball in Belgravia is, we imagine, much better than being present at a ball in Belgravia. All those things in which he has lived, moved, and had his being, he is competent to describe. With all things, from that great fashionable achievement, the giving of a great ball, to the lesser achievements of political intrigue and political scandal, he is conversant. But he is as competent to determine the date of the formation of Jupiter as he is to give one rational picture of, or clothe in rational language, one idea held by the people of England. With the little Present he is great; with the great Past he is little. Yet the whole gist of what may be termed his philosophy consists in a revival of the past. Thus all is contradiction, only to be accounted for upon the supposition that he only knows half of what is going on, or that he sees all through the distorting medium of May Fair.

You may look in vain into the books of Mr. Disraeli for a reflection of the spirit of the age. As well as we can guess from them, something is stirring among a certain section of the aristocracy. But it did not require a Disraeli to give a "local habitation and a name" to Young England. Prosy Joseph Hume went out of his way to give them a "name." Lord John Manners immortalised himself in a couplet of surpassing wisdom and unique rhythm. Mr. A. D. R. W. B. Cochrane had written of the "isles of Greece." Richard Monckton Milnes had published songs and poems long ago. Lord Lincoln had gained a name in the House and out of it. Mr. Sidney Herbert was known at Oxford, and Mr. William Ewart Gladstone had betrayed his Christ Church culture by the Puseyism contained in the "Relations of the Church to the State." All these things had been done, including certain aristocratical con-

descensions, in the shape of real cricket matches with a real lord among the peasants, before "Coningsby" saw the light, or "Tancred" was put into the hands of Mr. Colburn's printer. We all know that the French Revolution, the Reform Bill, and the Steam Engine, had set the scions of lords and dukes pondering somewhat. They had a slippery hold of power. They began to feel that the world of fashion and birth was not the only world, and that if they did not look after the other world there would soon be a collision ending in a crash. It possibly occurred to them that lands and rent-rolls were not the only things deserving their care. The bright idea may have entered their brains that politics ought to be something other than a game of fence, and religion other than a farce of form. They wake up to find old things decidedly giving up the ghost, and no new things, as far as they could see, ready to fill up the void. They were leaders by birth,—why not in fact? Aye, why not? Because the times needed strong, and they were weak, workmen. But they have tried to be real leaders, and found—the nation before hand. Necessity had created her own instruments. Robert Peel and Richard Cobden knew what o'clock it was, for they were born wide awake.

Besides, Young England has mistaken sentiment for principle, as Mr. Disraeli has mistaken sentiment for affection. They want to put new wine into old bottles. Their heads are always turned over their shoulders. They interpret a sentimental love of the past into a mission for the salvation of the present. Ancient things are synonymous, in their vocabulary, with sacred things. Feudal principles are the very acme of governmental wisdom. They are consistent in denying progress, for with them the past was more perfect than the present. They think they can rule the world by patronage, and give laws by poetic inspiration. They would treat us as children, not as men. We are approached to be patted and coaxed, like a great beast which must be either chained up and scourged, or stroked caressed, and flattered, if set free. Feudal lords, in paletots and French boots, Catholic abbots in Protestant costume, these are the remedies they would apply to the State. The monastery and the monks are to supersede the Union and the Board of Guardians. What they would do with the cotton factories, the railroads, the Dissenters, and the improved printing presses, is by no means clear. A "theocratic equality," consequent upon the utter annihilation of the "grovelling tyranny of self-government," is to be the great panacea for all the evils of the world. "Vanity of vanities!" the people are marching on their way, and will soon leave Puseyite lords and Jewish regenerators far behind them.

Mr. Disraeli has got one notion into his head which is certainly true, and for apprehending which, he is somewhat to be lauded. He sees clearly enough that the English aristocracy are rotten. Their attributes are "expiring;" they are going to decay. The

French aristocracy were swept away by a torrent of blood and fire. We are getting rid of ours in a wiser fashion—forcing them to become of the people. Mr. Disraeli's postulates are these:—"the aristocracy exist by sufferance;" "the people are nullities." We coincide with the first proposition entirely; but the second is only partly true. There is great ambiguity about this word "people." Who are the people? Are they all those whose incomes and positions set them below the middle classes? Are they the great masses, or are they only the worst among the great masses? If we judge by income, what is the *minimum* which entitles a man to enrol himself, if he care about it, indeed, among the middle classes? If all below a certain money standard be the "people," then they are not nullities, but considerable entities. The talent, the intelligence, the genius among the mass, redeem the mass itself. If the great masses be the people, then they are not nullities, for they have numbers, wealth, and ability. If the people be the lowest and worst, the most vicious and the least informed, the most imbecile and stupid, then, indeed, for good purposes they are nullities, for bad purposes entities; but, instead of simplifying, this complicates the classification; for, in this arrangement, even kings, bishops, and peers, as well as the obscure dregs of the rural and civic districts, must be included. For all political purposes, it is true, except to fill the ranks of the army, many millions of our population are nullities; but it is the fault of our legislators if they remain so. Generally speaking, however, Mr. Disraeli's proposition is untrue. Be the people who they may, they are not dead, or dying. There is a vigorous life in the people. Exhausted!—the vitality of the English nation dying!—finished!—used up! What a thick film of imperfect fact must cover the intellectual eyes of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli! We, who, as a nation, do more work, and, as a nation, garner up more of the fruits of our work than any other on the face of the globe,—we exhausted and used up! The old leaders may be useless, but the people have furnished new leaders. The old ways may be defunct; we organize better. Old laws, old opinions, which have done their work, may be thrown aside; but the new laws and new opinions are fast taking their places, and fulfilling their functions. Still it is quite true, that for our lawgiver we have not chosen Mr. Disraeli, nor for our leader have we elected Lord George Bentinck. We neither accept the Jew nor the Norman.

We have culled a few extracts containing one or two good things, and some of the peculiarities of "*Tancred, or the New Crusade*:"—

"The view of Jerusalem is the history of the world;—it is more, it is the history of earth and heaven."

ART.

"Art is order, method, harmonious results obtained by fine and powerful principles."

PUBLIC IMAGES.

"We sadly lack a new stock of public images. The current similes, if not absolutely counterfeit, are quite worn out. They have no intrinsic value, and serve only as counters to represent the absence of ideas. The critics should really call them in."

THE SYRIAN MOUNTAINS.

"There are regions more lofty than the glaciated crests of Lebanon; mountain scenery more sublime, perhaps even more beautiful. Its peaks are not lost in the clouds like the mysterious Ararat; its forests are not as vast and strange as the towering Himalaya; it has not the volcanic splendour of the Andes; in lake and cataract, it must yield to the European Alps; but for life, vigorous, varied, and picturesque, there is no highland territory in the globe which can for a moment compare with the great chain of Syria."

ANCIENT AND MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

"Of all the differences between the ancients and ourselves, none are more striking than our respective ideas of friendship. Grecian friendship was indeed so ethereal, that it is difficult to define its essential qualities. They must be sought rather in the pages of Plato, or the moral essay of Plutarch, perhaps, and in some other books not quite as well known, but not less interesting and curious. As for modern friendship, it will be found in clubs. It is violent at a house dinner, fervent in a cigar shop, full of devotion at a cricket or pigeon match, or in the gathering of a steeple chase. The nineteenth century is not entirely sceptical on the head of friendship, but fears 'tis rare. A man may have friends, but, then, are they sincere ones? Do they not abuse you behind your back, and blackball you at societies where they have had the honour to propose you? It might be philosophically suggested that it is more agreeable to be abused behind one's back than to one's face; and as for the second catastrophe, it should not be forgotten that, if the sincere friend may occasionally put a successful veto on your election, he is always ready to propose you again. Generally speaking, among sensible persons, it should seem that a rich man deems that friend a sincere one who does not want to borrow his money; while, among the less favoured with fortune's gifts, the sincere friend is generally esteemed to be the individual who is ready to lend it."

Mr. Disraeli writes in the following mad way about progress. The writing is beautiful. What is said, is well said. But for the justness of the inferences, for the consistency of the assertions to truth, for the consistency of the passage with the whole tendency of these volumes even, they are not worth the pains bestowed in writing them. The rigidity with which the Arabs deliver oral truth is evidenced by Mr. Disraeli's sketches of their manners. A wily nation, accustomed to stratagem, accustomed to diplomacy, is

not always rigid in speaking the truth. The traditions of such a people may be valuable, but they must be far from correct.

"From Bethlehem to Hebron, Canaan is still a land of milk and honey, though not so rich and picturesque as in the great expanse of Palestine to the north of the Holy City. The beauty and abundance of the promised land may still be found in Samaria and Galilee, in the magnificent plains of Esdraelon, Zabulon, and Gennesareth; and ever by the gushing waters of the bowery Jordan." * * * * About an hour's journey from Bethlehem, "in a secluded valley, is one of the few remaining public works of the great Hebrew kings. It is in every respect worthy of them. I speak of those colossal reservoirs cut out of the native rock, and fed by a single spring, discharging their waters into an aqueduct of perforated stone, which, until a comparatively recent period, conveyed them to Jerusalem. * * * * The Arabs still call these reservoirs the pools of Solomon; nor is there any reason to doubt the tradition. Tradition, perhaps often more faithful than written documents, is a sure and almost infallible guide in the minds of the people, where there has been no complicated variety of historic incidents to confuse and break the chain of memory; where their rare revolutions have consisted of an eruption once in a thousand years into the cultivated world; where society has never been broken up, but their domestic manners have remained the same; where, too, they revere truth, and are rigid in its oral delivery, since that is their only means of disseminating knowledge." [The valley is now a desert.] "Why—what—is this desolation? Why are there no more kings, whose words are the treasured wisdom of countless ages, and the mention of whose name to this moment thrills the heart of the Oriental, from the waves of the midland ocean to the broad rivers of the farthest end? Why are there no longer bright-witted queens to step out of their Arabian palaces, and pay visits to the gorgeous 'house of the forests of Lebanon,' or to where Baalbec, or Tadmor, in the Wilderness, rose on those plains now strewn with the superb relics of their inimitable magnificence? And yet some *flat-nosed Frank, full of bustle, and puffed up with self-conceit—a race spawned perhaps in the morasses of some northern forest hardly yet cleared*—talks of Progress! Progress to what, and from whence? Amid empires shrivelled into deserts,—amid the wrecks of great cities,—a single column or obelisk of which the nations export for *the prime ornament* of their *mud-built* capitals,—amid arts forgotten, commerce annihilated, fragmentary literatures and populations destroyed, the European talks of progress, because, by an ingenious application of some scientific acquirements, he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization."

Again, we are eloquently told, that "Enlightened Europe is not happy. [!] Its existence is a fever which it calls progress. Progress

to what?" No doubt this theory, to those who are dying, or dyspeptic with ennui, is very consoling. Let us look a little deeper. Work is a finer thing than happiness. Work is the only way to happiness, if there be any way. Only those whose spirits faint, complain. If Europe be not *happy*, a postulate we deny, it is because Europe has sought after happiness as a Jesuit seeks after spiritual dominion. The end sanctifies the means; but the means are often so unwisely chosen, that they do not lead to the end. Happiness only arises from perfect development. It is in vain to seek it except by doing our duty. It is a brave truth,—and one Mr. Disraeli would do well to learn, before he writes again of happiness and progress, as Mephistopheles would write of virtue and integrity,—that we have not a "*Right* to happiness, only a *duty* of development."

We know nothing of lords; we are profoundly ignorant of the graceful people who haunt St. James's Street and Pall Mall; but we do know that not there is to be found out what has fallen on the "spirit of man." Mr. Disraeli's hero says, but it agrees too closely with Mr. Disraeli's own reflections for us to doubt its applicability to himself, that "a profound melancholy has fallen upon the spirit of man. The priest doubts, the monarch cannot rule, the multitude moans and toils, and calls in its frenzy upon unknown gods." We know something of the multitude. They do "toil," but they are too brave to "moan." No doubt the over-worked and ill-paid artizan sometimes speaks out what he feels and thinks of his own position in the social scale. But he does not "moan." If he did, there would be very little work done.

We give two more extracts, containing in their brief limits the very pith and essence of the indefinite Disraeli doctrine, if it may be so respectably styled. We are all in a bad way. It appears that, "if Asia be in decay, Europe is in confusion. Their repose may be death; but our life is anarchy." A man reputed sane, a member of the British House of Commons, the representative, upon its floor, of that superior organization of which so much has been said, utters as easily as compliments the above oracular absurdities! But the reader must be prepared to endure much of the like when he takes up "*Tancred, or the New Crusade.*" The following dialogue is carried on between the hero and the heroine—the Norman youth and the Hebrew maiden:—

"Unhappy Asia! Do you call it unhappy Asia? This land of divine deeds and divine thoughts! Its slumber is more vital than the waking life of the rest of the globe; as the dream of genius is more precious than the vigil of ordinary men. Unhappy Asia! do you call it? It is the unhappiness of Europe over which I mourn.

"Europe, that has conquered Hindoostan, protects Persia and Asia Minor, affects to have saved Syria," said Eva with some bitterness, 'Oh! what can we do against Europe?'

“ ‘Save it’ (!) said Tancred.

“ ‘We cannot save ourselves, what means have we to save others?’

“ ‘The same you have ever exercised—divine truth. Send forth a great thought, as you have done before—and you may *again* remodel all their institutions, change their principles of action, and breathe a new spirit into the whole scope of their existence.’

“ ‘I have sometimes dreamed such dreams,’ murmured Eva, looking down. ‘No, no—it is impossible. Europe is too proud, with its *new* command over nature, to listen even to prophets. Levelling mountains, riding without horses, sailing without winds,—how can these men believe that there is any power divine or human superior to themselves?’

“ ‘As for their command over nature,’ said Tancred, ‘let us see how it will operate *in a second deluge*. Command over nature! Why, the humblest root that serves for the food of man has mysteriously withered throughout Europe, and they are already pale at the possible consequences. This slight eccentricity of that nature which they boast they can command, has already shaken empires, and may decide the fate of nations. No, gentle lady, Europe is not *happy*. Amid its false excitement, its bustling invention, and its endless toil, a profound melancholy broods over its spirit and gnaws at its heart. In vain they baptise their tumult progress; the whisper of a demon is ever asking them—‘Progress from whence and to what?’ Excepting those who still cling to your Arabian creeds, Europe—that *quarter of the globe to which God has never spoken*—Europe is without consolation.’”

It is clearly, according to this, all over with this quarter of the world, “to which God has never spoken.” We certainly wonder, under the circumstances, how we have arrived at our present eminence in power, art, science, and literature. It is a marvel how Mr. Disraeli should ever, in these “God-forsaken” regions, in this melancholy land, have found himself a member of the most powerful assembly of rulers in the world. What says Shrewsbury?

If Mr. Disraeli prefer the tents of the desert to commodious apartments in the neighbourhood of Park Lane, if he appreciate the vitality of Asian slumber, as a better thing than the deadly lively “waking life of the rest of the globe;” why, in the name of consistency, does he not betake himself to the diviner land? We should not much miss his presence among us. He has not shone here as a very particular angel of light, much more like an angel seeking a “position” in society. It is true there are no “circulating libraries” in Syria, no Houses of Commons in the desert. But with copies of his novels in one pocket, and his bitterest speeches against “Sir Peel” in the other, we should think he might manage to scrape together a tolerably decent living, as a wandering storyteller among his trusty and well-beloved Arabian friends.

As we have had occasion to remark before, Mr. Disraeli is perpetually mistaking a class for a people, an order for a nation. He talks, certainly, with elegance, about the "profound melancholy," which "gnaws the heart," and "broods over the spirit" of Europe, even amid its "false excitement, its bustling invention, and its endless toil." But no writer ever took up a falser position, or more thoroughly mistook fiction for fact. What does he mean, for instance, by "false excitement?" The great masses of our people are engaged in struggles for their lives. The strife is sufficiently, but not excessively, exciting, and at all events, the excitement is real. We are doing regular work, and regular work cannot be done under the influence of "false" excitement. It is only the satiated who need false excitement; it is only the worn out who need renovation. The people are in neither predicament. That another class *is* in both predicaments, sustaining itself at present by false excitements, and needing, if it would live much longer, complete renovation, Mr. Disraeli has himself abundantly proved. The work done in England, during the last thirty years, upsets Mr. Disraeli's position. Look at the growths of the cities. Look at the increase of commerce. Visit the markets of the city of London, and ask yourself; do these men labour under a false excitement? They are busied in providing food and clothing for the world. They are the great purveyors of the nations. Their brains work as hard as the mechanic's hands, and some among them much harder. They have no time for ennui. False excitement! The merchant princes of England and their workers, ill paid as they are, degraded as they are, and desirous of bettering their condition, which is their duty,—these men are not sunk so low as to need the sustenance of false excitement to carry on their endless toils. They are brave, and complain no more than brave men ought, who wish to be nobler than they are. All true Englishmen love independence better than serfage. But Mr. Disraeli seems to think commercial enterprise a slight thing, compared to desert life.

A born Saxon is surely not the man to envy him his choice. We only wish he would be consistent and transport himself to the East. But perhaps, after all, a "position" is easier won in England than Arabia.

Things which change not, exercise a great charm over the author of *Tancred*. The antiquity of the desert and the cities of the desert, are to him naturally more interesting than any other places in the world. Damascus he tells us never has changed. Though often conquered, it has never been utterly destroyed: indeed never in the long run perceptibly injured. "The most ancient city in the world," he says "has no antiquity." "Here is a city that has quaffed the magical elixir and secured the philosopher's stone, that is always young and ever rich. And yet the disciples of progress have not been able exactly to match this

instance of Damascus, but it is said they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead.

We moralize among ruins; it is always when the game is played that we discover the cause of the result. It is a fashion, intensely European, the habit of an organization that, having little imagination, takes refuge in reason, and carefully locks the door when the steed is stolen. A community has crumbled to pieces, and it is always accounted for by its political forms or its religious modes. There has been a deficiency in what is called the checks in the machinery of government; the definition of the suffrage has not been correct; what is styled responsibility has by some means or other not answered; or, on the other hand, people have believed too much or too little in a future state, have been too much engrossed by the present, or too much absorbed in that which is to come. But there is not a form of government which Damascus has not experienced, excepting the *representative*, and not a creed which it has not acknowledged, excepting the *Protestant*. Yet, deprived of the only rule and the only religion that are right, it is still justly described by the Arabian poets as a pearl surrounded by emeralds.

"Yes, the rivers of Damascus still run and revel within and without the walls of which the steward of Shiekh Abraham was a citizen. They have encompassed them with gardens, and filled them with fountains. They gleam amid their groves of fruit, wind through their vivid meads, sparkle among perpetual flowers, gush from its walls, bubble in the courtyards, dance and carol in the streets: everywhere their joyous voices, everywhere their glancing forms, filling the whole world around with freshness, and brilliancy, and fragrance, and life. One might fancy, as we track them in their dazzling course, or suddenly making their appearance in every spot and in every scene, that they were the guardian spirits of the city. You have explained then, says the utilitarian, the age and flourishing fortunes of Damascus: they arise from its advantageous situation; it is well supplied with water. Is it better supplied than the ruins of contiguous regions? Did the Nile save Thebes? Did the Tigris preserve Nineveh? Did the Euphrates secure Babylon?"

We are not particularly anxious to solve the problem. What the tendencies of this mysterious species of writing may be, stigmatizing as it does, by implication, the representative system, and the Protestant religion, we will not take upon ourselves specially to determine: and whether reason be a surer guide than imagination; whether the "intensely European habit" of looking to the causes of the fall of states be an egregious folly; whether an advantageous position and a good supply of water preserve the immortal youthfulness of Damascus—these are questions we leave to the sagacity of those who read "*Tancred*" to decide for themselves. The extract is, however, curious, as showing how eloquently Mr. Disraeli can split straws.

There is a strange concurrence between Mr. Disraeli's

looks and his books. He appears to us like a man in despair at all shams and mockeries, mourning over his long worship of them, or what is still worse, subjection to them while he did not worship them, and yearning for that deliverance himself which he conceives others so much to want. At least this is the impression, borne out by his books, which he made upon this writer. We saw him once, and only once. He stood in the lobby of the House of Commons, waiting for a lively, rattling friend, who lingered chatting among a group close to the door of the house. He stood still, his cloak hanging over his left arm, his head hanging down, and an expression of thoughtful despair lowering over his placid but sombre features. He looked like a man wearied and tired out with the game he had been playing all his life; convinced at least of one thing, that life, and the results of his exertion, had disappointed him, but still like a man resolved, at any cost, to play out the play. Mr. Disraeli may be nothing of this; yet a cursory but searching glance at his face, and a deeper insight into his books, made by this reviewer, confirm him in the impression.

One thing about him, however, taken by itself, is truly noble—his chivalrous advocacy of his race; and we readily forgive a man who pushes his pretensions too high in favour of a persecuted people. This is the best light we can obtain under which to view his life and character. A man who can elevate his race is a public benefactor. A man who removes a persecution confers a boon upon the nation. But a man who stands up for a calumniated and ill-used people, and flaunts his pride of race in the teeth of a proud aristocracy, who shows them their elders, in point of antique origin, among the Hebrews of Houndsditch, evinces a moral daring truly estimable. We should be proud to yield this high praise entire, but a voice asks us loudly—why then does Mr. Disraeli ally himself with the party who inflicted and who uphold the persecution of his and many other races? Why is he the retainer of the Norman? We have sought, but can get no satisfactory explanation of this contradiction. Is it pique? is it passion? Is it the want of, or the adherence to, political principle?

One more subject, but one of great importance, remains to be noticed in connection with the novels and career of the author of "*Tancred*." He has, in his later novels, allied himself to Puseyism as well as aristocracy. He has, by the doctrines incidentally and directly inculcated in his books, helped to diffuse the dangerous and insidious spirit emanating from the University of Oxford. In "*Coningsby*," young Millbank is a sketch of one deeply imbued with the Jesuitical lore prevalent among the followers of the Tractarians. The chief clergyman in "*Sybil*" advocates and propounds some of their most prominent views. And in the volumes before us we find the same tendencies, the same views, the same pernicious spirit.

This Puseyism is not a thing to be laughed at. It has vitality ; for it has faith. It grows rapidly ; for its professors are true to it, and lose no occasion, neglect-no means adequate to its promulgation. What then is Puseyism ? Look at it closely and it turns out to be a very old thing with a new name. It is simply the doctrine of priestly despotism. It would set the ecclesiastical above the civil power. There is nothing noble, nothing captivating in it, nothing that would elevate humanity. It is the foe of progress, of knowledge, of freedom, of self-reliance. It worships power, despotic, irresponsible power, loves mystery and ceremonial splendour, believes in transubstantiation, and bids believers look up to the priest, not to God, as the means of salvation. It is pure unmitigated barbarous despotism of the most hateful species. It has a gorgeous frame, but a debasing spirit. Puseyism is the prostration of reason and conscience before the arrogant egotism of a small and erring portion of mankind. Take away from it the magnificent cathedral service it longs for, and the ascetic ministering priests decked in glittering robes ; show it to man exactly as it would be if realized—a faith that feeds the body and neglects the soul—a spiritual reign of terror—the foe of Protestantism of all kinds—pull off the gorgeous trappings of ecclesiastical worldliness, and you will see a stern, terrible, domineering dæmonism, intent upon crushing the spirit of enterprise, staying the diffusion of knowledge, and the career of science ; intent on making man the born thrall of a gorgeous and mystic superstition, a groveling, crawling reptile, bending in abject submission at the feet of an arrogant and powerful priesthood.

It is not our purpose to be alarmists, but it is no fiction to state that this doctrine is spreading. Indefatigable in labour, imperturbable in temper, living up to their doctrine in point of asceticism and solemn sobriety of demeanour, the Puseyites of Oxford are every where gaining ground. Evidence in plenty lies around us if we would but open our eyes, or listen to those who have. And a more convincing proof could not be found than this, that semi-Romish doctrine is now-a-days one of the elements of a popular novel. Mr. Disraeli indeed loves, as is natural, Jerusalem better than Rome ; but the City of the Seven Hills stands next in his affections to the Holy City of Palestine.

But Puseyism is a re-action. The *Oxford Protestant Magazine*, a new periodical, published just at the proper time, conducted fearlessly, and whose appearance on the scene of controversy we are glad to see, seems to indicate that the spirit of the age is favourable to Puseyism. But this, as we think, is an error in judgment. In our view, Puseyism is the antagonist of the spirit of the age, not *the* spirit of the age itself. What the spirit of the age is, we care not, at the end of a paper, to describe. It is, however, almost unanimous in this—in doing stout battle with

ecclesiastical authority—earnest in the pursuit of science, and powerful in the possession of knowledge. The age has a most muscular intellect, and a terrible will. But it has no one deep-rooted faith. It is unorganized, undisciplined. Recent instances, however, show with what power and efficiency the will of the nation can be concentrated and expressed, when fairly informed and really in earnest.

But Mr. Disraeli's inclination to Tractarianism has led us away from his novel.

"Tancred" has been, and will be, read by thousands of individuals. The fame of Mr. Disraeli is an accomplished fact. He is therefore become, in some sort, a teacher; at all events, an influence of the time. His want of logical power diminishes, in some degree, the danger of his doctrines. Our purpose will be fulfilled if we have succeeded in warning any of our readers of the breakers ahead, or have saved any lighter craft from striking on the sunken reefs of an intricate and deceptive shore. Mr. Disraeli will, no doubt, soon furnish us with another act of the "New Crusade," when we shall have another opportunity of doing what justice we can to the teachings of the new teacher. For ourselves, we are by no means of opinion that the world is coming to an end, just yet, or that Asia is going to return us the compliment of a New Crusade. We think the contrary much more likely, and rest in the belief, that

"Through the ages an increasing purpose runs :
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

G. H.

TO ADELE.

My beautiful, my beautiful, my bright and peerless one,
With laughing eye that dazzles more than does the summer sun,
And blushing cheek, and rosy lip, and forehead broad of air ;
More dear to me art thou, my love, than poet's visions are.

Oh wert thou but a shining gem far down the glassy sea,
The wave that plays around thee how gladly would I be ;
The chariot of the storm might float along the troubled deep,
But calm should be thy resting-place, as is an infant's sleep.

For thee I cherish every hope, I breathe my every prayer,
That the sun of heaven may brightly shine upon thee every where ;
That the bitter cup of human woe it be not thine to drink,
That in the gulf of human grief it be not thine to sink.

What man can be to her he loves, that I will be to thee,
 And, from above, the smile of God shall come down pleasantly,
 And together we will tread the path that leads to Him,
 Till our locks are thin and grey, and our eyes are dull and dim

And then we'll sleep together on some low and grassy bed,
 Where th' earliest flowers of spring their loveliness shall shed,
 And, as they rise to bud and bloom, so may our spirits rise
 To brighter scenes than those of earth—a home within the skies.

EN AF WER IF WEN KARL.

HAMBURG AS IT IS.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

WERE we to observe that a few centuries—we do not refer in particular to those highly popular ones, who, according to Napoleon, looked down from the tops of the Pyramids, but to centuries in general—witness very wonderful changes, we should state a truth which but few would feel disposed to deny; for instance, how completely have our continental relations changed since Ragnar Lodbrog, that bravest of the terrible sea-kings, of a haply long-departed day, wrecked his unweildy race-horses, as he called them, on the Northumbrian coast. England then seems to have been a very attractive spot. No sooner did a gay young Norseman, “all of the olden time,” become short of cash, or crossed in love, or tired of doing nothing, than he straitway bought, begged, or borrowed a ship, filled it with companions as “hard up” as himself, and started at once for our sea-girt isle, where they pillaged and murdered with a ferocity unparalleled, even in that age of blood. “We have sung them the mass of the lances,” said these sons of Odin, mockingly, when they had carried devastation and death to some Christian abbey or peaceful home. “It commenced early in the morning, and lasted until night.” Now the scene is, indeed, changed. It is the Englishman who travels, armed with a passport and “*Murray's Handbook*,”—with good English sovereigns in his pocket—a coin, by the by, which no Englishman will find any difficulty in putting into circulation wherever he may be—in every nook and corner of the land is he welcomed, where once grew and strengthened his fiercest foes. Our age is literally one of progress. “Keep on moving” seems to be the one universal cry.

Gentle reader,—for such undoubtedly thou art,—would you

obey this instinct of our age—would you seek, as best you can, to accomplish this universal mission—would you study men and manners in other countries than your own, or, to speak more intelligibly, would you smoke cigars and drink brandy and water—would you fatten on beef that may challenge a comparison even with that of your own dear isle—would you swallow unrivalled coffee and abominable tea—would you luxuriate on claret and Rhine wine—would you feed at banquets which a London alderman might grace with his presence, and the memory of which is still green in the soul, as Tom Moore says or said, for poets are,—

“To one thing constant, never,”

of the unfortunate individual who now addresses you—in a word, would you lead an idle, voluptuous, good-for-nothing sort of life, and that at but a trifling cost—would you spend your time in looking at dark-eyed Rebeccas and picturesque Vierländerins—who, by the by, as far excel the fruit and flower women of Covent-garden as Kate Nickleby does Betsy Prig—would you buy cigars at three a penny, and coffee at eightpence a pound—would you exalt the animal, and weaken the man—then throw all business, all study, on one side, and do as the writer before you has done—take a berth on board the Countess of Lonsdale, and start for Hamburg.

In about fifty hours after leaving the Custom-house, you may expect to find yourself in one of the busiest of continental towns. Two things will at once convince you that you are in a foreign land—the unaccountable absence of docks, and the houses old fashioned, and, owing to the absence of the window-tax, as full of windows as an egg is of meat. The part of the town through which the stranger is first conducted leaves any thing but a favourable impression. You wind your way along streets, narrow and dark, with, in time of winter, a channel in their centre for every kind of abomination; and across canals, full of stagnant impurities, and of necessity redolent with disease. In a little time, however, the part of the town rebuilt since the fire is reached, and the scene is completely changed. Long rows of handsome houses—with a cleanliness we look for in vain in our labyrinths of stucco, that testify the architectural prowess of him who delighted to be thought the first gentleman in Europe, and Beau Nash—present a really commanding appearance. In taste and splendour, indeed, in all but size, the shops in the Nieu-wall may challenge a comparison with those of Regent-street itself. On the Jungferstien, where the beauty and fashion of Hamburg delight to congregate, some really princely hotels are to be found. There, on a summer evening, one may while away many an hour listening to the music that bursts forth from many a gay and glittering pavilion by, or that floats across the Alster, a magnificent piece of water in the centre of the

May, 1847.—VOL. XLIX.—NO. CXCHII.

town, as a crew of light hearts, with pleasure at the helm, give themselves up to the balmy influences of the hour. Does the traveller enjoy the weed; let him then enter the Alster Pavilion, by which we, in imagination, have placed him. There he will find the best of everything, whether it be a glass of liquer, or a cup of coffee, a slice of that German delicacy, raw ham, or a plate of confectionary, of which the untravelled English reader cannot adequately conceive, served up by pleasant, good-looking Swiss waiters, with green aprons, with a promptness and civility that would not disgrace even "Jeames" himself. There, also, he will find what is so much needed in England, the wife and the sister joining in the relaxations of her male companions, drinking coffee and eating sweatmeats, and, by her presence, giving a tone and character to be ever desired. It were well if the same mixing of the softer sex in the amusements and leisure hours of ours were to be found at home. The thing, we see, is to be attempted by the Whittington Club; it will not say much for our civilisation should the attempt be found unsuccessful. In Hamburg they are provided with better accommodation than we are here. The pavilions, on the banks of the Alster, are really respectable and elegant; while, in London, we have nothing of the sort. Most of our coffee-houses are really disgraceful; no man, who has a decent room of his own to sit in, would enter them, but from sheer necessity; and the Cigar Divan, in the Strand, which, inasmuch as it permits the visitor to smoke and drink coffee, comes the nearest to a Hamburg pavilion; yet, while in all other respects it is immeasurably inferior, charges a price for admission which would make each particular hair on the head of a worthy Hamburg burgher to bristle up, and stand like quills on the fretful porcupine.

But our coffee is drunk and our cigar smoked. We have seen nearly all the town, and yet we have not seen its glory and pride. With the exception of a magnificent Exchange and the Johanneum Library, in which Luther's Bible is to be seen, Hamburg has but little to boast of in the way of public buildings; but she has that which is better than lofty domes and Corinthian columns—she has that which is more intimately connected with the people's weal and the glory of the state. In 1814, when the English mind was as yet ignorant of sanatory reform—long before Charles James Thackeray had demonstrated, to the ineffable delight of a black-draught-drinking and blue-pill-devouring generation, that every trade was a short cut from this world to the next—when Dr. Southwood Smith had but just been breeched, and when Mr. Chadwick could not write his own name in a decent manner, and much less a report—at that very time, the Hamburg people threw down the fortifications by which their town had been defended, and turned them into

pleasure walks, that, in the summer, are a favourite resort with all classes of citizens; and well they may be, for but few towns have such delightful promenades—in but few towns are the inhabitants thus wooed to the enjoyment of the means of health.

We have thus gone through the town. We can then go through Altona to Blankenase, a distance of about ten miles, passing the village of Ottensen, memorable because there sleeps, till the resurrection morn, Klopstock, the father of German song. Our way lies along a road lined with villas which, in the summer time especially, have a very inviting appearance; and, every now and then, we shall have a romantic view of the Elbe, with its merchant-ships and steam-vessels at our feet, and the low ground of Hanover stretching far away, till it is lost in the horizon. Altona belongs to Denmark, but its merchants trade in the Hamburg Exchange. With its population of 25,000, it may be considered as the Wapping of its more powerful and richer neighbour. Yet part of the town contains a street, the Pall Malle, as it is called, shaded by an avenue of lofty trees, and skirted by stately houses, which we much prefer to Portland Place, notwithstanding the surly air of the bulky houses with which it abounds. Every reader of Campbell knows his lines to the far-famed Jewish maid of Altona; and there may yet be seen maidens, with soft dark eyes and raven hair, whose charms a poet might love to sing. Of the Hamburg fair, it is with regret that we cannot speak in the terms that our politeness would lead us to employ. There are beautiful women to be seen, but most of them are foreigners; of these, many we can claim as countrywomen, though the frozen north and the glowing south each contribute their share. The Hamburg Germans are certainly not a fine race of men. Neither their stature nor their physiognomies strike the stranger favourably. The men walk well; they are all drilled. Not a shoemaker or a scavenger lives in the town, but he has, at some time or other,

“Followed to the field his warlike lord;”

but they do not give the idea of being healthy men. One thing the stranger notices at once is the immense number of deformed people that are met with in the streets. With an impudence really amusing, they describe their wretched objects as afflicted with *Englischen Krankheit*, or English disease; nevertheless, the streets of Hamburg have a very lively appearance. The population of the town, we believe to be 160,000—the trade, of which the principal is in our hands, amounts to £20,000 sterling a year. Hamburg is the great depôt of commerce for the north of Europe—it is the highway for travellers as well; so that we may well suppose there are always large numbers of people from different countries arriving and departing, all which creates variety and animation. Then, again, the peasants and many of the tradesmen yet retain dresses, and

some of them exceedingly picturesque, as the mark of their respective conditions. For instance, the maid-servant walks out with no bonnet, and carries under her arm a basket covered by a gay shawl—whether she has any need for it or not. The Vierländerin, with her breast sparkling with red and gold, often has a gayer appearance than the flowers she exposes for sale. The signs painted over the doors of the shops, the variety of costumes, the old houses and narrow ways, show, that notwithstanding the excitement of commerce, the declamation of Young France, the spirit of the past yet lingers in the streets of Hamburg.

Hamburg is anything but a dull place in summer. There is always plenty of excitement. Steamers from England, from Amsterdam, from Havre, are always pouring fresh faces into the town; and those from Copenhagen, from Stockholm, and Constadt, discharging their crews either at Travemunde or Kiel also add a fair share to the gay crowd who, like birds of passage, come and go. Then the hotels are thronged, and hosts grow civil beneath a genial shower of drittles and louis d'ors. These hostelries are by no means to be despised. In them the inner man may wax fat. Streit's hotel is perhaps the most frequented. In all of them the Englishman will find those who can understand his tongue and minister to his wants. At the British and Foreign Hotel he will find English faces and English guests, and a more good-natured man or one more ready to oblige than Mr. Dinning, the proprietor, is not to be met with on the banks of the Elbe. There are several large livery stables where horses may be hired at a cheap rate, by means of which a stranger may have many a pleasant ride. In winter, of course, the aspect of affairs is somewhat different. The harbour is not the scene of bustle it was, nor are the streets thronged with pleasure seekers or commercial travellers from every quarter of the globe. But even then the time may be spent agreeably. Sledging then becomes a favourite and fashionable pursuit. These sledges are slightly built: they just hold one fair form, and, gentle reader, another would never do—and yourself as driver, who sits behind. Along the snow or on the ice your horse, with his plume and bells quite as gay and high spirited as yourself, you may merrily dash along, forgetful alike of the state of the thermometer or the keenness of the wind; forgetful, indeed, of all save her who sits before you, almost encircled in your arms. Be careful, however; do not turn the corners too rapidly, or in a few moments you may find yourself unluckily and ingloriously sprawling on the snow. Sledges are frail, accidents will occur in the best regulated families.

Society in Hamburg is much like society elsewhere, there is the same amount of scandal and gossip. Perhaps the young lady is more watched than in England; you can only manage to have a word with your charmer at the ball, and in walking the streets it is

a breach of good manners to offer her your arm. Such a step is only permitted to those who have the happiness to be betrothed. This is not an advantageous state of things for the Hamburg frauleins. Their sisters on this side the water are much better off in this respect. The citizens rise early and take a cup of coffee, which lasts them till twelve, when a substantial breakfast fortifies the stomach against the advances of hunger. The morning is chiefly spent in the comptvir. At once every one flocks to the Bourse, which at that time presents a most animated scene. All the trade of the town is there carried on. In consequence of the negotiations there effected, the wools of Silesia and Breslau find their way into the warehouses of our merchants at Bradford or at Leeds. Hamburg, then, is a commercial city, not a literary one. There are but few literary writers and but few literary men; of the latter, Dr. Lappenburg is the most widely known amongst ourselves. There is a good library at the Johanneum, and a very respectable commercial one at the Change, to either of which admissions can be procured with but little difficulty. But to Hamburg, merchants, not students, most resort; the men who live there are generally more intent on dollars than degrees. A few pale-faced candidates may be met with in the streets, poor enough; for the Lutheran church has not the golden emoluments our English church has at her disposal. But you may seek long in Hamburg ere you will find men who believe that learning is better than houses or lands. This however, is no reflection. Since the draper at York became the railway king, this class we fear in England has become totally extinct.

Such is Hamburg; a city of merchant princes, welcoming to her embrace the goods and the denizens of every clime. From its first establishment, by Charlemagne, it has trusted for its greatness to the peaceful arts of commerce, rather than to the sword; and while revolutions have convulsed, and thrones and sceptres have decayed, and the inheritors of fair principalities have died on the scaffold, or as beggars have walked the earth; thus, in bitterness, expiating the wrongs done by them or their sires to the great family of man; the power and pride of Hamburg have gone on increasing till no city of northern Europe could attempt a rivalry with her. On the extinction of the dynasty of Charlemagne, Hamburg had to maintain a long struggle with the dukes of Saxony, and afterwards with the counts of Holstein. At length it freed itself from its feudal shackles, and, as one of the principal members of the Hanseatic League, secured its independence. In 1810, when the French grasped universal dominion, it became the capital of the department of the mouth of the Elbe. In 1813, when the Russians appeared at its gates, the French evacuated the town, and the old constitution was joyfully resumed. A step, however, somewhat too precipitate. The Russian army were unable to retain

their position, and the return of the French, under Marshal Davoust, was attended with circumstances of unusual severity. The citizens were called upon for a contribution of £2,000,000 sterling; forty thousand of the inhabitants, during the siege, were driven out in the depth of winter; and the bank, containing £700,000, was also seized at the same time. The citizens of Hamburg have but little reason to love the French; nevertheless, French fashions everywhere prevail, and you can hardly enter a house without seeing a full-length portrait of that man of imperial paunch whose memory France yet reveres.

The most memorable event in the history of Hamburg was the fire which broke out in a narrow street, called the Deich Strasse, on the 5th of May, 1842, and which continued till midday of Sunday, May 8th, leaving a space of ground nearly a mile in length, and in one part half a mile wide, covered with smouldering ruins. The number of streets and places totally destroyed was forty-eight, comprising two thousand houses, or one-fifth of the total number of houses in that city. Thirty thousand persons were rendered houseless. The loss of life was, on the whole, comparatively small. The number of persons who died during the fire we have seen estimated at fifty. Our readers will remember that a similar misfortune befell our own metropolis. The fire in both cities lasted about the same time, but here a much larger amount of destruction was effected. During the progress of the fire of London, four hundred streets, lanes, and courts, eighty-six parish churches, six chapels, the cathedral church of St. Paul's, thirteen thousand two hundred houses, the Guildhall, Royal Exchange, Custom House, fifty-two of the halls of city companies, three of the city gates, four stone bridges, and four prisons, including Newgate, fell a prey to the devouring flames. The total loss was estimated, in the money of that day, at nearly eleven millions. London was then rather more than four times larger than Hamburg is now. In Hamburg the loss was estimated at about six or seven millions sterling. During both fires, though public order was suspended, but little excess was committed by the mob. When three English engineers undertook to stop the progress of the fire by blowing up a few houses with gunpowder, some mistaken and ignorant men spread a rumour that the English had set fire to the town, and they were ill-treated in consequence. Some robberies, also, as might be expected in a time of such confusion, were committed. The fire has taught the citizens a salutary, though a severe lesson. Now no town in the world can rival it for the perfection of its arrangements in case of fire.

In 1815, Hamburg joined the German Confederation, as a free Hanseatic city. Its constitution consists of a Senate, which is composed of four burgomasters and twenty-four senators, with four syndics and four secretaries. The Senate has alone the

executive power and the right of proposing laws; but no laws can be made, and no taxes imposed, without the consent of the citizens in common hall. To be a freeman, a property qualification is requisite. He must possess a house, with at least two thousand dollars, without incumbrance. There is a cheap and expeditious court for settling mercantile disputes. It consists of two chambers, the lower and the upper. An appeal can be made to the latter, and its decision is final. The laws of bankruptcy, so far from impeding speculation in trade, have a contrary effect. In consequence of the extensive speculations into which the nature of the Hamburg trade induces mercantile men to enter, reverses of fortune are frequent. Insolvents who make a declaration of bankruptcy, are classed, according to the law, in three divisions; namely, either as unfortunate, careless, or fraudulent. For the administration of justice, there are various tribunals. In the last resort, the decision is with the High Court of Appeal for all the free cities, sitting at Lubeck.

There are many charitable institutions in the town. The Hamburg poor-law is famed throughout Europe. It suffers no beggar in the town or liberty. Whatever relates to provision for the poor is referred to a special committee, which consists of a greater and minor board of commissioners. These are guardians and overseers, whose duty is to overlook every individual case of poverty. Then there is the Orphan Home, in which about six hundred children are educated, besides hospitals and infirmaries of different kinds. Of these, the principal is the General Infirmary, in the suburb of St. George, which is capable of containing a thousand patients; and the arrangements of which equal any hospital here or elsewhere. The institution contains one hundred and ninety-three rooms, which can be easily warmed and ventilated. A corridor, ten feet broad, runs along the house through all the aisles. The courtyard occupies 200,000 square feet, and is partitioned off for the different patients. It is set with trees, embellished with grass plots, and presents altogether a fine appearance. It forms one of the most creditable institutions of which Hamburg can boast. It is to the fair fame of the town that charity and benevolence—Christianity in action, at the least—so extensively prevail.

Hamburg professes to be an armed power; though it would be the direst calamity that could befall the town were it to exchange the hot and piping time of peace for the fierce excitement and passion of war. Your true member of the Peace Society is not the spouter about the unlawfulness of war, but your merchant, who weaves together in one common bond of amity and interest men of every colour and clime. Nevertheless, Hamburg contributes to the army of the Confederation one thousand two hundred and ninety-eight men; and to watch its territory of one hundred and

fifty square miles, it has a burgher guard, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery, of three thousand men. And warlike do they look, that is, those of them who are not deformed, and who can—though, alas, few can—stand in their stockings at five feet ten; and proudly, and to the great delight of all small children, do they march with colours flying, and drums beating, and all the pomp and circumstance of war. We calculate (to borrow from Brother Jonathan), that for all their apparent bravery, they would show a different face were the bayonets bristling, and the cannons blazing, of a real foe opposite their ranks. Good soldiers are not made of the stuff of which the Hamburg burgher guard is composed. A tailor with any capacity at all for cabbage will infallibly prefer the goose to the sword. A man who can have a good dinner once in every twenty-four hours, and has, besides, a German frau or an English wife, unless she be of the Xantippe breed, in time becomes very careless about honour—he prefers, infinitely, a good ready-money business. Aristophanes tells us that Bacchus and Dionysius, when they went to Hercules for a poet, trembled from head to foot when the son of Alcmenes appeared. Nor should we wonder, then, if shopkeepers, who know more of butter than bullets, should not be very bold when opposed to a well-trained foe.

Hamburg has two English chapels, and enough of Lutheran places of worship, and theatres—of course the latter are the most frequented. The pulpit has become dumb; or, if it speaks, it is but a faint funereal echo of the past. From the energy, and life, and desire, of the present it stands apart—amidst it, but not of it. The flame that fired Luther, and emancipated German mind in the days of feudal power, seems to have been burnt out. It has, alas, become *vox, et præterea nihil*.

This brings us to our moral. Like Babington Macaulay we delight in illustrations. We are not politicians in the abstract. From the treasures experience has to offer we are glad to enrich ourselves; we thankfully read whatever she has inscribed upon her ample page. “The longer one lives, the more one learns,” sang Moore,

“ When off to sleep he went,
With his head on the Bishop of Ferns’s book,
On the Irish Church Establishment.”

And from the example of a free, self-governing city, such as Hamburg professes to be, we may learn the worth of principles we are now too ready to overlook.

Our readers will admit, that one of the noblest sights in this wide universe is an assembly of devout Christian men, in earnestness, in simplicity, in reverence, coming together for the purposes of worship—the heart of each one burning within him, the thought of each one borne upwards, the utterance of each one a reality.

Prayer-books and ritual observances, the gesture and position of the body, consecrated places and apostolically ordained ministers, are not needed by such as they. They boast a nobler consecration—they are ordained and set apart by the influences of that burning, living truth, that ordained and set apart the apostle themselves. Religion according to Act of Parliament, by their side, seems but a mockery and a sham. In Hamburg, nothing but the latter is suffered to exist. You enter a spacious church, and you find it unoccupied, save by a few women and children, listening to a dull declaimer, who, decked in the strange costume of the Lutheran clergy, appears at best the ghost of an age that long has vanished from the earth. The human voice alone is all that takes from the death-like aspect which everywhere exists. You hear nothing to attract human sympathies, or to come home to the human heart. Man's heart, with its hopes and fears, with its joys and griefs, with its fond cleaving to the present and its anxious questioning of the future, seeks from the religious teacher something firm on which it can rest and feel secure. In Hamburg, besides the English churches, but one form of Protestantism is permitted. An effort made while the writer was there, of a few Germans to meet and worship by themselves, was immediately put down. Mr. Oncken, a Baptist preacher, who denies the right of government to interfere in matters of religion, and who acts accordingly, has been several times imprisoned. Nothing but old, worn-out, decrepit Lutheranism is suffered to exist; and how dull and dead its worship is, one fact will abundantly prove. The writer lived opposite one of these places of Lutheran worship. Without extraordinary celerity, he could generally shave, wash, dress, breakfast, and begin his cigar, by the time the good Germans over the way had executed one of their heavy long-metre tunes.

Again: as in most continental governments, the State is the teacher of the people. The press is under strict surveillance; nothing is permitted but what the State approves. A friend of the writer's sent an article to a Hamburg paper, commenting on the government of Heligoland; it would have been published in the "Times." It was rejected at Hamburg, as it might be displeasing to the British government. Nothing can meet the eye of the people but what bears on it the government impress. We believe in Prussia a translation of Burns's inimitable "A man's a man for a' that," was prohibited by authority. Hence the mind of the people is kept in profound ignorance. They are denied all healthy political excitement—all free development—all self-reliance. The hardihood and indomitable energy which have distinguished the masses in England, and by which she has been sustained in her darkest hours, are there altogether unknown. A people cannot be too much thrown upon their own resources. Only by such means can their characters become manly and elevated. In ancient

Rome existed, and in modern China yet exists, the continental system, that the government should superintend everything. Reason's glory—to quote the flattering epithet by which the present “Son of Heaven,” or Ruler of the Celestial Empire, is revealed to the admiration of his grateful subjects—professes to be responsible to no one on earth—to be a father to the people, for whom, in every province granaries are provided; and yet the decay of Rome was hastened, and the low state of China is occasioned from the deterioration thus effected in the national character. The people retrograde. They learn to rely upon government: to do little or nothing for themselves. Instead of acting out great principles, the citizen of a state like Hamburg will smoke, and sing, and dance, as if man had no higher destiny than to sport the butterfly of an hour, and as if life were but a May-day game. Give such their theatres and concerts—their ball rooms and promenades—their singing men and singing women, and a government may rob them of their liberties, and trample them under-foot in the dust. They care not if they can but follow with eager eyes the graceful movements of Grisi, or listen to the magic notes of Jenny Lind. From Germany may have gone forth a Luther; fighting for its freedom, a Körner may have died; its soil may be redolent with the blood of true-hearted men, who, in their day, baffled

“Crowned and mitred tyranny;”

but the policy of its states has succeeded but too successfully in sinking the people in lethargy and voluptuous ease. Well may our own peerless poet sing:—

“What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avails, in land of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?”

These we conceive to be the great ills under which, not only the Hamburgers, but all Germans lie. In a thousand ways they modify their character. William Howitt says, a German is a long time before he sees the point of a joke. “Ah,” he will tell you, after twenty-four hours of serious meditation, “what a capital thing that was you told me yesterday.” The writer of this sketch can say but very little for German wit. All the time he was there he heard but of two attempts. One was in a piece acted at the state theatre; a person who goes to the post office to get a letter out, is told that that is not England, and that he consequently cannot have it. On another occasion, two friends, who knew more of wool than horseflesh, were riding along the streets, when a good-natured droshky-driver kindly offered them, in preference to a seat on horseback, a seat in the vehicle he plied for hire. Anything

like "Punch" is completely unknown. Indeed, the art of caricature can hardly be said to exist. What is done in that way, to an Englishman, would appear beneath contempt.

What may be the future prospects of Hamburg we cannot tell. Year by year the Elbe becomes increasingly difficult of access. Industry and enterprise are perpetually seeking out new routes, and a time may come when even its situation may be deprived of its advantages, and when the tide of trade may turn in another direction; a time may come when it may realise the fate of Tyre and Sidon, in ancient, and of Venice, in modern history. Of the proud cities that in the middle ages engrossed the commerce of Europe, all, save Hamburg, have dwindled into decay; and it is not improbable that in the course of time its turn may come, when, as in Lubeck, the grass may be green in its streets—when, like Bruges, that once boasted its palaces and marble halls, it may sink beneath the ravages of the spoiler, Time. As it now is, to walk its streets—to join its inhabitants in their gaiety and mirth, is a relief grateful to one shut up in the life-wearing unwearied toil of which the Englishman is the victim and slave.

In conclusion—for we have at last done with the great commercial metropolis of the north—we would observe that neither the civilization of London or Hamburg is complete. A combination of the cheap gaiety of the one and the energetic industry and enterprise of the other, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. In many of the agitations of the day, we rejoice to see a movement thitherward. The great Teacher, who knew what was in man eighteen centuries since, declared that man does not live by bread alone. The truth then uttered, men have at length begun to learn.

GREETING TO ITALY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.

ITALIA, fair climate of the sun
And memory dear!—To thee,
Flies he, whose sands of joy have run,
Who, lonely 'mid thy tombs would be.
On thy fair soil he'll find repose,
His selfish sorrows all forget,
Here, where the star of greatness rose,
But long ago in gloom hath set.

Greeting to Italy.

Noble thy sons, as Scipio hath,
 And they, with God-inspired spirit,
 Revealed to Italy the path,
 The fadeless laurel to inherit.
 Those transient days are gone for ever,
 Like to the cactus' gorgeous bloom ;
 The produce of a year's endeavour,
 Blossoms and fades in one night's gloom.

The people's age hath passed away !
 Great men since then have trod life's stage.
 Cæsar,—Antonine,—had away,
 Noble their course in hist'ry's page.
 They equal not the heroes gone,
 The yoke of their own age they bear ;—
 Yet great, and noble deeds are done,
 And splendour's pomp we well may spare.

But, as the rainbow's brilliant light,
 On dusky clouds its hues display,
 And dream-like, vanisheth from sight,
 As the last sunbeam fades away :
 Such your advent, such your leaving,
 A farewell smile of day's fair face !
 Italia, round thy brows is weaving
 The misty veil of thy disgrace.

Through fearful cent'ries struggled'st thou,
 With tyrant, with barbarian fought,
 Whom like the adder's pois'nous slough,
 Thy own false bosom to life brought.
 Sunk in foul ignominy's gloom,
 Your energies in war exhaust ;
 Engulphed in slavery's bitter doom,
 Through cunning, and through passion lost.

Chivalric days and hero deeds,
 Before new eras paled away :
 As Fable before Truth recedes,
 So all to the Idea gives way.
 As that Idea has been abused,
 As spiritual power supreme,
 In monkhood and in nuns unloosed,
 Levelled to vulgar herd doth seem.

As they, whose zeal shone ever bright,
 Amid th' indifferent mob,—enhance
 The purple with the heaven's pure light,
 As they with eager zeal advance.
 Strive for the pleasure of command,
 Nor greatness for the ruler seek,—
 As before the last tribunal stand,
 Unstained by crimes of spirits weak !

There will the chosen few appear,
The pure who good alone did crave,
Who trafficked not with th' evil here,
Nor homage to proud Moloch gave ;
Whose heart and spirit felt delight,
The Vicar of the good to be,
Nor borrowed truth's pure sparkling light,
To veil a foul hypocrisy.

And even in that mournful time,
When life had fallen in low state,
Did the eternal love sublime,
The blessing of pure art create.
When man on earth a savage grown,
Was without God, on earth alone,
The God-inspired, did make him known
In marble, painting, and in stone.

Art's splendour has remained with thee,
When all beside has known decay ;
No clouds can dim its brilliancy,
Nor will it be oblivion's prey.
And should the Medicean name,
From Hist'ry's page be banished quite,
In marble statue, will its fame
Be registered in fairest light.

The land where Raphael's genius shone,
Where Pergolese's " Stabat " pealed,
Sibyls and seers th' Eternal One,
And Holy Peter crowned ; revealed ;
Where Dante sped in verse sublime
The depths of Hell, and Heaven above,
Raised beyond the stream of time,
And Petrarch's songs devote to Love ;

'Tis consecrate to every age !
Mem'ry, Spirit of the Past
Will glide along its storied page,
Which young and fresh will ever last.
If silver-glance from life be gone,
Then seek Italia's sunny clime,
Reckon the hours it brightly shone ;
Never by decades measure time.

Seek her,—if love have 'spoiled thy breast
Of that sweet calm, that childhood knows :
A calm,—Pride thought would stand all test :
But man towards perfection goes.
Within sarcophagus behold
A thousand coffins stand unite,
Let selfish sorrows rest untold,
Whilst tears for world-woe, dim thy sight.

Greeting to Italy.

If sorrow's pang can lessened be,
 'Tis only on Italia's shore,
Where heaven's and earth's bright majesty
 Unite with nature's blessed dower.
Thy azure sky,—thy sunbeams bright,
 Oh ! ne'er forgot by loving eye,
The bliss divine of thy pure light,
 That floats around enchantingly.

Mysterious light ! Thy woven thread,
 Resembles Love's ! We scarce foresee,
And yet, Life's riddle's plainly read ↓
 World without light, a dream would be,
As life would be without love here !
 And yet,—what are they ? a caress,
From a far distant, happy sphere ?
 Envoy of truth !—A spirit kiss !

Perchance an ignis fatuus light,
 Fata morgana of our breast,
In our heart's a glimmer bright,
 With enraptured sense invest ?
Oh, light and love ! we ne'er perceive
 Your being's deep-veiled mystery.
Worthy your blessings to receive,
 Eye must be clear,—soul, falsehood-free,

But are they dimmed ?—cast not from thee,
 Both shining forms, in sad despair,
Know, even in Hades' gloomy sea,
 A sunbeam faintly glimmers there.

M. T.

PICTURES OF THE AMERICANS BY THEMSELVES.

NO. I.

THE WATKINSON EVENING.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Mrs. MORLAND, a polished and accomplished woman, was the widow of a distinguished senator from one of the western states, of which, also, her husband had twice filled the office of governor. Her daughter, having completed her education at the best boarding-school in Philadelphia, and her son being about to graduate at Princeton, the mother had planned with her children a tour to Niagara and the lakes, returning by way of Boston. On leaving Philadelphia, Mrs. Morland and the delighted Caroline stopped at Princeton to be present at the annual commencement, and had the happiness of seeing their beloved Edward receive his diploma as bachelor of arts; after hearing him deliver, with great applause, an oration on the beauties of the American character. College youths are very prone to treat on subjects that imply great experience of the world. But Edward Morland was full of kind feeling for everything and every body; and his views of life had hitherto been tinted with a perpetual rose-colour.

Mrs. Morland, not depending altogether upon the celebrity of her late husband, and wishing that her children should see specimens of the best society in the northern cities, had left home with numerous letters of introduction. But when they arrived at New York, she found, to her great regret, that having unpacked and taken out her small travelling desk, during her short stay in Philadelphia, she had strangely left it behind in the closet of her room at the hotel. In this desk were deposited all her letters, except two, which had been offered to her by friends in Philadelphia. The young people, impatient to see the wonders of Niagara, had entreated her to stay but a day or two in the city of New York, and thought these two letters would be quite sufficient for the present. In the meantime, she wrote back to the hotel, requesting that the missing desk should be forwarded to New York as soon as possible.

On the morning after their arrival at the great commercial metropolis of America, the Morland family took a carriage to ride through the principal parts of the city, and to deliver their two letters

at the houses to which they were addressed, and which were both situated in the region that lies between the upper part of Broadway and the North River. In one of the most fashionable streets, they found the elegant mansion of Mrs. St. Leonard ; but on stopping at the door were informed that its mistress was not at home. They then left the introductory letter (which they had prepared for this mischance, by enclosing it in an envelope with a card), and proceeding to another street, considerably farther up, they arrived at the dwelling of the Watkinson family, to the mistress of which the other Philadelphia letter was directed. It was one of a large block of houses, all exactly alike, and all shut up from top to bottom, according to a custom more prevalent in New York than in any other city.

Here they were also unsuccessful ; the servant who came to the door telling them that the ladies were particularly engaged, and could see no company. So they left their second letter and card, and drove off : continuing their ride till they reached the Croton water works, which they quitted the carriage to see and admire. On returning to the hotel, with the intention after an hour or two of rest to go out again, and walk till near dinner-time, they found waiting them a note from Mrs. Watkinson, expressing her regret that she had not been able to see them when they called ; and explaining that her family duties always obliged her to deny herself the pleasure of receiving morning visitors, and that her servants had general orders to that effect. But she requested the company for that evening (naming nine o'clock as the hour), and particularly desired an immediate answer.

"I suppose," says Mrs. Morland, "she intends asking some of her friends to meet us, in case we accept the invitation ; and therefore is naturally desirous of a reply as soon as possible. Of course we will not keep her in suspense. Mrs. Denham, who volunteered the letter, assured me that Mrs. Watkinson was one of the most estimable women in New York, and a pattern to the circle in which she moved. It seems that Mr. Denham and Mr. Watkinson are connected in business. Shall we go ?"

The young people assented, saying they had no doubt of passing a pleasant evening.

The billet of acceptance having been written, it was sent off immediately, entrusted to one of the errand-goers belonging to the hotel, that it might be received in advance of the next hour for the dispatch post—and Edward Morland desired the man to get into an omnibus with the note, that no time might be lost in delivering it. "It is but right," said he to his mother, "that we should give Mrs. Watkinson an ample opportunity of making her preparations, and sending round to invite her friends."

"How considerate you are, dear Edward," said Caroline ; "always so thoughtful of every one's convenience. What an excellent

husband you will make. Your college friends must have idolized you."

"No," said Edward, "they called me a prig." Just then a remarkably handsome carriage drove up to the private door of the hotel. From it alighted a very elegant woman, who in a few moments was ushered into the drawing-room by the head waiter, and on his designating Mrs. Morland's family, she advanced, and gracefully announced herself as Mrs. St. Leonard. This was the lady at whose house they had left the first letter of introduction. She expressed her regret at not having been at home when they called; but said that on finding their letter, she had immediately come down to see them, and to engage them for the evening. "To-night," said Mrs. St. Leonard, "I expect as many friends as I can collect for a summer party. The occasion is the recent marriage of my niece, who with her husband has just returned from their bridal excursion, and they will be soon on their way to his residence in Baltimore. I think I can promise you an agreeable evening, as I expect some very delightful people, with whom I shall be most happy to make you acquainted."

Edward and Caroline exchanged glances, and could not refrain from looking wistfully at their mother, on whose countenance a shade of regret was very apparent. After a short pause, she replied to Mrs. St. Leonard—"I am truly sorry to say, that we have just answered in the affirmative a previous invitation for this very evening."

"I am indeed disappointed," said Mrs. St. Leonard, who had been looking approvingly at the prepossessing appearance of the two young people. "Is there no way in which you can revoke your compliance with this unfortunate first invitation; at least, I am sure, it is unfortunate for me. What a vexatious *contre-temps* that I should have chanced to be out when you called; thus missing the pleasure of seeing you at once, and securing that of your society for this evening. The truth is, I was disappointed in some of the preparations that had been sent home this morning, and I had to go myself and have the things rectified, and was detained away longer than I expected. May I ask to whom you are engaged this evening? Perhaps I know the lady; if so, I should be very much tempted to go and beg you from her."

"The lady is Mrs. John Watkinson," replied Mrs. Morland; "Most probably she will invite some of her friends to meet us."

"That of course," answered Mrs. St. Leonard; "I am really very sorry; and I regret to say that I do not know her at all."

"We shall have to abide by our first decision," said Mrs. Morland. "By Mrs. Watkinson mentioning in her note the hour of nine, it is to be presumed she intends asking some other company. I cannot possibly disappoint her. I can speak feelingly as to the annoyance (for I have known it by my own experience) when after

inviting a number of my friends to meet some strangers, the strangers have sent an excuse almost at the eleventh hour. I think no inducements, however strong, could tempt me to do so myself."

"I confess that you are perfectly right," said Mrs. St. Leonard; "I see you must go to Mrs. Watkinson. But can you not divide the evening by passing a part of it with her, and then finishing with me?"

At this suggestion the eyes of the young people sparkled, for they had become delighted with Mrs. St. Leonard, and imagined that a party at her house must be every way charming. Also, parties were novelties to both of them.

"If possible, we will do so," answered Mrs. Morland, "and with what pleasure I need not assure you. We leave New York to-morrow, but we shall return this way in September, and will then be exceedingly happy to see more of Mrs. St. Leonard."

After a little more conversation, Mrs. St. Leonard took her leave, repeating her hope of still seeing her new friends at her house that night; and enjoining them to let her know as soon as they returned to New York on their way home.

Edward Morland handed her to her carriage, and then joined his mother and sister in their commendations of Mrs. St. Leonard, with whose exceeding beauty were united a countenance beaming with intelligence, and a manner that put every one at their ease immediately.

"She is an evidence," said Edward, "how superior our women of fashion are to those of Europe."

"Wait, my dear son," said Mrs. Morland, "till you have been in Europe, and had an opportunity of forming an opinion on that point (as on many others) from actual observation. For my part, I believe that in all civilized countries the upper classes of people are very much alike, at least in their leading characteristics."

"Ah! here comes the man that was sent to Mrs. Watkinson," said Caroline Morland. "I hope he could not find the house, and has brought the note back with him. We shall then be able to go at first to Mrs. St. Leonard's, and pass the whole evening there."

The man reported that he *had* found the house, and had delivered the note into Mrs. Watkinson's own hands, as she chanced to be crossing the entry when the door was opened; and that she read it immediately, and said "Very well."

"Are you certain that you made no mistake in the house," said Edward, "and that you really *did* give it to Mrs. Watkinson?"

"And it's quite sure I am, sir," replied the man; "when I first came over from the ould country I lived with them awhile; and though when she saw me to-day, she did not let on that she remembered my doing that same, she could not help calling me Jeames. Yes, the rale words she said when I handed her the billy-dux was, 'Very well, Jeames.'"

"Come, come," said Edward, when they found themselves alone; "let us look on the bright side. If we do not find a large party at Mrs. Watkinson's, we may in all probability meet some very agreeable people there, and enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul. We may find the Watkinson house so pleasant, as to leave it with regret even for Mrs. St. Leonard's."

"I do not believe Mrs. Watkinson is in fashionable society," said Caroline, "or Mrs. St. Leonard would have known her. I heard some of the ladies here talking last evening of Mrs. St. Leonard, and I found from what they said that she is among the élite of the élite."

"Even if she is," observed Mrs. Morland, "are polish of manners and cultivation of mind confined exclusively to persons of that class?"

"Certainly not," said Edward, "the most talented and refined youth at our college, and he in whose society I found the greatest pleasure, was the son of a bricklayer."

In the ladies' drawing-room, after dinner, the Morlands heard a conversation between several of the female guests, who all seemed to know Mrs. St. Leonard very well by reputation, and they talked of her party that was to "come off" on this evening.

"I hear," said one lady, "that Mrs. St. Leonard is to have an unusual number of lions."

She then proceeded to name a gallant general, with his elegant wife and accomplished daughter; a celebrated commander in the navy; two highly distinguished members of congress, and even an ex-president. Also, several of the most eminent among the American literati, and two first-rate artists.

Edward Morland felt as if he could say, "Had I three ears I'd hear thee."

"Such a woman as Mrs. St. Leonard can always command the best lions that are to be found," observed another lady.

"And then," said a third, "I have been told that she has such exquisite taste in lighting and embellishing her always elegant rooms. And her supper table, whether for summer or winter parties, is so beautifully arranged; all the viands are so delicious, and the attendance of the servants so perfect, and Mrs. St. Leonard does the honours with so much ease and tact."

"Some friends of mine that visit her," said a fourth lady, "describe her parties as absolute perfection. She always manages to bring together those persons that are best fitted to enjoy each other's conversation. Still no one is overlooked or neglected. Then every thing at her *re-unions* is so well proportioned: she has just enough of music, and just enough of whatever amusement may add to the pleasure of her guests; and still there is no appearance of design or management on her part."

"And, better than all," said the lady who had spoken first,

"Mrs. St. Leonard is one of the kindest, most generous, and most benevolent of women,—she does good in every possible way."

"I can listen no longer," said Caroline to Edward, rising to change her seat, "If I hear any more I shall absolutely hate the Watkinsons. How provoking that they should have sent us the first invitation! If we had only thought of waiting till we could hear from Mrs. St. Leonard!"

"For shame, Caroline," said her brother, "how can you talk so of persons you have never seen, and to whom you ought to feel grateful for the kindness of their invitation; even if it *has* interfered with another party, that I must confess seems to offer unusual attractions. Now I have a presentiment that we shall find the Watkinson part of the evening very enjoyable."

As soon as tea was over, Mrs. Morland and her daughter repaired to their toilettes. Fortunately, fashion as well as good taste has decided that at a summer-party the costume of the ladies should never go beyond an elegant simplicity: Therefore our two ladies in preparing for their intended appearance at Mrs. St. Leonard's were enabled to attire themselves in a manner that would not seem out of place in the smaller company they expected to meet at the Watkinsons. Over an under-dress of lawn, Caroline Morland put on a white organdy trimmed with lace, and decorated with bows of pink ribbon. At the back of her head was a wreath of fresh and beautiful pink flowers, tied with a similar ribbon. Mrs. Morland wore a black grenadine over a satin, and a lace cap trimmed with white.

It was but a quarter past nine o'clock when their carriage stopped at the Watkinson door. The front of the house looked very dark. Not a ray gleamed through the Venetian shutters, and the glimmer beyond the fan-light over the door was almost imperceptible. After the coachman had rung several times, an Irish girl opened the door cautiously (as Irish girls always do), and admitted them into the entry, where one light only was burning in a branch lamp. "Shall we go up stairs?" said Mrs. Morland. "And what for would ye go up stairs?" said the girl in a pert tone: "It's all dark there, and there's no preparations. Ye can lave your things here a hanging on the rack. Is it a party ye're expecting? Blessed are them what expects nothing."

The sanguine Edward Morland looked rather blank at this intelligence, and his sister whispered to him, "We'll get off to Mrs. St. Leonard's as soon as we possibly can. When did you tell the coachman to come for us?"

"At half past ten," was the brother's reply.

"Oh! Edward, Edward!" she exclaimed. "And I dare say he will not be punctual. He may keep us here till eleven."

"*Courage, mes enfans,*" said their mother, "*et parlez plus doucement.*"

The girl then ushered them into the back parlour, saying, "Here's the company."

The room was large and gloomy. A chequered mat covered the floor, and all the furniture was encased in striped calico covers, and the lamps, mirrors, etc., concealed under green gauze. The front parlour was entirely dark, and in the back apartment was no other light than a shaded lamp on a large centre-table, round which was assembled a circle of children of all sizes and ages. On a backless cushionless sofa sat Mrs. Watkinson, and a young lady, whom she introduced as her daughter Jane. And Mrs. Morland, in return, presented Edward and Caroline.

"Will you take the rocking-chair, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Watkinson.

Mrs. Morland declining the offer, the hostess took it herself, and see-sawed on it nearly the whole time. It was a very awkward, high-legged, crouch-backed rocking-chair, and shamefully unprovided with anything in the form of a footstool.

"My husband is away, at Boston, on business," said Mrs. Watkinson. "I thought at first, ma'am, I should not be able to ask you here this evening, for it is not our way to have company in his absence; but my daughter Jane over-persuaded me to send for you."

"What a pity," thought Caroline.

"You must take us as you find us, ma'am," continued Mrs. Watkinson. "We use no ceremony with anybody; and our rule is never to put ourselves out of the way. We do not give parties (looking at the dresses of the ladies). Our first duty is to our children, and we cannot waste our substance on fashion and folly. They'll have cause to thank us for it when we die."

Something like a sob was heard from the centre-table, at which the children were sitting, and a boy was seen to hold his handkerchief to his face.

"Joseph, my child," said his mother, "do not cry. You have no idea, ma'am, what an extraordinary boy that is. You see how the bare mention of such a thing as our deaths has overcome him."

There was another sob behind the handkerchief, and the Morlands thought it now sounded very much like a smothered laugh.

"As I was saying, ma'am," continued Mrs. Watkinson, "we never give parties. We leave all sinful things to the vain and foolish. My daughter Jane has been telling me, that she heard this morning of a party that is going on to-night at the widow St. Leonard's. It is only fifteen years since her husband died. He was carried off with a three day's illness, but two months after they were married. I have had a domestic that lived with them at the time, so I know all about it. And there she is now, living in an elegant house, and riding in her carriage, and dressing and

dashing, and giving parties, and enjoying life, as she calls it. Poor creature, how I pity her! Thank heaven, nobody that I know goes to her parties. If they did I would never wish to see them again in my house. It is an encouragement to folly and nonsense, and folly and nonsense are sinful. Do not you think so, ma'am?"

"If carried too far they may certainly become so," replied Mrs. Morland.

"We have heard" said Edward, "that Mrs. St. Leonard, though one of the ornaments of the gay world, has a kind heart, a beneficent spirit, and a liberal hand."

"I know very little about her," replied Mrs. Watkinson, drawing up her head, "and I have not the least desire to know any more. It is well she has no children; they'd be lost sheep if brought up in her fold. For my part, ma'am," she continued, turning to Mrs. Morland, "I am quite satisfied with the quiet joys of a happy home. And no mother has the least business with any other pleasures. My innocent babes know nothing about plays, and balls, and parties; and they never shall. Do they look as if they had been accustomed to a life of pleasure?"

They certainly did not; for when the Morlands took a glance at them, they thought they had never seen youthful faces that were less gay, and indeed less prepossessing. There was not a good feature or a pleasant expression among them all. Edward Morland recollected his having often read, "that childhood is always lovely." But he saw that the juvenile Watkinsons were an exception to the rule.

"The first duty of a mother is to her children," repeated Mrs. Watkinson. "Till nine o'clock, my daughter Jane and myself are occupied every evening in hearing the lessons that they have learnt for to-morrow's school. Before that hour we can receive no visitors, and we never have company to tea, as that would interfere too much with our duties. We had just finished hearing these lessons when you arrived. Afterwards the children are permitted to indulge themselves in rational play, for I permit no amusement that is not also instructive. My children are so well trained that when alone their sports are always serious."

Two of the boys glanced slyly at each other, with what Edward Morland comprehended as an expression of pitch-penny and marbles.

"They are now engaged at their game of Astronomy," continued Mrs. Watkinson. "They have also a set of geography cards, and a set of mathematical cards. It is a blessed discovery the invention of these educationary games; so that even the play-time of children can be turned to account. And you have no idea, ma'am, how they enjoy them."

Just then, the boy Joseph rose from the table, and stalking up to Mrs. Watkinson, said to her, "Mamma, please to whip me."

At this unusual request the visitors looked much amazed, and Mrs. Watkinson replied to him, "Whip you, my best Joseph,—for what cause? I have not seen you do anything wrong this evening, and you know my anxiety induces me to watch my children all the time."

"You could not see me," answered Joseph, "for I have not *done* anything very wrong. But I have had a bad thought, and you know Mr. Ironrule says that a fault imagined is just as wicked as a fault committed."

"You see, ma'am, what a good memory he has," said Mrs. Watkinson, aside, to Mrs. Morland. "But my best Joseph, you make your mother tremble. What fault have you imagined? What was your bad thought?"

"Ay," said another boy, "what's your thought like?"

"My thought," said Joseph, was, 'Confound all astronomy, and I could see the man hanged that made this game.'"

"Oh, my child, exclaimed the mother, stopping her ears, "I am indeed shocked. I am glad you repented so immediately."

"Yes," returned Joseph, "but I am afraid my repentance won't last. If I am not whipped, I may have these bad thoughts whenever I play at astronomy, and worse still at the geography game. Whip me, ma,' and punish me as I deserve. There's the rattan in the corner: I'll bring it you myself."

"Excellent boy," said his mother, "You know I always pardon my children when they are so candid as to confess their faults."

"So you do," said Joseph, "but a whipping will cure me better."

"I cannot resolve to punish so conscientious a child," said Mrs. Watkinson.

"Shall I take the trouble off your hands?" inquired Edward, losing all patience in his disgust at the sanctimonious hypocrisy of this young Bliffl. "It is such a rarity for a boy to request a whipping, that so remarkable a desire ought by all means to be gratified."

Joseph turned round and made a grim face at him.

"Give me the rattan," said Edward, half laughing, and offering to take it out of his hand. "I'll use it to your full satisfaction."

The boy thought it most prudent to stride off and return to the table, and ensconce himself among his brothers and sisters; some of whom were staring with stupid surprise, others were whispering and giggling in the hope of seeing Joseph get a real flogging.

Mrs. Watkinson having bestowed a bitter look on Edward, hastened to turn the attention of his mother to something else. "Mrs. Morland," said she, "allow me to introduce you to my youngest hope." She pointed to a sleepy boy about five years old, who with head thrown back and mouth wide open, was slumbering in his chair.

Mrs. Watkinson's children were of that uncomfortable species

who never go to bed ; at least never without all manner of resistance. All her boasted authority was inadequate to compel them ; they never would confess themselves sleepy ; always wanted to "sit up," and there was a nightly scene of scolding, coaxing, threatening, and manœuvring to get them off.

"I declare," said Mrs. Watkinson, "dear Benny is almost asleep. Shake him up, Christopher. I want him to speak a speech. His schoolmistress takes great pains in teaching her little pupils to speak, and stands up herself and shows them how."

The child having been shaken up hard, (two or three others helping Christopher,) rubbed his eyes and began to whine. His mother went to him, took him on her lap, hushed him up, and began to coax him. This done, she stood him on his feet before Mrs. Morland, and desired him to speak a speech for the company. The child put his thumb into his mouth, and remained silent.

"Ma," said Jane Watkinson, "you had better tell him what speech to speak."

"Speak Cato or Plato," said his mother. "Which do you call it? Come now, Benny—how does it begin? 'You are quite right and reasonable Plato.' That's it."

"Speak Lucius" said his sister Jane. "Come now, Benny—say 'your thoughts are turned on peace.'"

The little boy looked very much as if they were *not*, and as if meditating an outbreak.

"No, no," exclaimed Christopher ; "let him say Hamlet. Come now, Benny—"To be, or not to be."

"It an't to be at all," cried Benny, "and I won't speak the least bit of it for any of you. I hate that speech."

"Only see his obstinacy," said the solemn Joseph. "And is he to be given up to?"

"Speak anything Benny," said Mrs. Watkinson ; "anything so that it is only a speech."

All the Watkinson voices now began to clamour violently at the obstinate child—"Speak a speech—speak a speech—speak a speech!" But they had no more effect than the reiterated exhortations with which nurses confuse the poor heads of babies, when they require them to "shake a day-day—shake a day-day!"

Mrs. Morland now interfered, and begged that the sleepy little boy might be excused: on which he screamed out that "he wasn't sleepy at all, and would not go to bed ever."

"I never knew any of my children behave so before," said Mrs. Watkinson. "They are always models of obedience, ma'am. A look is sufficient for them. And I must say that they have in every way profited by the education we are giving them. It is not our way, ma'am, to waste our money in parties and fooleries, and fine furniture and fine clothes, and rich food, and all such abominations. Our first duty is to our children, and to make them learn

everything that is taught in the schools. If they go wrong, it will not be for want of education. Hester, my dear, come and talk to Miss Morland in French."

Hester (unlike her little brother that would not speak a speech) stepped boldly forward, and addressed Caroline Morland with—*"Parlez-vous Francois, mademoiselle? Comment vous portez-vous? Comment se va madame votre mere? Aimez-vous la musique? Aimez-vous la danse? Bon jour—bon soir bon repos. Comprenez-vous?"*

To this tirade, uttered with great volubility, Miss Morland made no other reply than—*"Oui—je comprends."*

"Very well, Hester, very well indeed," said Mrs. Watkinson. "You see, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Morland, "how very fluent she is in French; and she has only been learning eleven quarters."

After considerable whispering between Jane and her mother, the former withdrew, and sent in by the Irish girl a waiter with a basket of soda biscuit, a pitcher of water, and some glasses. Mrs. Watkinson invited her guests to consider themselves at home and help themselves freely, saying—"We never let cakes, sweetmeats, confectionery, or any such things, enter the house, as they would be very unwholesome for the children, and it would be sinful to put temptation in their way. I am sure, ma'am, you will agree with me that the plainest food is the best for everybody. People that want nice things may go to parties for them; but they will never get any with me."

When the collation was over, and every child provided with a biscuit, Mrs. Watkinson said to Mrs. Morland, "Now, ma'am, you shall have some music from my daughter Jane, who is one of Mr. Bangwhanger's best scholars."

Jane Watkinson sat down to the piano, and commenced a powerful piece of six mortal pages, which she played out of time, and out of tune; but with tremendous force of hands: notwithstanding which, it had, however, the good effect of putting most of the children to sleep.

To the Morlands the evening had seemed already five hours long. Still it was only half-past ten, when Jane was in the midst of her piece. The guests had all tacitly determined that it would be best not to let Mrs. Watkinson know their intention to go directly from her house to Mrs. St. Leonard's party; and the arrival of their carriage would have been the signal of departure, even if Jane's piece had not reached its termination. They stole glances at the clock on the mantel. It wanted but a quarter of eleven, when Jane rose from the piano, and was congratulated by her mother on the excellence of her music. Still no carriage was heard to stop; no door-bell was heard to ring. Mrs. Morland expressed her fears that the coachman had forgotten to come for them.

"Has he been paid for bringing you here?" asked Mrs. Watkinson.

"I paid him when we came to the door," said Edward. "I thought perhaps he might want the money for some purpose, before he came for us."

"That was very kind in you, sir," said Mrs. Watkinson, "but not very wise. There's no dependence on any coachman; and perhaps as he may be sure of business enough this rainy night, he may never come at all—being already paid for bringing you here."

Now, the truth was that the coachman *had* come at the appointed time, but the noise of Jane's piano had prevented his arrival being heard in the back parlour. The Irish girl had gone to the door when he rung the bell, and recognized in him what she called "an ould friend." Just then, a lady and gentleman who had been caught in the rain came running along, and seeing a carriage drawing up at a door, the gentleman inquired of the driver if he could not take them to Rutgers Place. The driver replied that he had just come for two ladies and a gentleman whom he had brought from the Astor House.

"Indeed, and Patrick," said the girl who stood at the door; "if I was you I'd be after making another penny to-night. Miss Jane is pounding away at one of her long music pieces, and it won't be over before you have time to get to Rutgers and back again. And if you do make them wait awhile, where's the harm? They've a dry roof over their heads, and I warrant it's not the first waiting they've ever had in their lives; and it won't be the last neither."

"Exactly so," said the gentleman; and regardless of the propriety of first sending to consult the persons who had engaged the carriage, he told his wife to step in, and following her instantly himself, they drove away to Rutgers Place.

Reader, if you were ever detained in a strange house by the non-arrival of your carriage, you will easily understand the excessive annoyance of finding that you are keeping a family out of their beds beyond their usual hour. And in this case, there was a double grievance; the guests being all impatient to get off to a better place. The children, all crying when wakened from their sleep, were finally taken to bed by two servant maids, and Jane Watkinson, who never came back again. None were left but Hester, the great French scholar, who, being one of those young imps that seem to have the faculty of living without sleep, sat bolt upright with her eyes wide open watching the uncomfortable visitors.

The Morlands felt as if they could bear it no longer, and Edward proposed sending for another carriage to the nearest livery stable.

"We don't keep a man, now," said Mrs. Watkinson, who sat nodding in the rocking chair, attempting now and then a snatch of conversation, and saying, "ma'am" still more frequently than usual. "Men servants are dreadful trials, ma'am, and we gave

them up three years ago. And I don't know how Mary or Katy are to go out this stormy night in search of a livery stable."

"On no consideration could I allow the women to do so," replied Edward. "If you will oblige me by the loan of an umbrella, I will go myself."

Accordingly he set out on this business, but was unsuccessful at two livery stables, the carriages being all out. At last he found one, and was driven in it to Mr. Watkinson's house, where his mother and sister were awaiting him, all quite ready, with their calashes and shawls on. They gladly took their leave, Mrs. Watkinson rousing herself to hope they had spent a pleasant evening, and that they would come and pass another with her, on their return to New York. In such cases, how difficult it is to reply even with what are called "words of course."

A kitchen lamp was brought to light them to the door; the entry lamp having long since been extinguished. Fortunately, the rain had ceased; the stars began to reappear, and the Morlands, when they found themselves in the carriage and on their way to Mrs. St. Leonard's, felt as if they could breathe again. As may be supposed, they freely discussed the annoyances of the evening; but now those troubles were over, they felt rather inclined to be merry about them.

"Dear mother," said Edward, "how I pitied you for having to endure Mrs. Watkinson's perpetual 'ma'aming' and 'ma'aming;' for I knew you dislike the word."

"I wish," said Caroline, "I was not so prone to be taken with ridiculous recollections. But really to-night I could not get that old foolish child's play out of my head—

'Here come three knights out of Spain
A courting of your daughter Jane.'

"I shall certainly never be one of those Spanish knights," said Edward. "Her daughter Jane is in no danger of being ruled by 'any flattering tongue' of mine. But what a shame for us to be talking of them in this manner."

They drove to Mrs. St. Leonard's, hoping to be yet in time to pass half an hour there; though it was now near twelve o'clock, and summer parties never continue till a very late hour. But as they came into the street in which she lived, they were met by a number of coaches on their way home; and on their reaching the door of her brilliantly-lighted mansion, they saw the last of the guests driving off in the last of the carriages; and several musicians coming down the steps with their instruments in their hands.

"So there *has* been a dance, then," sighed Caroline. "O! what we have missed. It is really too provoking."

"So it is," said Edward; "but remember that to-morrow morning we set off for Niagara."

"I will leave a note for Mrs. St. Leonard," said his mother, "explaining that we were detained at Mrs. Watkinson's by our coachman disappointing us. Let us console ourselves with the hope of seeing more of this lady on our return. And now, dear Caroline, you must draw a moral from the untoward events of to-day. When you are mistress of a house, and wish to show civility to strangers, let the invitation be always accompanied with a frank disclosure of what they are to expect. And if you cannot conveniently invite company to meet them, tell them at once that you will not insist on their keeping their engagement with *you*, if anything offers afterwards that they think they would prefer; provided only that they apprize you in time of the change in their plan."

"Oh, mamma," replied Caroline, "you may be sure I shall always take care not to betray my visitors into an engagement which they may have cause to regret, particularly if they are strangers whose time is limited. I shall certainly, as you say, tell them not to consider themselves bound to me, if they afterwards receive an invitation which promises them more enjoyment. It will be a long while before I forget the Watkinson evening."

No. II.

THE FORTUNES OF EPHRAIM DOOLITTLE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

MR. PETER MARSDEN, a thriving dealer in "West India goods and general groceries," in the city of Philadelphia, thirty years ago, was standing one morning at the wharf to watch the unlading of certain merchandizes which he had been advised, per mail, were shipped to him in the schooner, "Three Sisters." Now, in all human probability, the articles aforesaid would have found their way from the hold of the schooner to the pier, and thence to the store, without this personal supervision: but in those days, business

was business, and people could not feel quite satisfied that they had done all that was necessary in the way of oversight unless they were perfectly conscious that they had done all that was possible. Whatever effect Mr. Marsden's supervision had upon the debarkation of this particular lot of goods, we are not enabled to record, but his presence was the accident upon which turned the future life and fortunes of our hero, Master Ephraim Doolittle.

Ephraim was just at that point of time, a "curious specimen," as he delights now to remember, and is not ashamed to say. His position on board the "Three Sisters" was not exactly defined, for it was his misfortune that the vessel belonged to his father. We say misfortune, because any man who has ever occupied a similar relation to the vessel he sailed in—to wit, as it is termed "ship's cousin"—will fully admit and understand the propriety of the term. The sailors, jealous that the officers will show some extra favour to the lad who happens to be connected with the owners, take good care that he receives no decent treatment at their hands; and the officers, anxious to vindicate themselves in the eyes of the men, visit upon him all the kicks and cuffs which ought in justice to be distributed among the whole crew. It is no wonder then that Ephraim was pronounced a stupid dolt, fore and aft. If the lad, naturally clever enough, become a temporary fool under such discipline, it is precisely the least and the most that can be expected of him.

Mr. Marsden's consignment kept him two or three days at the wharf, for business was then done in no indecorous haste. As he had abundant opportunity to look about him, he could not help observing Ephraim, and he soon learned his name too; for, as the by-word now runs, "he didn't hear anything else."

"You Eph," the skipper shouted. "Ephraim," called the mate, and "E-e-e-ph," the second dickey. The cook cried "Ephraim," and all the men sung the same song, until Mr. Marsden was fain to conclude, either that the skipper and all hands called "Eph," from instinct, as a crow caws every time his mouth opens, or else that the whole ship's company were of the tribe of Ephraim, and that the name applied to either and any, like the somewhat indefinite term of "somebody." The lad who answered, or rather who tried to answer all, and of course failed to satisfy any, of these various summons, was long and lank in figure, and careworn in face; as who can wonder? His head was always in advance of his person, like the scouts before the main body of an army, and his scraggy neck protruded beyond the collar of his red flannel shirt, like the necks of certain vultures which wear a crimson circlet. That his legs were not overloaded with adipose matter, was evidenced by the crystalline angularity of his ankles, and the almost transparency of the flesh, which seemed hardly sufficient to keep the tendons in the same sheath with the osseous formation of his limbs; the tops

of his brogans, and the hems of his trousers, having long before parted company. He hurried hither and thither about the vessel in a most painful condition of uncertainty, attempting everything he was told to do, and able to perfect nothing—a most unhappy instance of perpetual motion; and Mr. Marsden, who began by laughing at him, ended in real pity.

At last the merchant asked the skipper if “that young man was bound to him by the overseers of the poor.” The master of the “Three Sisters” opened his eyes in astonishment.

“What! *he*? What! that lazy good-for-nothing shack? Well, I do wish he was now, for I’d either beat something into him or turn him back on their hands *a-ma-sing* quick. That there fellow is Ephraim Doolittle, and his father owns the schooner.”

It was now Mr. Marsden’s turn to be surprised. While he pondered in silence, the skipper resumed—“*Would* go to sea. He thought it was fine fun, and as this here is his first voyage, I shouldn’t be surprised if it was his last, too.”

“Nor I,” thought Mr. Marsden, who began to comprehend the inconveniences to the master of having an owner’s son on board.

The skipper still ran on, till the merchant interrupted him with, —“As he seems to be of so little use on board, suppose you give him a holiday to-morrow. Let him spend the day with me.”

Now, Mr. Marsden had never asked even the skipper of the “Three Sisters” to his house; here was one reason why the boy should not go. And it would make him “upish” and impertinent, there was another. But just as the magnanimous skipper had determined to refuse, Mr. Marsden dropped some papers. The other, on picking them up, recognised the owner’s handwriting in the direction of a letter, and thought it would be hardly safe to refuse to his employer’s son what he would have granted to any other boy or man on board. And, though rather ungraciously, permission was given to Ephraim to accept the invitation. The skipper did not fail to call him *Mister* Doolittle in presence of all hands, as he informed him that Mr. Marsden wanted him to go up and “clean his knives to-morrow, or something,” and that he had “better wash his face for once in his life before he went.” So Ephraim was “Mistered” for the rest of the day, much to his annoyance; but he had an indefinite hope of one day’s peace, at any rate.

“Good morning, young man,” said Mr. Marsden, as Ephraim presented himself at the counting-room the next day; “but here’s a trick upon you.” As he said this, he took from his back a square foot of tarred canvas, which one of his malicious shipmates had fastened to his coat buttons. Ephraim blushed to the roots of his hair, and, in spite of himself, a tear stood in his eye.

“Never you mind,” said Mr. Marsden, kindly, taking him by both hands; “I see through the whole of it. You have nothing to be

ashamed of, because those malicious fellows play these tricks. Think no more of them for one day, at any rate. Here, John," calling his son; "walk about with this young man till dinner-time, and show him everything worth looking at, and then I'll see you at the house."

CHAPTER II.

OUR Philadelphia merchant was a man of few words and close observation. Like all whose thoughts are more abundant than their words, he was a good judge of character; and he was not at all surprised when, upon reaching home, he found Ephraim as much at ease with his wife and daughter as if he had been born in the house, and as graceful and unconstrained in his manners as the necessary awkwardness inseparable from growing limbs and the restraint of a fore-castle would admit. The voyage he had made was a long one, for the "Three Sisters" had been one of the first vessels to profit by the cessation of hostilities with England, and her owner had kept her busily at work from port to port, and island to island, making her share of the harvest which the re-opening of foreign commerce offered.

Mr. Marsden, if not a Yankee, was quite shrewd enough to cross a quill, which is the commercial lance, with any man north of Long Island Sound, or south of it. He drew Ephraim into conversation, and found that neither his eyes nor his ears had been idle during his maritime experience, and he suggested to him that he should leave his father's schooner and his doubtful position at once, and take a desk in his counting-room; Mr. Marsden himself undertaking to make all right with the parent. Ephraim was, of course, nothing averse to this arrangement. If he had been at home and his father had offered him a place in the counting-room, the result would have been different. Fear of the jokes of his companions and former playmates, nay, even of the young women, would have driven him to sea again. Few young men in New England, thirty, or even twenty years ago, could muster courage to come under the stigma of having "killed a sailor," as deserting the sea was called. It was held hardly less dishonourable than running away from an enemy in the field.

Miss Mary Marsden, only daughter of the merchant, considered our young friend a delightful oddity. She had become tired of all who grew up in her "set," and who had, of course, planed and squared all their thoughts and actions down to the conventionalisms of the place in which they grew. Ephraim, without intending it, passed with her for an original, though he was just as wearisomely, like other Boston boys, as the Philadelphians were like

each other. But the bit of granite beside Pennsylvania marble, though unnoticeable at home, is quite a lion among limestone. Mary protested at first sight that he was a shocking clown, but her vanity was flattered by his blushes when she spoke to him; and by the time that Ephraim had become so much accustomed to her presence as no longer to blush, she had grown so habituated to him as no more to notice, what at first seemed to her disagreeable, or if she observed, to cease to dislike them. Perhaps, too, Ephraim grew more like his neighbours. Nobody possesses a better aptness of assimilation in matters of mere fashion than the Yankee. The maxim, "Do in Rome as Romans do," if it did not originate in New England, is naturalized there.

In the counting-room, the shrewd merchant found his Yankee clerk all that he had counted upon. He was more than a mere clerk, for, as we have already hinted, Mr. Marsden wanted him for something more than to flourish his pen, skilful as was the penmanship of Ephraim shown to be when he shed the rough, tarry skin of his hands, like a pair of worn-out gloves, and recovered the sensitiveness of the balls of his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Marsden made skilful use of the peculiar experience which his clerk had obtained in his New England education and in his long voyage, and turned the conversation of Ephraim to very profitable account. Upon reaching his majority, which he did in a year or two after his arrival at Philadelphia, the now free man proposed a visit to his father.

"How will you go?" asked Marsden, abruptly.

"By land, I think," said Ephraim.

"You don't understand me. Shall it be as my clerk, as a discharged clerk with a good character, or as the company of Peter Marsden and Co.? Come, you can take your choice."

Ephraim pondered. There were five brothers at home, and of the six he was the youngest. The father had put one in each of the three professions, two were in his father's counting-house, and Ephraim was not long in deciding. In the earnestness with which he thought, he forgot attention to forms, and was the Yankee boy all over as he drawled out, "Wal, I reckon I'll come in the firm, and very much *obleegeed*, indeed. I don't see—but I suppose—wal, but you know best——"

He might have stammered along half an hour, but Mr. Marsden broke in upon his half answer, half reverie, with a loud laugh. Now, Peter Marsden seldom laughed at all, and never before had Ephraim heard him laugh aloud; and he looked up surprised. He was still more astonished when Mr. Peter Marsden, that staid old gentleman in top boots, commenced a series of imitations, "You Eph! E-e-e-ph!" he shouted, and then drawled out, in provokingly amusing tones, the word "Ephraim, Ephrum, Ephraeem!" in all the varieties of nasal and non-nasal intonations, to which our hero

had been but too well accustomed two years before, on board of the "Three Sisters." Ephraim still stared in undisguised amazement. He feared his employer was going mad.

"Mr. Doolittle," said Peter Marsden at length, wiping the perspiration from his brows with his bandanna, and settling his collar, as his manner was, when he wished to be impressive, "Mr. Doolittle, in the two years that you have been here, I have netted twenty thousand dollars."

Now, twenty thousand dollars was considered rather more than a fair two year's work thirty years ago. But what connection this had with the vocal gymnastics of his employer, Ephraim could not tell.

Mr. Marsden proceeded, "I consider that profit as having been mainly derived from my stumbling upon so capable and clever a Yankee as you are. I have not made a companion of a clerk for nothing, for it was from sundry West India hints that you dropped that I fell into the channel which I have so successfully followed. You have taken no undue advantage of the freedom with which I have treated you, and have ever proved yourself in all respects worthy of confidence."

"Thank you, sir," said Ephraim.

"You will excuse my mimicry just now, for your manner at that moment so forcibly brought back the Yankee boy that I could not help it. Now Mr. Doolittle, as I have derived so much advantage from you, it is no more than fair that you should share it. From this day a third of the profits shall be yours, and you are too good a business man not to work yourself in as an equal partner after a while."

Ephraim's heart was too full to answer, and Mr. Marsden too considerate to give him an opportunity. He shook him warmly by the hand and left him. The first thing Ephraim did when he found himself alone was to begin aloud, "Wal, I swan to man!"

He started at the echo of his own Yankee voice uttering Yankeeisms, and silently quoted a certain proverb, "What is bred in the bone," &c.; but he did not trust his tongue with it.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day's paper contained the partnership notice of Marsden and Doolittle; and it was a pardonable vanity in Ephraim that he took care the advertisement should be published in Boston also, with a solicitation of consignments. Nor was this notice without its effect. Marsden and Co. soon had rather more than one man's share of the Boston business, and Peter Marsden was every day

better satisfied than ever, that he had done a good thing in taking in his young partner. It must have been high tide in the Delaware when Ephraim stepped ashore from the "Three Sisters," for no ebb tide could thus have taken him on to fortune. The reader need not be informed that the young merchant fully justified Mr. Marsden's predictions, and while he looked out well for the firm did no less for himself, and in a year or two from the date of his entrance into the copartnership, was an equal participator in the profits and equal owner in the stock. At length, indeed, Mr. Peter Marsden, who with every year that passed over him, seemed to settle farther and farther down into his boots, was lost in them altogether, so far as any practical purpose was concerned. Ephraim had the whole business in his own hands, and it could not have been in better.

Changes took place in the household—where, by the way, we might have said before, Ephraim had been domesticated from the first. He would quite as soon have thought of leaving the firm as of leaving his comfortable quarters in the old mansion—now alas obliterated, to make room for twenty-five wooden houses, built like a slim carrot with abundance of longitude and no latitude at all. A plague to such innovations on old-fashioned comfort, *we* say! John, the son, was made a physician of, and carried his profession into practice, by putting a sign on the window-shutter of the breakfast-room, and nothing more. Mary grew matronly as her mother and father became infirm, and gradually assumed the whole charge of the household, in which she found it, by some unexplained and mysterious sympathy, much more natural to ask advice of Ephraim, than of any body else; and he, accustomed to give counsel and direction, answered as naturally as if Mary had been his own sister. Offers of marriage Mary did not lack, for independent of her personal merits and attractions, there was her father's fortune to be considered. To all of these she turned a deaf ear, assigning as the reason, that the persons were indifferent to her. This certainly was true, and was a good enough reason, as far as it went, and as it answered the purpose fully, she did not examine her heart or look into her motives for any other.

In process of time, Mary Marsden passed entirely "out of the market," as the mercenary phrase is, and was dropped out of the list of marrying people. Occasionally, a "calculating" offer was made her by some person who wished to marry as a matter of convenience, and reckoned upon the usefulness of a wife as he would upon any piece of merchandise which he thought of purchasing. Mary was too shrewd to look for a moment at suitors who require a "character" from their intended, as one asks references from a clerk or a recommendation from a new domestic. So she became what is called an old maid, that is to say, a kind-hearted, benevolent and industrious girl, content assiduously to support the totter-

ing steps of her parents down the declivity of years, piously to minister to their comforts, and patiently to endure their natural querulousness as the eye became dim, and the things which once pleased, palled upon their worn-out senses.

How lovely is such a woman—lovely, indeed, in mind and in heart, strewing the paths of those around her with flowers, while the only participation in them that she asks is the delight of making others happy! Ever ready with kind offices, self-sacrificing, indefatigable, and habitually meek and uncomplaining, if her face seemed sometimes careworn, it was not with repinings for herself, but that she assumed with generous sympathy the distresses of others. If the frivolities of the hour did not interest her, the thoughtless pronounced her “*sour*.” *They* did not see the heavenly smile which lighted up her face, when her father or mother made some unpremeditated expression of pleasure; they did not hear the grateful voice of the soul ready to perish when it arose in benisons upon her name. Such are “old maids!” The world does not know them; if it did, nothing but the most resolute obstinacy on their part could keep the class extant.

Ephraim was not, of course, insensible to the excellent character of her who was so long an inmate of the house with him. But Ephraim was eminently conservative, and held it to be a sound principle always to “let well enough alone.” Everything in the house went on like clock-work. John smoked in his den down stairs, and Mary quietly closed the doors when the smoke crept up and made her mother cough. Peter Marsden regularly droned through the advertising columns of the “United States Gazette,” and Poulson’s “Daily Advertiser,” from the force of habit, and if the day was fine rode down for an hour to his counting-room. Ephraim came regularly home to dinner, and as regularly spent his evenings in the house; and Mary talked or listened as she detailed domestic incidents, or he brought home the news from out of doors. He had not a thought beyond the enjoyment of his present quiet and exceeding content. Perhaps Mary *had* her thoughts, but what can a woman do, you know!

One morning when Ephraim went down to his warehouse, he found, as he entered, his easy broadest chair, which had an expansion of legs which seemed sufficient to defy Archimedes to push the high back out of the perpendicular, tilted up! From one side of the seat issued one leg of a man, the foot resting upon the desk; and the wooden pegs in the sole of the other shoe were exhibited to the passers-by in the street as specimens of the best Yankee manufacture. A long and strong cigar emitted jets of villainous smoke from a head in the chair, which head seemed to have some connection with the legs aforesaid, and two long arms, widely spread, held up the morning paper. Upon hearing footsteps, these extensively distributed democratic limbs gathered

themselves together in acknowledgment of a federal union, the chair came down with a bang, and Captain Obed Weathermainbrace, going through in his several limbs as many evolutions as the column of an army recovering from a repulse, stood up before Ephraim an unbroken pillar of humanity.

"Mr. Dewlittle, how do ye dew!"

"Hulloa—what—my old friend, Captain Obed! I haven't seen you before since I landed from the 'Three Sisters.'"

"No more havn't I. Wal, the 'Three Sisters' has landed *tew*, several years ago, spank on Cohasset rocks."

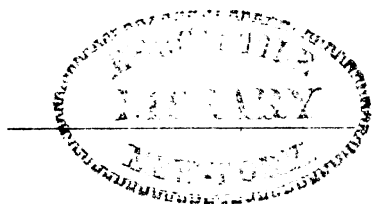
"That was unlucky."

"Kivered by insurance—total loss—to the underwriters. Well, how's your children?"

Ephraim blushed, and said he was not married.

"Now, *dew* tell! Why, we had it in Boston that you'd married old Peter Marsden's daughter long enough ago. Why, what in water *have* you been thinking of?"

Sure enough, thought Ephraim, and wondered this had never occurred to him before. He got rid of his troublesome visitor as soon as possible, for when a Yankee takes an idea it does not rest for want of turning. Mary Marsden did not talk with half so much innocent indifference to Ephraim after that evening, until a few weeks more, when, the hymeneal head of the newspapers having made the whole matter public, Mary and Ephraim were on as easy and unconstrained terms as ever again. Thus were Captain Obed Weathermainbrace's two visits to Philadelphia the making of Ephraim Doolittle's fortune, whether Obed derived any particular advantage from them himself or not.



LITERATURE.

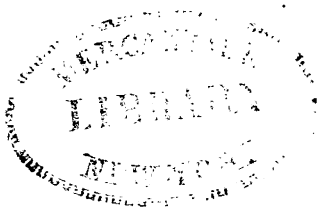
NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Chronicles of the Ancient British Church, anterior to the Saxon Era.
By JAMES YEOWELL. A new edition. London: J. Gladding,
20, City Road.

THIS work was originally published in parts, in a monthly periodical, during the year 1839. "The present republication," says our author, "was suggested by the favourable reception and speedy sale of the first rough sketch already presented to the public. During some intervals of time, when the writer has found himself released from other engagements, he has endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to gather up the precious fragments which remain in the works of historians of acknowledged authority, respecting the primitive church, that no part of so invaluable a treasure might be lost. If nothing more has been effected than merely collecting and arranging the materials of our early church history, and placing them in a light best calculated to convey instruction, it will be a satisfaction to have exerted even the feeblest effort." Such are Mr. Yeowell's own words. We deem it but right to say, that he has well done all at which he aimed. He has taken up a part of our history, of which but little is known; he has gone to every possible quarter for information, and has worked up his fragments into one connected whole. Our author has more reverence for our old chronicles, and their "disposition to acknowledge the doctrine of a divine Providence," than we confess we have,—but we do not blame that reverence, as it has led him to publish his work. Mr. Yeowell begins with the colonization of Britain; he believes that the Christian church here was founded in the apostolic age, and furnishes his sketch with the close of Augustine's career. He is evidently a sensible and well-informed man. His book is the result of much reading and careful research. Without pledging ourselves to the conclusions at which he is evidently anxious to arrive, we think many of our readers will find instruction in the "*Chronicles of the Ancient British Church anterior to the Saxon Era.*" Ecclesiastical history, to be studied at all, must be studied in treatises devoted to the subject. On this subject, our great historian, Hume, as on many others, was profoundly ignorant; and, we regret to say, many of our historians must come under the same condemnation.

The History of the Saracens : comprising the Lives of Mahommed, and his successors, to the death of Abdalmelik, the eleventh Caliph ; with an account of their most remarkable Battles, Sieges, Revolts, &c. Collected from authentic sources, especially Arabic M.S.S. By SIMON OCKLEY, B.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. The fourth edition, revised, improved, and enlarged. London : Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden.

WE hear but little of the Saracens : with the exception of Carlyle and the author of "Tancred," but few writers refer to them. What we do hear of them is gleaned more from tale and romance, than from the soberer page of the historian. We are glad that Mr. Bohn has selected Ockley's History for one of the volumes of his useful series. We are acquainted with no book more full of curious, original, and instructive matter. "Upon its first publication," says Mr. Bohn, "it was received by scholars with marked approbation, as the most complete account of the Arabian Prophet and his successors which has yet been given to the world ; and even at the present day, after the lapse of nearly a century, it continues to be regarded as the standard history of this eventful period. Gibbon speaks of Ockley as "a learned and spirited interpreter of Arabian authorities, whose tales and traditions afford an artless picture of the men and the times." Hitherto, the work has been almost inaccessible. Mr. Bohn has done well in placing it within the reach of all. This edition contains many additions and improvements. A memoir of Ockley is given, and many valuable notes are appended. Mr. Bohn promises a sequel to the work. We hope it will speedily appear.



THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE beams of the stars were veiled in the heavens, on the last night of February, 1265, as if pity restrained them from looking down upon the guilty field. A dark and heavy air covered the plain of Santa Maria della Grandella; to the clang of striking steel, to the gleaming of arms, to the tramp of horses, to the cries of pain or of menace, silence has succeeded;—silence and darkness, the awful companions of death!—Silence is around, save here and there the gasp of a dying man, the paternal or filial prayer of some one in his agony; but the lament is weak as the sigh of the wind that comes, and goes, and scarcely moves a leaf; it disturbs not the solemn quiet. Everything is war in the world; yet the beast of prey devours and hides himself again in his forest; but we,—whether it be that we are more proud, or more audacious,—we dare to boast of the slaughter,—we call it victory,—and return thanks to the Most High, as though He had been the ally of our crime. The dew of heaven wept with equal pity upon the corpses of the Apulians and of the Provençals:—for me, when I consider how the dew begins and ends the day, I believe that Nature weeps over the miserable generation of the dust.—Oh! that those tears may yet one day avail!—All have abandoned the fallen upon the field; the vanquished seeks, with the perplexity of terror, an asylum, to save his life from the sword of the enemy; the victor hastens to find in the wine-cup oblivion of his slaughtered brother; to-morrow he will pray for the repose of his soul, and will give him sepulture;—but meanwhile, *the dead with the dead; let us think of enjoyment.*

A man, wrapped in a cloak of black cloth, descended the hill of Pietra di Roseto, and directed his steps to the plain of Santa Maria; he was preceded by a large mastiff, holding between his teeth a lanthorn, which gave light to his master's road: his habit marked him as a holy friar; his face was almost wholly concealed by his cowl, but from the glimpse that might be gained of it, the spectator would have believed him to be the Spirit of Evil, coming to exult over the fruits of his temptation: his arms were crossed

over his breast, and without reciting a prayer, he moved among the dead, he looked upon them, trampled them, and passed onwards. For about an hour he went seeking through the field of battle, when he burst forth angrily, "And they swore to me that he was dead!" He stood still a moment, and then began his search again. At a spot where the slaughter appeared to have been the greatest, amid a circle of horribly mutilated corpses, he set his foot upon the head of one who had fallen there, and he heard a feeble complaint,—

"Pitiless man! art thou a christian? art thou a priest of the Lord, and dost thou trample on the head of the dying?"

"Who art thou? does hope deceive me? who art thou?"

"A man who is departing."

The friar drew his cowl still more over his face, took the lanthorn from the mouth of the dog, approached it to the face of the prostrate person, and exclaimed with a brutal joy, "Thou art Manfred."

"I *was* Manfred, now I am but a dying man. Oh! if before I pass to the tribunal of judgment, thou wouldest, holy friar,"—

"Speak, king of the earth! I take pleasure in hearing thee!"

"Heaven, then, has sent thee to me; but call me not king: the crown that I unrighteously acquired the Eternal now takes from me by death. Wilt thou hear my confession?"

"That is my office; but how dost thou hope to placate justice?"

"I have often heard that the greatest crime that Cain committed was his distrust of heaven's mercy: leave the care of pardoning me to Him who *can* pardon, but do thou lend thine ear. I will lead thee into the bitterness of my soul throughout all my years: I will accuse myself of my sins to thee, and thou wilt remit the wickedness of my sins."

The friar sat down upon the ground, signed the cross, muttered a prayer, and said to him, "Speak, king! I am ready."

"Oh, father, father! I am about to confess a sin which breaks my heart with the mere remembrance."

"Have courage. Dost thou despair already?"

"No! I hope! From my own veins was shed this blood in which I am lying now to rise no more; my throne is broken beneath me, and my family is overwhelmed in my fall. Tremble, friar, but in the name of heaven do not abandon me: thou seest in Manfred one who conceived the crime of slaying the Emperor Frederic."

"Thou a parricide?"

"A parricide in thought." For some minutes neither spoke, then Manfred resumed: "Yes, be silent; thou canst say to me nothing which conscience has not repeated to me a thousand times; and do not think that thy words can pierce me more than mine own conscience has done. If remorse can expiate sin—oh!

how tremendous was the crime, even in thought : yet has the remorse been equal. It was the night of the 13th of December, 1250, the emperor lay sick ; I was sitting beside his bed,—the imperial mantle and crown were lying on a table near me,—the demon assailed me ; I gazed upon the crown, I thought of power, I thought of conquest, I saw vanquished kings, conquered nations, at the foot of my throne : I looked into futurity, and saw through every age my name resplendent in renown. The more I looked upon the gems that adorned the diadem the more brilliant they appeared to me. I stretched out my hand to grasp it, but I withdrew it midway, although I was standing between Frederic and the diadem, nevertheless the emperor's life was between me and the crown. My soul grew dark ; I looked at my father, he was asleep, — a low breathing marked that he lived ; 'Take, oh death ! take this lingering residue of life !' I said in my inmost heart. The emperor's lips moved, and he began to murmur through his sleep, 'Conrad will wear the crown, but Manfred is my glory, my mind, my arm.' 'Unfortunate father !' a voice whispered in my ears, I bit my lips in anger at the guilty thought, and two large tears of contrition stole down my cheeks. I raised my hand to awaken him, but he was sleeping so calmly ; and besides, in order to keep a son from committing parricide was it necessary that his father should watch him ? I did not wake him. The head that can meditate the death of a parent is worthy of the axe here in this life, and of hell in the next. The gleaming of the diadem seduced me still more forcibly than before ; I struggled against it with ineffable efforts. After an hour of meditation parricide appeared to me less hideous ; glory and power dazzled me like two suns,—the crime appeared like a little cloud on a sky that was else all serene. I did not see God, for my heart was hardened. The demon conquered ; it would be but my father's blood congealed upon my hand, and the last breath. But the look ! oh ! the look of the dying man restrained me. I heard him repeat my name again : that voice was sufficient to banish the impious thought. The emperor moved, turned, and buried his face in his pillow—there was a gasping sound, a faint struggle,—I stood still in a whirl of fearful thoughts ; I had not power, ah ! had I indeed the will ? to raise him and give him air. Another faint struggle,—my better feeling prevailed, I stooped hastily to raise and aid him ; too late ! too late ! and I felt like one accursed : I was a parricide in thought, if not in deed ! ” *

* I have deviated somewhat from the original in this passage, both to spare the reader unnecessary horror, and to spare the memory of Manfred, a brave, accomplished, and in many respects admirable king, the stain of a crime, calumniously attributed to him by the unscrupulous bitterness of the Guelph party, ever hostile to the house of Swabia, and reckless of falsehood, if it but served their hate. Manfred is considered by the best historians to have been innocent of the imputed crime.—TRANSLATOR.

Manfred, overcome by the torturing remembrance, lay convulsed ; but a little of life was now left to him, and the deep anguish he suffered embittered even these last moments. When but half recovered he groped about with his hands, and not finding the object he sought, he exclaimed, "Alas! the friar has fled, my narrative has driven him away."

"I have not moved a limb, king!" replied the confessor with a smothered voice.

"Hast thou not felt thy hair stand erect upon thy head?"

"Proceed to confess thy greater crimes."

"Greater! has not the confession of a parricidal thought made thee tremble, friar?"

"In the world there is no crime that can make my pulse beat faster or slower for one second. Confess, confess."

"Then the precepts of the gospel do not nourish thee! It is not to a friar that Manfred acknowledges his sins."

"I came innocent among men. My mother rejoiced in her graceful offspring; incessant were the thanksgivings of my father for his virtuous son. In the happy morning of my days I loved every created being: the good because it was good, the bad because it might become good. A base man poisoned my cup of life, and thrust me along the path of perdition. I have smote him. It is a demon only that could hear *thy* confession, O king! and *thou* hast rendered *me* a demon!"

"Thy words—thy fury"—

"Restore me my innocence—my innocence. I am Caserta: look on my countenance disfigured by grief: my crimes are thine, they will be punished in *me*, but justice will add them to *thy* punishment also."

"Away with thee from my presence!"

"From thy presence? Why? have I not come to thy death-scene as if invited to a nuptial banquet?"

"And I am dying."

"Are there not more than twenty years that the hope of thy last breath has caused me to live?"

"Depart, I conjure thee."

"By whom dost thou conjure me? is it by the Almighty? I have denied him on thy account; is it by my own honour? thou hast robbed me of it: is it by my lady's love? thou didst contaminate her; is it by my children? by thee have I been called the father of an offspring not my own,—cease then, O king! to conjure me."

"The powers of hell fly at the sign of the cross, and shall not man cease to torture at the prayer of the agonizing and the dying?"

"No! permit me, then, king, to sit down and enjoy the spasms of thy agony."

"Go, savage, go, and let me die in peace."

"No! thou didst fill a cup of despair, and now do not quarrel with me, king, because my spirit exults to present it to thy lips."

"Thy conscience—"

"My conscience! have I not told thee that it would scare Satan himself? have I not told thee that it is *thy* work?"

"Traitor!"

"Be silent, miscreant! art thou not he who feigning friendship didst rob me of the love of her whom I loved to madness? Thou wert the traitor, when, intoxicated with power, thou didst heap infamy upon my head. Beware, abject creature, how thou dost breathe a sigh; or if in the passion that shakes thee thou dost feel a necessity to curse, then curse thyself; I came here to lay thee prostrate, and I trample thee."

"If the voice of the king, though rising from the dust, would deign to justify him to any, save to the Eternal, I could tell thee, that long before La Spina was dragged to the altar for thee, she had loved me, had blamelessly loved me, her affianced husband."

"She loved thee—and was punished."

"Did she not perish in the conflagration of the castle?"

"I stabbed her to the heart."

"Ah! heaven pardon thee!"

"And I laid my sin upon thy head,"

"It will not rise in judgment against me—soul for soul—that which can be justified will be justified,—for all else, be merciful, unto me, O Lord."

"It is too late, it is hard to expiate sin on the confines of death. Dost thou remember what is written in the law?"

"I remember that my sins were horrible, but infinite mercy has such wide arms, that it gives refuge to whomsoever seeks forgiveness."

"It is written: '*I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. Ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh,*'"

"But it is also written: '*The earth is full of the mercy of the Lord: and, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.*'"

"The measure of wrath is full; thou art condemned: I tell thee thou dost hope in vain."

"It is *thou* that dost hope in vain, if thou thinkest to make me despair in these last moments, which an infinite compassion cheers with hope. Man, dost thou not hear the hissing of thy serpents? they will tell thee that while thou dost strive to torture me, thou art thyself tormented."

"Am I, indeed, he who now sees the sepulchre open and the

souls of those slain by him, arise to surround his death-bed; am I he who hears mockery and laughter accompany his departure? do the angels of paradise descend for *thee*, to bring thee peace? Does a ray of glory beam from the eternal throne, on which thy beatified soul may ascend to heavenly bliss? tell me, lost one! what wilt thou plead in the day of judgment, against thy plotted parricide?"

"My repentance."

"And against the usurpation of Conrad's crown?"

"My repentance."

"And against the death of thy son?"

"What son?"

At a little distance, a mournful voice was heard to murmur, "Iole!" Caserta sprang up, looked upon a dying person, took him under the arms, and without respect to that solemn moment, in which man summoned to other sensations, combats yet for a little while against the strength of dissolution, dragged him to Manfred, and threw him upon the monarch's bosom, yelling ferociously, "Behold thy son! Oh! my vengeance is complete." And he sat down again, and turned the light of his lanthorn on those faces that he might contemplate their expression.

Manfred recognized the dying man, clasped his arms round him, and raised him, lamenting over him, "Oh, Rogiero! oh! my son! already my heart had told me.—Is it thus I see thee again, Rogiero?"

The unfortunate young man opened his eyes with difficulty, and asked; "whither have they dragged me?"

"Into the arms of a king, into the arms of a father," replied Caserta.

"Father? king?—what father? Is it you, Manfred?"

"Woe! Woe! to the son of sin an embrace of blood."

"The darkness of sorrow clouded my years,—I lived a life of tears—crimes, snares, remorse,—Oh! all are compensated by the tenderness of this embrace,—I bless life."

"Enjoy it in the arms of him whom thou didst betray," replied Caserta, "rejoice in a parricidal father."

"Whose voice is this, my father? it irritates my wounds."

"It is the voice of a slave, who insults the death of his lord."

"It is the voice of Caserta, dost thou not recognize it, Rogiero."

"I recognize thee for a monster of impiety, but beware! that is but a brief joy that is derived from other's woe. A dreadful destiny awaits thee, Rinaldo; thou noddest thy head and deridest me? In the abyss of misery into which thy perfidy has cast us, I contemplate thy end, and I seem as sitting on a regal throne. Alas! the words are dying on my lips,—'Father, is Iole safe?'"

"She is safe."

"Thou liest, she is a prisoner."

"Caserta says she is a prisoner,—to whom didst thou confide thy beloved child?"

"Dost thou not remember? to Procida."

"Then bite thy tongue, serpent, for she is safe. Father, I am leaving thee."

"O, my son!"

"Why dost thou weep? I behold death with the same joy that I behold *thee*, my betrayed parent. My existence was anguish, to terminate it is mercy. The water of my baptism was the blood of my mother; the anointing oil of my departure is the blood of my father. Has a more deplorable being ever lived on the earth?"

"O, my son!"

"Clasp me closely—give me thy hand. I am hastening to the indemnity of the wretched."

He raised his father's hand to his lips, and kissed it; then he strove to place it on his head, but fainted in the effort. Manfred's hand dropped from his hold. Rogiero had expired.

Who will blame if, as Timantes veiled the face of Agamemnon, I pass over, undescribed, the sensations that agitated Manfred? Who could describe them? Who would attempt it?

There was a silence for about a quarter of an hour after the death of Rogiero, and then the king spoke.

"My last moment will not be so tranquil, yet I desire it eagerly, and I feel that it is coming. Rinaldo, on the point of appearing before the tribunal of the Eternal, I will leave thee an object of hatred to the world. Needful as I am myself of pardon, I forgive thee. Thou knowest whether thou hast injured me; and do thou forgive. Let mutual amity avail us—take my hand ere it stiffens."

"Touch me not. I came to see thee die, not to forgive thee."

"Well, I die, and pardon thee."

"I live, and detest thee."

Manfred fell back, immediately he began to breathe heavily, and to murmur between each gasp, "Do not speak so mildly—do not look on me so placably. Call me parricide—pierce me with thy reproving eye, my father. What art thou doing, Conrad? Why dost thou wipe my brows? See, the linen is crimsoned—it is blood! He kisses me where the blood is curdled! Blessed! celestial regions, I will weep for long ages! Can death be so sweet? My spirit—the blessedness of light—I commend my spirit—"

The Count di Caserta leaned intently over Manfred's face, to note the sighs, the agitation of the muscles, the slightest contortions of the lips. When he saw that he had expired, he rose impetuously, flung away his lanthorn, and ran frantically about the field of battle. Sometimes he stumbled over a corpse,—sometimes

he wounded himself among the scattered weapons ; but he seemed to have lost all feeling. He set his jaws closely together, clenched his hands, and muttered atrocious blasphemies between his teeth, sometimes striking himself upon the mouth and the cheeks, as he yelled, "He is dead, but not in despair."

Here our chronicle should close, but for the custom observed by novelists, to accompany their heroes either to the altar or the tomb. As I cannot conduct them to the former, I must follow them to the latter.

First I shall treat of Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence. I find in history, that after the battle of Benevento, he occupied, without resistance, the whole Neapolitan kingdom beyond the straits. Nor was he less fortunate in his conquest of the island of Sicily. As to the manner in which he ruled, how his power in Italy began to decline, and what was his end, I shall not here relate it, as perhaps he may furnish a subject to some one who would wish to continue the story to the celebrated revolution of the *Sicilian Vespers*. But I will translate, with as much fidelity as possible, a passage from Nicholas Jamsilla, a chronicler who lived in those times, in order to show the reader the folly of the nobles of the kingdom, in trusting to the good faith of the French. They were laden with uncommon burdens, they were bowed under the insupportable weight of foreign tyranny, and they were despised and derided in addition ; let Italians mark the example, and learn wisdom if they can.

"O, King Manfred!" exclaims Jamsilla, "now, at the end of all hope, we know what thou wert, and we most piteously deplore thee. Deluded as we were by the prospect of present power, we reputed thee a fierce wolf among peaceful lambs ; but since, while we eagerly awaited the rewards of our disloyalty, we recognise *thee* to have been a gentle lamb. Now that we compare the rigour of our present government with our former, the benignity of thy rule is made manifest. Formerly, we often complained if our privileges were converted into a part of the power of thy majesty ; but now, we are compelled to surrender first our possessions, and then our persons, a prey to the rigid stranger."

Of Manfred's miserable end I will speak in no other words than those of the historian, Villani, who is the more worthy of credit as being of the Guelph faction. His whole story was to embellish the good acts of Charles, and justify the bad ones.

"For more than three days, search was made for the body of Manfred, but in vain ; and it was not known whether he escaped or had been killed, for he did not wear his kingly armour in the battle. At last a ribald fellow belonging to his party, discovered his body by some personal marks, in the midst of the field where the combat had been the fiercest.

When this fellow had found the body, he threw it across an ass,

and went along crying, "*Who will buy Manfred?*" A nobleman of the party of Charles beat the vagabond severely with a stick, and caused the corpse of Manfred to be carried before King Charles; who on seeing it, called all the Italian nobles that had been taken prisoners, and asked each of them if that was the body of Manfred; and all of them replied timorously in the affirmative. But when Count Giordano Lancia came, he struck his forehead, and said, weeping, "*Alas, my master, what is this that I see? Oh, my good, my wise master. Who has so cruelly deprived thee of life? Thou vessel of philosophy, ornament of the army, glory of monarchs, why am I denied a dagger that I might slay myself, and accompany thee in death?*" For which he was much commended by the French nobles, and Charles also commended; but not the less on that account did he cause Lancia to die by base means in the dungeons of Provence.

"Some of the nobles prayed King Charles to permit Manfred to be honourably interred; to which he replied, 'I would do it willingly, if he were not excommunicated.' And as he was excommunicated Charles would not allow him to be laid in consecrated ground, but he was buried at the foot of the bridge of Benevento; and a stone was thrown by every man of the army, so that there was a great heap raised over him."

Thus far Villani.

The divine Dante, singing of Manfred's lamentable fate, adds, that by the command of Pope Clement, the Archbishop of Cosenza, Bartholomew Pignatelli, caused the body to be disinterred from under its tumulus, and cast out to the mercy of the wind and weather, beyond the confines of the kingdom, on the banks of the river Verde, now known by the name of the Marcino, that runs by Ascoli.

"If he, Cosenza's pastor, who was set
By Clement to pursue me, had but read
Well in God's word, my bones would still have lain
Beside the bridge, beneath the guardian heap.
Now the rain bathes them, and the wind disturbs;
Beyond the realm, upon the Verde's banks,
Where he transferred them, with the tapers quench'd.*

Ghino del Tacco, though he had received a deadly wound, was transported by his faithful followers to a secure place, where they took care to procure for him two eminent physicians, to whose hands they entrusted him, that they might exert all their skill to cure him. After examining him from head to foot, one expressed his opinion that Ghino was wounded in the lungs, which the other

* The words in italics are quoted from Jamsilla.

† Extinguished candles were a mark of excommunication.—TRANSLATOR.

denied; and they argued unreasonably upon the subject an entire night. In the morning, neither of them having convinced the other, they had recourse to their swords, as still more convincing arguments, and two men were near being killed by way of curing one. The brigands interposed, disgusted at their unworthy proceedings; they commanded them angrily to desist, and to take care and cure the patient, or it would be bad for them. Then one wanted to bleed him, the other to give him stimulating draughts. This ordered him nourishment, that forbade it; but with the help of heaven Ghino's good constitution surmounted every obstacle, and he recovered. The people said his recovery was a miracle; and in fact his case was the only instance of a man surviving the science of *two* doctors. In process of time he returned to the Castle of Radicofani, where he continued, though with disgust and aversion, his profession of robbing on the highways; but towards the end of the century, having taken prisoner the Abbot of Clugny, who was going to the baths of Sienna, he pleased the abbot so much, by his good qualities, that the kind prelate reconciled him with the church; and Pope Boniface VIII., *like one who was himself high-minded, and took pleasure in brave men*, summoned him to court, made him prior of an hospital, and knighted him. The curious reader may find his history more at length in the last day of the Decameron.

Notwithstanding my diligent researches, I have never been able to satisfy my curiosity concerning the Emir Jussuff; it is possible he might have been slain in the battle, it is also possible he might have found an opportunity of escaping into Africa; but I cannot assert either to have been the case, and I leave it to the reader's pleasure to believe whichever he prefers.

For many years the kingdom of Naples resounded with a terrible tale of the death of Rinaldo d'Aquino, Count di Caserta. Time then veiled it in oblivion, but now, by the will of fortune, it is recalled by me to the memory of man. Rinaldo had been invited to the court of the Count of Anjou and Provence, but he refused the invitation: and Charles, who did not think it right to enjoy the good service of others without rewarding them, willingly permitted him to retire and live secluded from the world. Rinaldo, in the solitude of his castle, meditated incessantly on the crimes he had committed, and on his revenge. Stung by the viper of remorse, not deriving from the death of Manfred that pleasure that he had previously expected, wandering all night through the halls of his empty palace, muttering horrible imprecations in the fever of anguish, dreading the light of the sun as the aspect of an enemy, and loathing the human face, he ventured one day to cast a look into his own soul, and he marvelled how it could bear it as the inhabitant of his body. He resolved to die.

Towards evening he descended into the court-yard, and, assem-

bling his household, he dismissed them with many presents, professing that he intended to lead a different life. The household understood that he intended to retire into a cloister, and they highly applauded his resolve. He had been a good master to them, and they knelt before him and wept, making doleful lamentations. Perhaps the loss of their salaries touched them, perhaps their sorrow was sincere—let it pass—the tears were real tears. They requested his blessing, and earnestly implored him to pray for them. Rinaldo listened to them like a man bewildered, but he soon recollected himself, resumed his baronial pride, and commanded them to rise and retire. Each withdrew in silence to his own chamber, there to reflect upon the means of providing for the years which still remained for them to live.

Next morning, a page who had not forgotten old observances, notwithstanding the new announcement, not seeing the Count appear at his usual hour, went softly to his chamber door, and bent his ear to listen—he heard nothing—he looked through the keyhole, and perceived his master hanging by the neck,—the faithful servant uttered a loud cry, and with strength augmented by his extreme terror, burst in the door. Count Rinaldo had placed a foot-stool by the bed, fastened a rope to the cross-bar, knotted it round his neck, and then, having kicked away the stool, he remained suspended. On the pillow lay an open casket, the skull of Madonna Spina was the treasure it contained. Rinaldo's face was livid, the eyes protruding, the mouth twisted, yet he did not appear to be quite dead. The page taking out a knife, ran lamenting towards the Count to cut him down: but Caserta's mastiff that was lying under the bed, thinking that the domestic was about to do his master some injury, flew at the young man, and held him by the throat; he defended himself from the dog as well as he could, crying aloud for help. He was at length heard by some of his companions: they hastened to the scene, tied up the dog, loosed the noose from the neck of Caserta, and laid him on the bed. He was a deplorable object; his black tongue was protruding, and bitten through by his teeth: a bloody foam exuded from his nose and mouth, his fingers were livid and contracted, his throat lacerated, his body stiff. They loosened his garments, and one of them held the bright blade of a dagger to his lips to see if it would be dulled by a breath: another, filling a cup with water, placed it on his stomach, believing, according to the error of the times, that the water would be agitated, if the lungs still breathed. Finding these experiments in vain, they proceeded to wound and even scorch him, in the most sensitive parts of the body; but it was all labour lost. It is probable that if the page had cut the cord at once, his master's life might have been saved; but the time that the mastiff withheld, ended, to a certainty, the existence of the miserable Caserta, whose treason

against Manfred was thus punished by the fidelity of his own dog. Angelo di Costanza, in his history of the kingdom of Naples, wishing to clear the fame of the Count Rinaldo, relates, that being warned by a domestic that King Manfred had been in habits of intimacy with the Countess, Rinaldo, desiring to act as became a knight, and according to the rules of honour, sent privately a friend of his to Rome, where Charles then was with the flower of the chivalry of those days; and there the envoy, without mentioning Caserta's name, proposed to the assembly of those knights, the question, whether in such a case it was allowable for a subject to rise up against his king, and violate his fidelity; the case was decided, as the reader may suppose, *by the knights and literati* who followed Charles, affirming that the subject not only *could* do so, but *ought* to do it. For my own part, not being of noble birth, I cannot tell what are knightly proceedings or the rules of honour, but I think that treason is always treason, and that it is base to break faith with him to whom one has sworn it. If Manfred did ill, Caserta did worse; the sin of one man does not diminish that of another, nor indemnify his infamy: but if Rinaldo desired to avenge himself by any means, he should have avenged himself on the offender, and not on a whole nation, nor by calling in a foreigner to oppress his native country; the dagger, or the poisoned cup might be accounted less blame-worthy than this execrable revenge.

Giovanni di Procida though destined to avenge the family of Manfred was not able to save them. Having arrived with them at Lucera, he sent to the sea-side to find some galley or brigantine to convey them to Catalonia. The messengers fell into the hands of the enemy, and were slain. Lucera was closely besieged, but defended itself desperately. It is hard to know what the garrison could have hoped, they were in want of provisions, and they decreased in number daily, but Procida protested that Charles should never enter the town while one living soul remained in it: being urged to surrender, he threw the bearer of the degrading embassy over the walls: all that man could do, he did; death was approaching along the path of starvation. Whether it were that Charles was wearied with the long siege, or that he distrusted his being able to overcome such surpassingly valiant resistance by force, he had recourse to fraud. He proposed to Procida to surrender the town, his resistance being useless; he promised that he would invest Manfredino with the principality of Tarento, and all the other possessions bequeathed to his father, Manfred, by the will of the Emperor Frederic; that he would require of him no liege homage, no cession of the crown of Naples, and he pledged his kingly word for the observance of the conditions; he professed to admire the rare fidelity of Procida, who made such an heroic resistance for the sake of his master's

cause, and to wish to recompense it by every means ; saying that fidelity was a bright virtue, and not the less to be lauded though it opposed his own designs, and that he would always cherish Procida as his most trusted friend, as he had experienced him to be his most generous enemy. Procida, suspicious of deceit, was not willing to yield, but the besieged compelled him to it. Charles of Anjou kept his promise to Manfredino of Swabia in the same manner as Henry the Swabian* kept his to William the Norman ; so much, in those days, did kings resemble each other in good faith.

Helena, Iole, Manfredino, and Procida, imprisoned in the Castle dell 'Uovo gave a new example that the vanquished could trust to nothing but the grave. Procida, however, was able to deceive his guards, to let himself down from the tower and fly. He cherished life for the sake of avenging Manfred, exerted himself so much in Arragon, and interested the Emperor Paleologus, excited so strongly his countrymen, whom with an incredible daring he went to visit in Sicily, worked so much upon Pope Nicholas, (degli Orsini,) to whose court he repaired in a friar's habit ; that after three years of continual travels, impediments, and perils, he caused Sicily to revolt from Charles, and restored to the throne, Constance, eldest daughter of Manfred ; all the French who inhabited the island being slain with the exception of one alone, a wondrous history, which, if fortune looked favourably on me, I would not deem it a task to add to the present story.

Helena and her children were never seen or heard of more ; how long they lived, or how they died is one of the mysteries of crime. There was once a rumour that on the night of All Saints, after the bell had rung for Matins, that a cry was heard in the western tower of the Castle dell 'Uovo, and that shortly after, a sceptred shade gliding swiftly along the galleries, sped towards the chapel : the guards did not dare remain at their posts, but all fled to take refuge in their quarters ; but a certain Gascon soldier, elevated by wine and excited by his comrades, ventured to follow the shade and enter the chapel with it. In the morning he was found lying insensible upon the ground : when he was recovered and brought to his senses, he related that the sceptred apparition, kneeling before the altar, had struck upon a stone, and from the opening tomb two other spirits rose, one the apparition of a maiden, the other of a boy, and that these threw themselves upon the neck of the first, and embraced her with all the tenderness of loving and

* Henry VI, Emperor of Germany, father of Frederic II, and grandfather of Manfred, having conquered Sicily, and wrested it from its Norman dynasty, took prisoners Queen Sybilla, and her son William, the widow and child of Tancred, confined them in a monastery, and caused the boy to be deprived of his sight. The young William soon after died in prison.—TRANSLATOR.

beloved ones, and then they knelt and prayed before the altar, while the sceptred shade dipping her finger in blood that trickled from a wound in her bosom, traced some letters on the edge of the altar; then the lamps went out, an earthquake shook the chapel, and he felt himself prostrated upon the ground. His comrades at this part of his narrative ran to the altar, and found there written in fresh wet blood the word *vengeance* : they effaced it, but each succeeding year on All-souls morning it was to be seen again, as crimson as ever : nor did it cease thus to reappear till the slaughter of the French at the *Sicilian Vespers*.* The report of this miracle was current, but for my own part I believe it to be attributable to superstition. It demonstrates, however, the hatred of the people to the French yoke, since they persuaded themselves that heaven was leagued with them to afford them vengeance.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

WHAT is the moral of this book? Ignorance, which speaks as the drunkard walks, proposes to blame : let it blame. If intellects that are accustomed to look into the reason of things shall perceive by this story how revenge is born of crime, and how by an interminable reciprocity crime is produced by revenge : how, when virtue has no longer charms to attract man, or arguments to withhold him from doing evil, it is well to affright him with the effects of the evil themselves, and to restrain him by fear where we cannot by love : if, I say, they perceive these truths, I do not doubt that the moral of the book will be evident even beyond what I have endeavoured to instil by it.

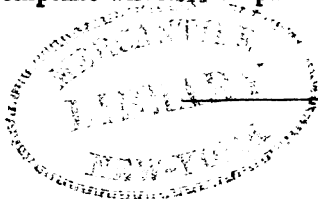
What is the merit of the work? *That* is according to the reader's judgment.

It is the custom of modern writers to prefix to their works a learnedly tiresome preface, in which they profess that they will be well satisfied with any reasonable criticism ; but I am one who am indolent from habit and from nature. I give free permission to every one to write and speak as disparagingly as they please. But if the malevolent blind who prays for the extinction of light, because his eyes do not perceive its rays,—if the journalist who, hidden behind a letter of the alphabet, shoots the arrows of censure from a bow-string twined of foxes' hair, would but think of the feelings of my mind, depressed by the necessity of going about begging the volumes from which I have drawn, with intense

* The Sicilian Vespers was the outbreak of the revolt against Charles of Anjou, in 1282. It commenced at the vesper bell, and all the French, with one exception, were massacred, Charles lost Sicily, and was compelled to retire to Naples.—

study, the materials for composing my tale, would think of the new style, the new subject, and the strange country into which fortune has cast me, then censure would not breathe a whisper, even in the recesses of their hearts, and they would admire my perseverance. But, as I have already said, I give free leave to whoever will, to speak disparagingly of my work.

Now, reader, farewell! This word sounds to me mournful, not only from the sensations it excites, but from a melancholy combination of letters. Farewell! if you feel half the regret at receiving my adieu that I feel in offering it to you, Oh! then my recompense will have surpassed my hopes.



NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE author of the foregoing work, Dr. Guerazzi, a Sicilian, wrote it in Italy, and in the Italian language instead of his native Sicilian dialect. His object in the tale is to awaken a spirit of nationality among Italians, and inspire an aversion to foreign rule; but being restrained by the jealousy of the Austrian government in Italy from giving full expression to his meaning, as embracing *all* foreign domination, he has been obliged to limit himself apparently to inculcating hatred of French sway; but it is not difficult to perceive that such limitation is but partially assumed, and only as a safeguard against the Austrian censorship of the press. What is the moral he intended to convey he has himself told us above: and through all his episodes as well as his main story we trace it: vengeance, the offspring of crime, and again in its turn the parent of crime, producing suffering, not only to its object, but also to its exerciser, in whom it also brings forth fresh sin; thus he represents, and truly, crime as re-acting on itself, and re-producing itself as in an endless circle. Dr. Guerazzi has scarcely done due justice to Manfred; he was a brave, high-spirited, accomplished, and handsome prince, full of great and noble qualities, but like his father, the emperor Frederic II., he was in advance of his age, and had soared above its narrow policy and its superstitions, and the partizans of these became naturally his enemies;

“He who *surpasses* or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of all below.”—BYRON.

In those dark ages, before the press had erected a fair tribunal of appeal, it was easy to calumniate, difficult to justify: it was the

political maxim of the Guelphs to destroy the power of the house of Hohenstauffen: it was the interest of the Papal see to make Sicily a dependant fief, under a more submissive tributary than either Manfred or his father: it was the interest of France to obtain dominion in Italy: and to justify the war of aggression of these interests against Manfred, whose fine qualities were calculated to render him the idol of his people, dark and hideous crimes at variance with the tenor of his character were attributed to him, and industriously circulated, to prejudice his cause, and an affected or willing belief in these was the ready excuse for the treachery of corrupted nobles among his own subjects. Guerazzi, while acknowledging many brilliant points in Manfred's character, still seems (in the original Italian) to be impressed by some of the dark tales propagated by Guelph chroniclers; I say in the original Italian, for in justice to the memory of the injured and unfortunate dead I have ventured on the licence of omitting, softening, or altering some sentences unfavourable to Manfred. I have also found it necessary to abridge or omit, in various parts, violent expressions, extravagant imagery, and passages that to English minds would appear tainted with presumptuous free-thinking, and bordering on blasphemy, though, perhaps, the writer meant nothing of the kind, but was hurried away into what he merely deemed emphatic writing by the fervent language and glowing ideas of the South. On the whole the reader may gather from the work that its author has a poetic temperament, a hatred of vice, and a high sense of honour.

M. E. M.

THE ONE LOVED NAME.

Here is a social meeting, the cottage fire is bright,
 The curtains fall and close around, the tapers shed soft light;
 Kind friends are met, affections smile beams on the cheerful scene,
 Where oftentimes, in bygone years, these meetings sweet have been—
 The gentle laugh is ringing there, with music's tones of glee,
 But the one loved name is spoken not amid the revelry—

The one loved name.
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Yet the absent friend is cherished, by some at that hearth side,
His memory is treasured there, with fond but secret pride ;
His spirit in the air we breathe, his laughter's joyous sound—
Home's own familiar tokens, too, speak of him all around.
The yearning heart of anxious love, is saddened tho' unseen,
The one loved name is spoken not, as if it ne'er had been—
The one loved name.

Oh! think ye that the silent thought is not as fond and true—
More sacred, and more passionate, than worldling ever knew ?
Think ye the loved one is forgot, because the voice is mute—
That smiles and jesting cannot hide sorrow the most acute ?
In midnight prayer, when lone and still, the soul communes above,
The one loved name is whispered *then*, with fond and pleading love.
The one loved name.

C. A. M. W.

THE CANT OF THE PRESENT AGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Or to use the cant of the present age," said a little, squarebuilt, old gentleman, in the parlour of the inn to which, as Tennyson says, "I most resort," "it was his mission."

Gentle reader,—I had drank my last glass, smoked my last cigar, parted with my last coin, and had nothing left me but to button up in my coat pocket the obnoxious sentence—and go home to bed.

Somehow or other I felt feverish, and could not sleep. I turned on my bed, and turned over what I had heard,— "The cant of the present age,"—that every man has his mission,—that this is a working world, and that each one of us has work to do—the simple reception of the great fact proclaimed from heaven, as the unalterable law of man's being. Surely, thought I, this is not cant, but a serious truth the un-worker, whoever he may be, will learn, one day or other, to his confusion and shame. Then the past came to me as the present; like a palpable reality; as if the scene were being enacted before my eyes, rose up before me, the wrongs

that had been done to man—the insolence of one class, and the degradation of the other.

I thought of what Frederic the Great had written to Voltaire, how he looked upon the people as he did upon the deer in a great man's park, whose only business is to people the inclosure. I thought of Horace Walpole, writing to a friend in this great London,—this London, full of clear heads and loving hearts,—this London then, as now, spared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, by the ten righteous men found within its walls,—and saying, that there was no one in town but himself; thus, with the insolence of his order, deeming all unworthy of notice, however high-minded, honest, and true, who did not move in that select and fashionable circle of gambling gentlemen and intriguing ladies, in which he wasted a life. Certainly, thought I, the idea that every man has a mission could never, either as truth or cant, have belonged to the past age. Well would it have been had it been so. Alas! the things that belonged to its peace were hid from its eyes. Had it been otherwise, had a past age seen and recognised the “divinity that doth hedge in,” not the king upon his throne, merely, but the meanest beggar in the land,—had the highest and the lowest, been taught their mission, without French Revolutions, and Reform and Chartism,—without the dire struggle of class against class, of right against might, of the oppressed masses against the privileged few,—our social state would have been somewhat more hopeful than it is. But man's mission was not then dreamed of; and our fathers went on plundering, quarrelling, jobbing, fighting,—drifting they neither knew nor cared where—sufficient for the day was the evil thereof, till peasant poets sang, and peasant prophets spake; and like light out of darknes, from a region of lies and sophisms, the fact beamed forth that every man had a mission—that the commonest of us breathes the breath of life,—that the inspiration of the Almighty gives the meanest of us understanding. Yes, in the fulness of time this came in part to be received, if not in St. James's, yet in St. Giles's; if not by silken lords and

“Carpet knights so trim,”

yet by the hard-fisted and brave-hearted sons of toil, who labour that England may be great.

Certain truths, of greater or less value, are being now put forward—that if man be punished, he should be punished as one formed in the image of his Maker, as one made but a little lower than the angels. That it does not become one man to flog or hang another, as a brute. That the vicious should not be scorned and spurned by his less erring brother, but that he should be wept with, pitied, and reclaimed. That life is the gift of God,—that it should be guarded as his—that each man should receive it as his trust, and work his mission in it as best he can. These truths are the peculiar

truths received and proclaimed by the teachers of the people. I mean the real, not the professional, at the present day. The time has now come for their utterance, and they are being uttered, and believed in every, even the humblest, home. "Like a lovelorn maiden," the human heart has long yearned for them, and till now they have not been put within its reach. To this age has been delayed the hour of their birth. It has been the peculiar lot of the present to discover and proclaim them—to apply them to the bettering man's condition. In consequence, men of narrow heads and cold hearts, men who believe that the former days were better than these—who look upon human progress as no better than a dream, sneer at such truths as "the cant of the present age."

Is not this,—

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters "

a misnomer? Cant does not consist in the expression of what a man thinks true, but the reverse—the utterance of a worn-out creed, of a truth applicable once but not now, of what is uttered from mere custom—and that alone is cant; but the utterance of what seems to the man or the age that utters it that wonderful thing, and wonderful as rare—a new idea, cannot by any possibility be considered as cant. It may not be a new idea: it may be partial, distorted, false: but cant it cannot be. The one idea, right or wrong, a man thinks he has discovered for himself, cannot be cant. The idea of Reformation to a Luther, of Negro Emancipation to a Wilberforce, of Free-trade to a Cobden, of Catholic Religion to a Rongé, cannot be cant. It is the possession of these ideas, the fact that they have them more fully, better developed, than their fellows, that constitutes their right to take the stand they do, and become the priests and prophets of their age. Had not they these ideas they would be just what other men are. On other subjects they may not be right: on these peculiar ones they are not, and cannot be, wrong. The thing they have done has been simply this,—they have worked out a truth that was imbedded, that had been overlooked, that men were slow of heart to believe, and they took it up, and claimed and won for it the homage of a world. Now, the individual but represents the age: the age is fashioned by the individual. A man with an idea—a new truth—preaches it from the pulpit or by the press. For a time he may seem to preach and prophecy in vain: he may feel, as the stream of frivolous and yet eager life rushes by him, that he is a solitary man, that no one believes his report, that to none but himself is the truth revealed. But this does not last long: brighter days come. In the virgin soil of many a young heart the truth is received and cherished. By many an unpasioned and guileless tongue it is told. Then in turn the great inert mass of humanity comes to receive it, and the grey-haired

men who are too old to learn new truths, who have got through the world very well with such ideas, or apologies for ideas, as they may chance to have had, who dread all new-fangled notions, comfortably seated in snug arm-chairs by blazing fires, rail, as they smoke and sip their grog, as they did before the Reform Bill was carried and the constitution destroyed, at what they are pleased to term "the cant of the present age."

"The cant of the present age!" Is not the term more correctly applied not to the ideas that are just developing themselves, and are waiting for a genial future under whose influence they will go forth to bless and humanize the world, but to those ideas that have been held and believed in days gone by and that are now receding before the increasing intelligence of the present? The old watch-words of the past which stirred up men's blood, for which many girded themselves to combat in the field of battle or the hall of debate, have now, alas! many of them come to be cant; "*Tempora mutantur et mutamur.*" To a man not blind, the attempt to use the language of a man who is, would be cant. For an enlightened age to employ the language of an age when men could neither read nor write, when personal and political corruption unblushingly prevailed, when the rights of one class and the duties of another were disregarded and trampled under foot, must of necessity be cant. For a man to repeat like a parrot an old worn-out creed is cant—cant of the worst kind, inasmuch as by it truth is retarded, and error retained a little while longer. We blame not the men who used the language first: it was their theory of, perhaps, whatever they deemed dearest and best, obtained with tedious toil and fostered with tender love, but it no more suits times of increased knowledge than would the old far-famed double-bodied Norwich coaches suit these days of railway locomotion. Not in vain has this world of ours nourished and matured its great men, its poets, its martyrs, its prophets, and its priests. With labour the earth has been conquered, and her soil now bears the fruits by which man lives. With equal labour has moral and political truth, the truth by which men socially and intellectually live, been won. But the truth is here, our fathers have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Physically, even intellectually, we may be their inferiors, yet we are wiser than our fathers were. Experience reveals to us truths they but dimly saw, and from the past we shape our conduct and build our hopes for the future. Change has come: old things have passed away, all things have become new. If we speak, we cannot speak as our fathers did, for they spoke ignorant of revelations that have come to us. In their truth to us is visible much that is false; in their knowledge we see much of ignorance; in their wisdom much of folly. The man who obstinately repeats their language, excommunicates those who do not believe their creed or swear by their God, does

little more than cant. From the failings of our common humanity we can claim no exemption even from the "wisdom of our ancestors." We see the loftiest intellects warped by the vulgar prejudices of their day,—Hall believing in witchcraft, Hobbes fearing to be alone in the dark, Shakespeare writing of men whose heads were in their breasts, and Sir Walter Raleigh stirring up English enthusiasm, as he wrote of El Dorado and its mountains of glittering gold. In knowledge and experience we feel superior to them, though we do homage to the genius that has shed lustre on their name. Where before all was dark the light of truth has shone. The dwarf on the giant's back, must see further than the giant himself. If I strut about in the worn-out clothes of my grandfather, I am ridiculous; am I not equally so, if I am forced to get my ideas and their very mode of utterance from the same venerable individual? Life is progress, and time but watches its development. As the jacket of the boy is too small for the mature man, so are the lights and learning of an age insufficient for the next. It is not Disraeli alone, but universal conservatism, that cannot find rest in the oft repeated and monotonous watch-words of the past. In like manner, whiggism finds its idols to be but clay, and stands spectral-like, mourning the memory of Sir Robert Walpole, Professor Malthus, and Adam Smith. Even now there is a falling off of enthusiasm; amongst political clubs, and dinners, there are indications, showing that the English people of the year 1847, have begun thinking that war is a curse,—that party and principle are not synonymous terms,—that zeal for the church is by no means to be confounded with zeal for God. There are indications even, that the old toasts, and sentiments, "The Glorious Revolution of 1688," "Church and State," the "Army and Navy," and such like, though we hear them repeated in the high places of the land—though they be drunk in bumpers,—though they be given with "three times three and one cheer more," holding up as they do, distinctions, on account of religious belief,—perpetuating as they do, brute force and war,—are opposed to the growing spirit of the times—are being banished from men's lips, as they have been from men's hearts, and though they have been significant of much, have now come to be "the cant of the present age."

MORNING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. VON SALLET.

The first pure ray of eastern sky,
 Like a light spear doth glancing fly,
 The darkness to destroy ;
 To heaven the lark's song doth aspire,
 Rising from the unseen choir,
 A prayer of heartfelt joy.

The flower awakens from fair dreams,
 Towards heaven it stilly, sweetly gleams—
 Its eye doth weep and smile ;
 Quicker doth ev'ry pulse-beat strive,
 All is joyous and alive,
 With fresh air wreathed the while.

Piercing all the pure ray glances,
 Through silent valley cheerly dances ;
 What it looks on, smiles again.
 On the humble roof it shines,
 Where a true heart breaking pines,
 That long has wept in vain.

M. T——.

THE DEATH BELL.

ONE of the many ancient omens, still fondly cherished and repeated in the far west of England, is the "Warning chime of the death bell;" that is, if you are separated from the being most dear to you on earth, in the event of his or her death, the fatal intelligence reaches you immediately, if you have *faith*, conveyed by the chiming sound of unearthly silver bells, sounding far, far off,—heard by your ears alone, in the still evening time, amongst the busy haunts of men, during the garish light of day, or at the solemn, lonely midnight hour (or they may be heard by two individuals at

the same moment, if the departed was dear to both). Never can they be confounded with the sound of earthly bells. Once heard, never forgotten. It is a blessed omen ; a sign the departed is happy : the bells of the celestial city ringing the welcome, on the glorified spirits rejoicing entrance there.

During my sojourn in the west, I became acquainted with a sweet, interesting young woman, named Melony. She was born and bred near the Land's-end, in a lonely, antique mansion, nearly lost amidst the wild and dreary hills. She had never left her native county, and she loved it with the fervent spirit peculiar to her people.

I was first struck by the plaintive expression of touching heart-sadness, on her pale face ; patient and resigned in its general expression ; and by the voice of softest music, whenever she opened her lips to speak. Her spirits were wild and wayward, but ever feminine and soft. No touch of forwardness or vulgarity to mar the tender interest she excited in me.

We first met at the house of a mutual friend, who was anxious we should know each other ; it was in the summer time, and we used to ramble in the woods surrounding the house, for long, idle hours, resting on the mossy banks ; and such precious, old-world tales, such quaint relics of long-buried superstitions, I learnt from sweet Melony, that *her own* strange romantic story is but the least in the catalogue.

It would need *her* voice to tell it, *her* sad eyes to express it ; her hand clasped in mine so confidently, and *my* faith to receive it.

She had heard the death bell.

Oh ! truly, faithfully did I receive the record of her buried affections, and the awful but blessed warning vouchsafed. Few and simple were her words—would that I could distinctly remember them—as nearly as I can, these they were,—

“ I shall never love again ; this will tell you, dear friend, that I *have loved once*. Words cannot tell of the heart's sinful devotion, but the Bible does, and that forbids *idols*. The Melony of those days was not like the Melony you know. No shadow had crossed her pathway. The earth was gay and full of sunshine, not the whist* and woful world it seemeth now.

“ *He* was the younger son of the great and powerful family, so well known by name in this county. The sea was his portion,—to carve his way to fame, as his ancestors had done before him. His youngest and favourite sister was my dear chosen companion, and became my guest for a while, during her brother's absence. O ! that absence, how much has been said and written about it ! Let it once be felt as I have felt it, and tears and words are de-

nied. It is the heart's silent agony—smiles on the face, folly on the tongue; and the sacred sepulchre of the one-worshipped image—beneath and hidden.

"On an Autumn evening we walked on the cliffs—the sea was hushed and still for that stormy coast. It was a gorgeous golden sunset, and we both intensely felt the sublimity of the scene.

"The silver chime of that blessed unearthly music first was heard by me; not suddenly—it did not even startle me: so stealingly, holily, gently, it fell on my listening ear. It came over the sea, the beautiful sea, and *I knew* the sunshine of my existence had departed—that he was dead—*dead!*

"I can relate this to you, and seem calm and cold as my words, but it is the especial privilege of that celestial warning to cause a lull and sleep—as it were a numbness of the faculties—to deaden the agony it inflicts; to prevent, mayhap, madness or despair.

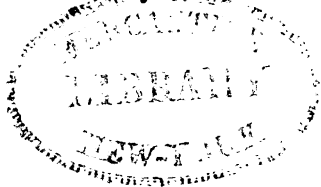
"She, my friend, the sister, heard the chime more faintly: we looked on each other—our eyes met long and fearfully; we spoke not, breathed not a sigh, as the thrilling music sank and died on the evening breeze. I pass over the days and weeks that followed,—accounts came at length—his grave was countless fathoms deep.

"My darling friend, the gentle sister Annie, to all outward appearance, changed not—mourned not, as earthly mourners are wont to do. A few months afterwards she slept the long sleep of peace and rest, in the family vault, banners waving o'er her, in her own ancestral church, and a marble tablet marking the spot where the young beloved reposes.

"*Now* you marvel not that I love my native county, and my father's ancient, sombre-looking dwelling; that the cliffs and the sea-beat shore, in all their savage grandeur, are more in accordance, and attuned to my *struck heart*, than aught of gentler beauty I have heard fair England boasts.

"I know that he is happy, that he is waiting for Melony. I shall go to him—my loved, adored—he cannot return to me."

C. A. M. W.



THE DEATH OF MARGARET ATHELING.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

There was weeping and wail in the palace of our king,
 For on her death-bed lay our Margaret Atheling ;
 Like a setting summer sun her life-blood ebb'd away,
 As she lifted up her bony hands, and faintly tried to pray.

O, dim was Margaret's eye, as she turn'd upon her bed,
 And feeble were the words that to Durham's prior she said ;
 And pale as any lily was the cheek that won, of yore,
 The heart of our most Christian king, Duncan of Canmore.

And weeping like an April shower, there stood her daughters twain,
 For our lady's dying woes fill'd their young hearts with pain ;
 For never had they seen before the spirit pass away,
 And leave behind, for worms, a silent form of clay.

But in that royal chamber there yet was seeming calm,
 While our sovran lady chanted forth a penitential psalm ;
 While her weary spirit prayed that God would give her peace,
 And grant her from her griefs a sweet and sure release.

Hark ! 'tis a trumpet sounds ! haste, warder, to the gate !
 Our young prince rushes in in most unprincely state ;
 He passeth by our courtly dames, the couch he cometh near,
 And hurriedly and mournfully he greets his mother dear.

As dying embers often shed a sudden lurid glare,
 As of a night the northern light oft fills the winter air,—
 So light came to Queen Margaret's eye, and red became her cheek,
 As up she raised her head, and thus began to speak,—

"How fares it with my lord ?" she cried, "how fares it with my son ?
 What news bring ye from England—have ye battles lost or won ?
 Now that my day is waning, that my eyes are growing dim,
 Speak to me of my lion lord, tell me good news of him."

We waited for the answer, but we waited all in vain,
 For Edgar dared not tell of sire and brother slain ;
 He stood, as stands in many a hall the sculptor's cunning stone,
 With speaking face and eye, but answer there was none.

"Now, by the Holy Cross," she cried, "tell me, I pray you, true,"
 And the black cross of King Alfred she put within his view ;
 Fain would our prince have spared his mother's heavy heart,
 But our lady's hand was on him, and he could not thence depart.

"Alas," said he, "my mother, a widow art thou now,
For Malcolm and thine eldest son are sleeping cold and low;
By a craven English knight was thy noble Malcolm slain,
And his bosom to thine own thou ne'er shalt press again."

O, paler grew our lady's cheek, and shorter grew her breath—
We saw that now, at last, had come the bitterness of death;
With hands and eyes rais'd heavenward, we heard her breathe a prayer,
And when we look'd upon her bed, nought but a corpse was there.

TWINING, ON THE PICTURESQUE.

On the Elements of Picturesque Scenery, considered with reference to Landscape Painting. By HENRY TWINING, Esq. Printed for Private distribution, 1846.

It is a hackneyed truism in art, as well as in political economy, that "the supply is sure to equal the demand;" but it is not true in art (however it may be in political economy) that the demand for anything is always equal to the need for it. It is often very difficult to get what we want; and it is as often very difficult to know what it is that we really want. Now, the want of æsthetic knowledge at the present time, in England, is much greater than the national demand for it. This, we think, will be granted by every observing and enlightened lover of the country.

As a nation, we are babes in the science of the beautiful; very promising children, doubtless, but still children,—knowing no more than other children, what is good, or what is bad for us. We are as liable as they to prefer barley-sugar and ginger-bread, to the best-fed South Down, and the purest wheaten bread. We, as they, are better pleased with seeing Madame Tussaud's wax-work, than with seeing the Elgin marbles; and for precisely the same reason, viz., that the faculties which enable us to take pleasure in the former, are developed, while those which would enable us to enjoy the latter are not.

If Haydon had understood this truth in its fullest extent, he would have been a wiser and a happier man. He would have been contented to wait till the nation was æsthetically older, for its appreciation of works which he deemed of the highest order of art.

It may be objected to this, that he could not wait without endeavouring to rouse his countrymen to a sense of their bad taste: he could not patiently "bide his time." In reply to this, we say that the best way to instruct children of any age, is *not* to be in a passion with them for being ignorant; and the lamented Haydon should have remembered that we were but children in art, while he was a man.

Most heartily do we rejoice to see any sign that England is growing in the science of the beautiful; that she is not all absorbed in the material, the mechanical, the finite. Such signs are becoming more numerous every month. The book we are about to introduce to the reader is interesting, not only because it is one of these signs, but because it is written in a spirit as rare as it is beautiful.

Its author has travelled much,—apparently, in most European countries,—intent on observing nature, with a careful, loving, reverential mind. His knowledge of the sciences, especially those of geology, chemistry, vegetable physiology, and meteorology, serves as the basis of his rules and suggestions for the picturesque, in landscape painting. If professional painters would base their practice of art upon sound scientific knowledge, as Mr. Twining shows that they ought to do, we should not have so many pictures that "o'erstep the modesty of nature."

The book is a careful narration of the phenomena of nature, from the change in the form of a cloud, to the shadow of a blade of grass; from the faint gleam of a dew-drop in the moonlight, to the brightness of the sea beneath the noon-day sun. The mind, as well as the eye of the writer, has been open to every impression from without, with the reciprocity of the artist; and with the keen scrutiny of the scientific observer, he has examined nature, searching carefully in her mysterious nooks and corners for all that can throw light upon her means of producing beauty. He has passed years in gazing up into the vast cloud-world—into the leafy tufts of the forest—far into the dim recesses of rocks and mountains; down, many a fathom deep, into the ocean, in search of nature's truths and beauties. He does not think her meanest things insignificant, but finds artistically, what others have found morally,

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Having observed, thought, and written much, he has been induced to select from his portfolio the materials for the volume beside us, with a view to distribution among his friends. One of the motives which led him to print, was the desire "of improvement," as he tells us in his preface; "being persuaded," he says, "that the best means of attaining this object would be to submit my remarks to the opinions of others."

We gather from his unassuming, modest preface, that this handsome, well-printed volume is but the first part of the projected work. The second volume will, we suppose, contain applications and illustrations of the principles of the picturesque, which he has examined and established in the first. If it be done in the same accurate, careful, unprejudiced manner, we feel sure that Mr. Twining would improve, not himself only, but the world of art generally, by publishing the two volumes in as cheap a form as possible.

The pure and healthy tone of mind evinced in the following short extract from the preface to this first volume, would, we think, have a beneficial effect upon all students of art.

"The comparative uselessness of books on painting is, I believe, not an uncommon remark of persons practically connected with it; and doubtless the advantages which are derived from rules, are small, compared with those which are the result of direct application; but it does not follow that no preparatory and beneficial influence is to be anticipated from this source. This unfavourable opinion appears to me to arise from a misconception of the nature of the advantages to be derived from books on art. It is too often expected that they should instruct how to paint; whereas, their object is, in most cases, to form the taste, and to enlighten the mind on the general bearings of the subject. Further, a correct knowledge of every form and aspect under which nature presents herself, is a most efficient means for checking habits of mannerism and dissipating prejudiced conceptions. An acquaintance with the principles which govern the effects of nature teaches us to detect a cause for every result, and to appreciate in each case its exact amount of influence. We are thus enabled to correct errors which have stepped into our subject, by tracing to their very source the principles on which the perfection of that subject depends."

The style of Mr. Twining's writing is singularly quiet, not to say drab-coloured in its tone. Such a book in this department of art reminds one of the effect which would be produced by a handsome quaker-lady in a ball-room; at first it surprises us by its strange want of ornament, but once accustomed to that, we are insensibly attracted by its simplicity and its indifference to extraneous adornment. With all due respect and love for the sedate, the plain, and the solid, in literary composition, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Twining might have indulged a little more in effective brightness and colouring, without injury to taste, in the treatment of his subject. In reading this book we are reminded by the force of contrast of the high spirited enthusiasm, the flash dash and glitter of that æsthetic idoloclast who calls himself an Oxford graduate. A large portion of his first volume is devoted to Mr. Twining's subject, and it is almost amusing to observe how

differently the two minds lay hold on the subject and present it to the reader, and at the same time how much they are both devoted to, and in love with, it. The former does not seem to have *graduated* on Parnassus, whatever he may have done at Oxford; he has clambered with seven-league boots to the top of that particular peak of the mountain which has been appropriated to Painting, thereby striding hastily over many a precious nook wherein beauty lies hidden, and which our more careful, steady, plodding, observer finds out and examines, and then shows us reverentially and without comment its flowers and "herbs of grace." It is impossible not to perceive the great modesty of this writer, his scrupulous avoidance of all display. He does not wish to impress the reader with an idea of his own scientific and literary knowledge, but with the love of nature. Yet he has both scientific and literary knowledge to no mean extent. The former he uses in the investigation of natural phenomena and their causes: the latter he lets us see accidentally. It is by the merest accident, as it were, you find out that the simple unassuming person who is talking to you has studied Italian and German writers on æsthetics, and has devoted years to investigating throughout a great part of Europe those beauties of nature and art which many more audacious people are contented with talking about.

Having noticed the tone of the writer's mind, the matter and manner of his book, and its general aim, we will now proceed to a brief account of its arrangement, and give a few extracts, which may serve to convey a tolerably correct idea of the work itself.

It is a crown octavo volume containing nearly four hundred pages, beautifully printed on excellent paper in a very large type and with an ample margin, so that in spite of its size the book is by no means a very formidable affair as regards quantity, and, to use Carlyle's expression, "the reading faculty is not likely to break down" on that account. There are a few lithographed drawings which serve to illustrate one or two doctrines laid down in the text, and which do not seem to us to be otherwise note-worthy, as specimens of art. The work begins with chapters on *Form*, on the *Reflection of Light*, and on *Colour*; by the last is meant the *local* colour of objects, and not colour as technically applied to pictures. These chapters are short clear explanations of the nature and relative importance of these properties of bodies. In the remarks on *form* we have the following, which we quote not because it is new, but because it is not as well known as it should be.

"It is to *form* more than to any other property that bodies owe the meaning which we attach, respectively, to each of them. This is more particularly the case with those bodies or objects which are necessary or serviceable to us, and with those that affect us in a durable manner. But to *colour* rather than to *form* should be ascribed the more transient sensations of pleasure; since in that

kind of delight and momentary cheerfulness which is raised by the sight of a bright colour, the impression would in great part remain the same, if form were altered or entirely withdrawn. But colour, thus devoid of form, is little connected with any definite idea, nor does it convey durable impressions.

In the useful and ornamental arts *form* alone takes a strong and permanent hold on the imagination. The style of an edifice excites reasoning, and exercises a permanent influence, but the gaudious * colours which decorate it produce no lasting impressions. Nature herself shews forth her most brilliant colours in transient gleams of light. From the largest to the smallest of her scale, that kind of beauty which is derived from *form* is alone permanent. The same principle is shown by the successive and durable emotions communicated by the expressions of the countenance, with the momentary delight evinced at the sight of a flower. It is *form* much more than *colour* which constitutes the expression of a countenance, and which consequently instils into the minds of others emotions of sympathy."

From this and from other parts of the work, we conjecture that Mr. Twining holds the Platonic doctrine, that

"Mind is *form*, and doth the body make ;"

and applying this philosophy to painting, we expect to find in his second volume that he ranks the Florentine school, who gave their attention chiefly to Form (*i.e.* Mind) above the Venetian school, who devoted themselves to Colour (*i.e.* Animal Life.)

Mr. Twining does not enter into the subject of *ideal* or *specific form*, in landscape painting. The Oxford graduate has a passage on this matter, which seems to us as correct in substance as it is happy in expression.

"The true ideal of landscape is precisely the same as that of the human form ; it is the expression of the *specific*, not the *individual*,—but the specific characters of every object in their perfection. There is an ideal form of every herb, flower and tree ; it is that form to which every individual of the species has a tendency to arrive, freed from the influence of accident or disease."

After these short chapters before mentioned, our author enters into a detailed account of the various appearances that he has observed in the most remarkable natural objects ;—*mountains,—rocks,—trees,—the sea,—lakes,—rivers,—cataracts,—atmosphere,—clouds,—mists,—rain,—sunbeams.*—He has also chapters on *buildings, ruins* and *figures*. All this is written about Nature herself, and is devoid, for the most part, of technical language, and of direct application to landscape painting, and may be read with pleasure and profit by

† We are puzzled by this word. Is it coined by Mr. Twining from the Latin *gaudeo* ? or is it a misprint for *gorgeous* ?

those who know nothing about pictures, but who have an innate love of Nature for her own sake;—such persons would learn from Mr. Twining how to observe her better than they have yet done. At the conclusion of the volume, there is a chapter which may be said to apply solely to art. It is on “Receding Planes,”—*distance, middle distance, and fore-ground.*

The following extracts will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader. We have not selected them very carefully, and there may be many better passages in the book; but we think that these are a fair sample of the work, and will justify our praise of it.

In the chapter on “Mountains,” he says:—

“Moonlight has the effect of lowering the apparent height of mountains, in a remarkable manner; causing those forms which are bold and imposing by day-light, to appear like softened and diminished shadows. This is the more remarkable, as the dim perception of a mountain through a mist, generally adds to its apparent height. This opposite result cannot, therefore, be traced to the absence of details, which, by clear day-light, are seen to fill up the periphery of the mountain, and which disappear in the gloom of night. The cause may be the same as that which produces the diminutive appearance of shadows and of dark objects, whatever be their nature.”

“Where there are mountains, the tints of distance are brought into bold contact with the sky, and produce contrasts which flat scenes never present. But it is when ranges of mountains recede, avenue-like, into a landscape, that the progressive prevalence of the light and ærial tints of distance may be traced from mountain to mountain, in well-defined gradations. Peculiarities of colour, also, result from a marked and prevailing difference which exists between the vegetation of the mountains and that of the valleys. The pastures of the Alps assume a greyish tint, in proportion to their elevation. A scanty and parched herbage is mingled with broken rocks, on the weather-beaten ridges of the Apennines. Heaths abound on dry and barren slopes, and give them a brownish hue; whilst the effects of distance and intervening atmosphere on the various local tints, multiply their shades in rich variety. * * * The mountains of Attica, and of the Peloponnesus, owe to their carpeting of heaths and flowery shrubs, the richest crimson and purple hues. These tints impart a delicious softness to the distance, and appear, indeed, to extend their influence to the nearer parts of the scene.”

In the Preface, he mentions the excellence of Harding’s delineation of trees, in his celebrated work called—“The Park and Forest.” We would recommend Mr. Twining’s observations on the specific characters of trees, to be read as an accompaniment to it.

His general observations on trees, are particularly worthy of the attention of artists. He says:—

“A scene which does not exhibit a tree, under some form, becomes a waste, a desert, a rocky coast, a quarry, or some other characteristic portrait of inanimate nature, but scarcely constitutes a landscape.” * * * * “Trees afford us examples of the vegetable kingdom, in its most expressive and energetic development, and impress us with great and magnificent ideas of the power of nature, to raise, from a seed or a kernel, a sublime and lofty edifice. Trees, in their various shapes and characters, form the principal and most undeceiving mark of climate and country; they are direction posts, on which the eye of the traveller at once reads to what region of the globe the scene belongs. By the number, situation, and grouping of trees, we are informed, in a general and superficial manner, of the prevalence or deficiency of agriculture, and, to a certain extent, of its nature and objects,” etc.

Of trees, in connexion with painting, he observes that,—

“Sometimes analogy appears closer in individuals of different species than of the same; as, for instance, accidents of growth sometimes produce a greater resemblance of the Scotch to the Italian or stone pine, than to a kindred tree; and an elm and a lime would appear, to an eye little exercised, nearer allied to each other, than pairs of either kind, differently effected by growth or accident.

“There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the manner of representing the leaf in various kinds of trees. In the opinion of many, the form of the leaf should be but slightly indicated, even in the prominent parts of the tree; whilst others would have it more distinctly marked. These differences of opinion arise in great measure from inequality of sight. Some persons are able to distinguish, at the convenient distance for drawing a tree, the peculiar shape and character of its leaf; whereas others are unable to distinguish anything beyond the forms of the masses, and the general character of the foliage. Thus the means of identification differ with almost every individual who observes.”

In his chapter on *Ruins*, our author lays aside his quiet, matter-of-fact style, and becomes poetical. The following observation is to be met with, if we mistake not, in more than one of our poets; but it is quite worth quoting in Mr. Twining's prose:—

“The rich yellow tint so conspicuous in the marble monuments about Athens is not one of their least remarkable features; the decomposition of the marble has taken place at the very surface only, and the brilliant colour of this light and superficial envelope, makes it appear that the golden rays, which, in this beautiful climate have for centuries risen and set upon these ruins with almost unvarying splendour, had at length left a stain

upon the marble, bright and pure as the light which plays about them."

The parts of the book which contain observations on Water, Atmosphere, and Clouds, appear to us to be particularly worthy of the reader's attention, and we regret that the limits of our present article will not enable us to give extracts from them.

In conclusion, we cannot help commending again the *spirit* in which this volume is written;—the spirit of honest, earnest love; that sort of love which annihilates all thought of self, in the contemplation of its object,—which falls down humbly before it, feeling how great, how truly lovely, is the thing beloved. Men, otherwise quite ordinary, nay, even poor in mental organization, when, by some strange chance, they are possessed by such a spirit, are at once ennobled by it, and become truly but "a little lower than the angels." Henceforth *Life*, properly so called, has begun. There is an object to fill the soul, to think of, to live in, and for. Religion, art or science, and human love, are the only things which can do this effectually. Those only who have known the influence of all, in their full force, can decide which is the strongest; and such experience is seldom or never granted to humanity. But we have all known a time, (great or small in its duration,) when we have loved a human being and forgotten self in that love;—when we have loved God and forgotten self;—or have loved the beautiful and the true, for truth and beauty's sake.

In our inmost heart we must acknowledge that at such a time, we felt all our highest powers in action; that we were then our best selves; that we were then indeed, a living soul. "Do not let us deceive ourselves,—evil communications corrupt good manners." If we suffer the dictates of a coarse, purblind, worldly policy; or the weakness of the flesh, to withdraw us from the influences which made us live, we are moral suicides. Let us never rest, till we have renewed our subjection to those holy influences. Let us shake off the iron pressure of those qualities of our nature, which tend to make us mere clods, or at best mere machines. To those who despair of themselves, who believe that the time is gone by, when it was possible for them to enjoy that high spiritual life,—when they could live, to know, to admire, to love, to adore;—to them we say,—try every means in your power to renew that life; begin with the silent beauties of nature, and you will surely say in the words of the poet:—

"Oh! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

J. M. W.

A CHANT FOR THE PAST.*

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

They were bold days, those old days,
 When lances lay in rest;
 When suns shone to make known
 Many a knightly crest.
 When shield and helmet, proudly borne,
 Still met the battle front in scorn,
 And true hearts were strong—
 The high days of chivalry,
 And old Provençal song.

They were brave days, those last days,
 When the mail'd men were known
 By generous deed, and care for need,
 By courteous look and tone;
 By deep devotion, vowed and paid,
 To woman's worth, in woman's aid,
 Her broad shield from wrong—
 The high days of chivalry,
 And old Provençal song.

They were proud days, those famed days,
 When earth her hordes refined;
 When kings owned the power throned
 In the wide realms of mind.
 When the Troubadour, without control,
 Poured forth the treasures of his soul,
 Well honour'd 'mid the throng—
 The high days of chivalry,
 And old Provençal song.

* The days alluded to in this chant, of course, only comprehend those famous from the beginning of the eleventh, to the close of the thirteenth centuries; during which chivalry and song rose, flourished, and fell together. In proportion as the courtesy and all the nobler attributes of chivalry declined, tournaments were, for a time, on the increase; until, in the reign of the coarse and unchivalric Henry VIII., the whole of England seems to have been parcelled out into tilting ground.

They were bright days, those brief days,
 When the gay Courts of Love
Sat in state, dealing fate,
 All other courts above.
When knight and monarch, priest and bard,
Still bowed to beauty's just award,
 And sent the shout along—
The high days of chivalry,
 And old Provençal song.

They were true days, those few days,
 When the vile might not stand ;
Nor the false dare mate there
 With the pride of the land :
When honour was of soul and heart,
And none that play'd unworthy part,
 Could to its ranks belong—
The high days of chivalry,
 And old Provençal song.

They were bold days, those old days,
 Whose light in darkness set ;
Men say, the better day
 Must dawn for mortals yet ;
But would that ours were *now* as rife
With the nobler elements of life :
 As free from gloom and wrong,
As the high days of chivalry,
 And old Provençal song.

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."*

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS
OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER V.

In whatever way beginning, at all events, terminating with the Cricket Polka.

ANOTHER day has elapsed,—there is a great bustle in Colonel Westwood's house; our hero has no share in it, however—not having re-appeared, he has been nearly forgotten—his advent was but a stone thrown into the pool of monotony,—it sunk, and stagnation reigned supreme again.

There is a great bustle also in many other houses,—not only in London, but throughout the whole of England: ay, in every quarter where the spirit of vanity has used her wand in the cause,—and what more favoured one, forsooth, for the exercise of this magic power, than the display of personal attractions to conquer, or to,—hold, to conquer *only*: let us suppose the result to harmonise with the intent, on the present occasion, at all events.

To be plainer,—ladies and gentlemen, young and old, are preparing to dress for balls—and while, in the moral world, the afore-said wand, has aroused matrimonial speculations, to end in nothing; or the noose prospects of pretty flirtations, to merge into rapturous intrigues, or nothing,—of ugly intrigues to be absorbed in dolorous repentance, or nothing; uncertain visions about innocence, to realise into positive associations with vice, or nothing; or eagerness for the grand "bubble," of popularity, to be transformed into a secret flight towards the insolvent court of disappointment, or nothing; while all these have been invoked in the moral world, the physical is equally alive as regards coiffures, corsets, crinolines,

* Continued from p. 400, vol. xlviii.

chaussures, and so forth, for ladies,—and whiskers, waistcoats, and an equal number of so forths, for the ruder sex. Wondrous genius of dress! causing, according to chance or circumstances, so many naturally ill-favoured mortals to look well, and, again, making barbarians of so many well-favoured ones: although we feel most particularly indebted to you, at certain times,—there are also times when we must confess that you are worthy of anything but gratitude,—nay, rather, when you become a subject for our deepest execrations!

And, it may naturally be asked, to what particular scene of gaiety does all this prologue tend to convey us? why, we wish the reader to accompany Colonel and Mrs. Westwood, his niece and daughter, to the charming town of Richmond, where there is to be one of those subscription balls for which the place has, of late years, become noted: dinner has been ordered in London at six o'clock, and the carriage is to be at the door at half-past eight: let us look into the family dining-room at a quarter past seven. The ladies have just left,—Colonel Westwood is turning, abstractedly towards the window, sipping his wine,—he had meant to wonder whether it would rain, ~~but~~ his thoughts had rested with his eyes upon a cockade on the hat of a footman standing before his door; after looking at this for some moments, a notion crossed him,—he had been led into a train of ideas by this said sight, and of these was born a sentiment which made him get up and ring the bell.

Mr. Stubbs entered the apartment.

"Is Ribbons below?" asked Colonel Westwood.

Ribbons was the coachman, and a very good whip too: he had been in the Westwood family for thirty years, and could drive any number, and any description of horses that would go in harness,—ay, and a bargain also, as many of his acquaintance could testify.

"I'll go and inquire, sir," said Stubbs, with that genuine simplicity which the full knowledge of having left the party in question drinking grog at the kitchen fire, would seem thoroughly to warrant.

"Never mind,—I don't think it will—" returned the Colonel.

"Sir?"

"I don't think it will—" repeated the master angrily: he had inwardly reverted to the doubt about the weather, and was answering himself on the rain question.

"Oh, very well, sir," and Mr. Stubbs was about to retire in perplexity, when it occurred to him that probably he had not fulfilled the object for which he had been summoned, and placidly peeping, from without, round the door which he held half open, he said in the blandest of tones:—

"Shall I tell Ribbons that you want him, sir?"

No reply having been furnished to this, the questioner decamped, and, in three minutes more, had entered into a long discussion

with the coachman, on the impropriety of going all the way to Richmond for a ball,—a simple hop.

"I don't see, myself, the use of dancing twelve miles away from your bed, when you can do the thing just as well in town, and tumble in directly afterwards," said Stubbs.

"And the hosses," growled Ribbons.

"And the servants," mildly suggested Stubbs, who was no professed grumbler, as we have shewn, but thought himself as good as a four-legged animal any day.

"Ah! but things is very different now, from when I first took service,—them, ah! them was the times:—you should have seen Sir Richard go to Court, and talk to the king,—why the king would ask him for his snuff-box, and put his fingers in too, just as you or I should do,—and then to look at him presiding at a public dinner,—he was very fond of public dinners, was Sir Richard,—he never cared for your Poll,—what's the word?"

"Poll-ker,—or pr'aps you mean s'larius?"

"No;—all right:—turtle soup and venison was *his* pollker,—he was a man who liked your sensible amusements,—took the sweets of life only,—paying his bills, and never hurting his fellow-creatures. If he dined at home, he used to say:—'Ribbons, we don't want the horses;—if he dined out, he used to go precise at the appointed hour, and Buckles, the footman, and I, could always lift him in at eleven, to come back again: ah, my lad, he was one of those who always eat with a relish,—never drank without smacking his lips,—and never made a speech without a brayvo, and as many 'hears' as would puzzle a newspaper to find room for."

We hope to be excused for having gone down stairs, and hasten to rush up again, three steps at a time.

Colonel Westwood, left alone, replenished his glass, drank it off, and rose from his chair. After looking at his watch, he walked towards the window, and glanced at the passengers in the street. It was a spring evening, and twilight,—but had it been in the middle of the day, the young man in the mackintosh, walking on the opposite side of the way, would certainly have passed unnoticed, but for the circumstance that, as he had just quitted the pavement at a crossing, he was knocked down, by coming in contact with a carriage and pair. The colonel would have sent out to assist him, but he got up immediately, and walked on: at this moment, the door opened, and Julia came to her father's side, at the window.

"Why, there *he* is again, I declare!" said she, evidently referring to some one outside.

"To whom do you allude," asked her father.

Julia coloured slightly,—very slightly,—as she answered,—
"oh, papa, I was thinking that yonder queer-looking man in the odd coat, was the same that—that—"

"That what?—I do not understand you."

"Oh, nothing, I assure you:—that I had seen before, at the theatre, in the park, and in many places; but what his name is, or who he is, I am sure I cannot say."

At this instant, it occurred to Colonel Westwood, that this very individual, when he met with the accident described, was passing for the third time, since he had been standing at the window; the matter, however, did not seem to make much deep impression on him, for he said, good-humouredly:—

"Only, my dear girl, let me beg that you do not suffer your fair looks to attract steady young men of business from their homeward path; for I do believe that your friend was looking towards this house when the accident happened."

"How can you say so, papa:—but what accident do you mean?" asked Julia, with evident interest, and an evident wish to disguise that particular sentiment.

"Why, poor fellow, he was knocked down by a carriage, that's all:—on my life, I had a great mind to send for him in here."

Julia checked a coming exclamation, said no more, and shortly retired to her apartment. At the appointed hour, the carriage came up, and all were ready to start. The colonel and his sister-in-law were unmistakable as gentlefolk, and the cousins were so well *misses*,—thanks to the surveillance of Mrs. Westwood,—that, as cosmopolites, we feel bound to express our conviction, that the less barbarian eyes like ours are feasted on such specimens of Beauty's choice ones, the better for the happiness of the spectators, and safety of the attractive objects:—madness may grow out of love;—the beloved may be placed in jeopardy by the freaks of the mad lover, —the race of Majnoons* cannot be said to be extinct.

Charming girls, charming girls,—go to the ball,—go, and dance, and talk, and be happy:—go, and let your powerful influence be exerted on behalf of more than one of us, in general easily misguided, but yet, by such as you, easily set right mortals, that they may never fall into the wretched error, that a free throat, an ungloved hand and unbooted foot, an eye which needs no extra light to its usual allowance, and a tongue which is not tied to compliment and polite badinage,—are more desirable than the fashionable imprisonment of a ball-room, which excludes all these things; even though rendered dazzling with bright lamps, bright jewels, and still brighter eyes!

Of all deservedly popular resorts in the vicinity of the metropolis, Richmond is, to our thinking, the most conspicuous. Talk of Norwood, and its Beulah Spa,—of Chiswick, and its horticultural attractions,—or of Greenwich and Blackwall, with their fish diners,—no place has, to us, the merit of constant charm, like the

* The loves of Leila and Majnoon will have been heard of, if they should not have been inquired into, by many readers: the true meaning of the Arabic word, "*majnun*," is "insane."

pretty town on the Surrey side of the river. We care not for winter, spring, summer or autumn,—the “Star and Garter” has a remedy for the *ennui* of all seasons, and that view from its upper windows, towards the Twickenham meadows, is ever a fine one. Nor should the “Castle” be forgotten, with its little lawn and garden, where the gentleman in armour, whom we take to be the Grecian Thersites, the

‘ Core of envy,
And crusty batch of nature,”

stands, to tempt those who indulge in deep potations, to revenge upon the statue,—by a stealthy nocturnal trip on the river, or immersion in it,—the insults of the living model to the world at large; and where the fox, with broken ear, sits proud, and still, and cold, as though listening to the murmuring of the water, or awaiting, in common with other quadrupeds, an offer of engagement from the manager of a national theatre. In Richmond, then, is our present festive scene laid; there are great preparations at the favoured hotel, for the coming ball; dinners and beds have been ordered up to the mark of fullness; the *salon de danse* is in fine condition for the frequenters thereof, and the adjoining room is laid out with excellent *tasté*, to receive and provide for the tea and coffee seekers, and renew the spirits and strength of the weary, with ices, lemonade, and negus. Expectation, like one of the waiters, is at its highest,—that is, the former is on tip-toe, and the latter is looking out of a window at the top of the house.

At length, an ill-looking carriage arrives, which disgorges a *bouquet* of loveliness, even as true soul-nobility issuing, in all its majesty, from beneath the garb of poverty and humility; then follows a showy and brilliant equipage, whence proceeds a faded nosegay, resembling the kernel extracted from the shell of world-respectability,—an ugly interior truth, from a handsome exterior falsity: then come vehicles of all sorts, sizes, and denominations;—Mr. Smith shuffles out of No. 3, and Mr. Brown dashes forth from No. 16; boots and hot water are vehemently called for in the intervening numbers, which soon send out, one by one, their live contents:—there are, however, two or three exceptions, where Bacchus and Somnus have been ungallant enough to oppose (and successfully too) the rule of the muse Terpsichore,—*Maintenants, pour la danse*.

Hark! there is exciting music:—it is Jullien’s band,—though without its leader, the renowned holder of the *bâton*,—he has lent his name, but cannot afford his presence;—Herr Koenig has followed the illustrious example:—but who is there to be dissatisfied?—true, that the imposing Frenchman forms a very desirable frontispiece for the night’s programme, but he has been seen and heard for so small a coin, that people can manage tolerably well without

him;—indeed, as the night progresses, he is not missed at all,—the gentleman who acts in his stead has answered all expectations, and the Richmond ball, minus the two luminaries, becomes much the same as a sufficiently sweet beverage, minus two lumps of sugar which were to have been added. Quadrille,—Valse,—Polka,—this is the order of the night's amusement; then, towards the close, there is to be the "Post-horn," wherewith all may *galoppe* pleasantly into bonnets, hats, cloaks, coats, and reminiscences.

"These balls may be all very well for Lady Blank," said the proud and truly beautiful Miss Hanterasse, whose lineage was unexceptionable, whose high-society manners were considered without blemish by the most competent judges, and who could afford to move in the first circles, without recourse to the saving necessity of informing all her acquaintance of the circumstance; "they may suit her ladyship's tastes, very well; but, my dear Helen, I candidly confess to you that there is no one here whom I care to meet again; nor do I think that it is very agreeable to represent royalty for so many hours, under the temptations of Jullien's band."

They were sitting at the upper end of the room, on a raised platform, together with their mother, and certain patronesses of the entertainment.

"Well, Janet, I think you are right. I have, for my part, refused every waltz and polka, for fear of being pushed against, if not absolutely knocked down, by some boisterous couple; and I only dance quadrilles to oblige poor Captain Hampton, who is wandering about the room with his party, like the robbers in 'Fra Diavolo;'" was the reply of the fair girl addressed.

Helen was a younger sister: there were others, also, who had come out, and with great eclat; but these were the only two at Richmond. They had honoured the ball at the express desire of Lady Blank, Mrs. Tattle Prowler, and the Countess Barooshky. The first of these ladies was the wife of Sir Jacob Blank, a little, fat, round, man, said to have been once an eminent physician, and now known and worshipped as a *millionaire*. That something which had been so prodigal towards him in money matters, had certainly not done much for his intellectual capabilities; and we are inclined to think, that however distinguished he may have been some years back, as a young bachelor, when he was knighted, he had become extinguished in his marriage, at which time he was benighted. Lady Blank had a son in the cavalry, a neat youth, who, after four years' service in English towns, complained bitterly—under cover of a few hairs on the upper lip, skirmishing, as the rawest of recruits, on a ground of which they knew nothing—that he had been kept long enough waiting for his company; and one ambitious daughter, on the look out for a nobleman, from whose

company she expected to derive even more satisfaction than from her brother's.

And what said Captain Hampton to his subaltern, young Houns-
low, who was at this moment picketed in his vicinity?

"Shall I introduce you, Charles, to Mrs. Hanterasse, and her daughters?"

"No, not now, thank you," was the answer; "but it's too ridiculous—too absurd, upon my soul. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, what ails you, young gentleman—what game have you in view, at present?" asked the gallant captain.

Houns-
low whispered in the older soldier's ear, and, passing his arm through his, they sauntered round the room. The object of the young officer's merriment was a brother dragoon, carrying on a seemingly desperate flirtation with Miss Tipsell.

This young lady—she was only nine and twenty—was extremely well connected, had plenty of money, was an excellent housewoman, the most *spirituelle* talker, and the best dancer in the room. She could sing, draw, and work as well as the average run of amateurs; and she was always to be found at the most attractive balls, operas, and entertainments generally; in fact, where you would look to find pleasant society people. Life, not lucre, was her consideration, and she certainly contrived to act a good deal up to her wishes in this respect. But she was very plain, most remarkably plain, and to see her to the worst possible advantage, was after, as on this occasion, the completion of a long Polka, with her hair out of all order, and having a jaded and heated appearance. And Miss Tipsell knew of her want of personal beauty, and, having no parents to fight her battles for her, tried to keep it out of the minds of her acquaintance, by dint of great superiority in other respects. That she could sometimes succeed, needs no further proof than that she now held prisoner no less a person than Lieutenant Ruffles—a great conquest, inasmuch as he had been a noted lady conqueror in his day; and a man, moreover, who read military works as a study, and hated small talk.

But Lieutenant Houns-
low, just gazetted to the rank we give him—who was a very good fellow on the main, could not, for the life of him, see how a person with such eyes (for either they had a cast, or else it was a squint), and so red a face, could command attention from a man in his regiment; it seemed a slur upon some one—perhaps, on himself—in that he could not cherish the same feelings; most probably, however, on Ruffles, for being so soft.

Now turn we to a group which had not only arrested the glances of the military beaux, but also of all classes at the ball; in this, the chief objects of admiration are Julia and Ellen Westwood. Hampton prefers the blonde—Houns-
low the brunette; yet each

have offerings to render up at the beauty's shrine of both. Of course, introductions ensued, and even the Misses Hanterasse—to whom, by the way, our lieutenant had suffered himself to be presented by his captain—were quite forgotten in the charms of the newly-found partners. It was long past midnight when Edward Westwood arrived, and joined the party; he was soon in conversation with his nieces, and Ellen promised to hold a polka for him disengaged.

"What! a polka with uncle Edward?" said Julia; "really, Ellen, I could not have believed you would have made such a bargain as that, when I am sure you need not be in want of partners."

"He wished it," added Ellen, goodnaturedly; "and why should I refuse him? I know he can dance well enough, old as he is; besides, I think he wants to say something to me alone, and I am engaged for more quadrilles than we shall dance to night, already."

It must have been nearly three o'clock in the morning when the period of fulfilment of this polka-bond arrived. The barrister came up, all smiles and pleasant looks.

"Now my charming intended partner," commenced he, "I have to solicit the favour of your hand for a friend of mine, or rather, for you look grave upon me, of your foot—it is to dance a polka."

"I believe I am engaged to my uncle Edward; but, however, should he have forgotten," and Ellen struggled to wear a dignified expression to give effect to a contemplated tremendous winding up of her rebuke, "should he have forgotten—".

"Say no more, I beseech you, but now do oblige me by receiving a better partner," interrupted Edward Westwood. "Here, Archy," continued he, beckoning to a figure not far distant, which advanced nervously but fast; "let me introduce you to my niece, Miss Ellen Westwood; she will set you all right in five minutes with the polka, I promise you. Captain Amble, Miss Westwood."

The couples had not yet placed themselves. Ellen, however, was standing up, and in front of her was her sudden acquaintance of the library. When he had first appeared in the room, that night, she knew not, for she had never seen him since that eventful morning. Knowing the circumstances of his flight from her uncle's, where he had not made his reappearance, and that no written explanation on the subject had been forwarded, she felt confused, and doubtful how to act. As for her uncle, he had vanished.

"Will you allow me?" said our hero, offering her his arm.

Still was she hesitating: but his countenance was gentlemanly and good-looking—his hair was very nicely arranged—his dress, from white cravat and collar to the boots, all that could be desired—his whole bearing was that of one to be forgiven for a first offence. What could she do? For though she did not investigate all this, minutely, or in detail, the *tout ensemble* attracted her, and

she took the proffered support. They moved on a little—then paused awhile. Amble had, evidently, some remark to make before dancing, but found difficulty in giving it utterance. He moved on again—paused again—and his arm was not yet disturbed from its angle, notwithstanding the hints of the little hand within it to be released. She guessed at a cause of perplexity, and ingeniously, as well as in kindly spirit, suggested that they should go into the refreshment room before dancing, as she was very thirsty.

Ellen took her lemonade, and Amble his two glasses of wine; the former then, fearful of a renewal of the silent confusion under which her partner evidently laboured, before proceeding further, determined that she would at once extract the barb of annoyance by an allusion on her part.

"I fear that something has occurred which has—I am sure I beg that you will not suffer that—nor would my uncle, for a moment, think that—" But poor Ellen found that, with all her cleverness and confidence, she grew terribly at fault in the matter; she was, therefore, not sorry when Amble interrupted her by saying:—

"Oh, no. I hope you will excuse me, indeed; but the fact is, I have not been in the habit of—I really have never, in ladies' society—in short, it's a thing we so seldom do in India, to—to—"

He was in a worse condition for explanation than she had experienced just before him. Ellen resumed,—

"Oh, I do not think you can quite say that. From what I hear, you indulge in this habit a great deal; indeed, that must be held more as your excuse on this occasion, than anything else I am aware of."

"Never, on my honour. I pledge you my word, never."

"Well, then, I am quite sure I heard my uncle say that it was a very favourite custom in India, many years ago, among officers."

"Oh no, he is mistaken."

Need our readers be informed that while the young lady is contemplating the late adventure in Colonel Westwood's library, the young gentleman is nervous on the anticipated polka?

"I am sure he is not," returned Ellen, who, having regained her ground, grew positive, but very charmingly so. "I know, besides, that old married gentlemen, even colonels and generals, amuse themselves with nothing else the whole day long; nay, that they actually begin before breakfast."

Amble stared, and would have laughed outright, but that the bright eyes near him looked so earnest and beautiful. At length he said,—

"Before breakfast! colonels and generals! I will disprove it at once."

"Do so, and I shall be satisfied."

"Why, the polka has been scarcely introduced. Not above ten people can dance it in the whole Presidency."

"The polka! I thought you were alluding to —."

But Ellen would not revert to what she knew must be an unpleasant theme to her companion; and it was well she did not, for she ascertained, before the close of the night's amusement, that the colonel had forgotten the entire affair, and had pressed the East Indian (though vainly) to accompany them all to town, and to his house, that very night. As for her partner's ignorance of the polka, she would, as her uncle had predicted, soon set him right, if he but knew the step, and had a good musical ear.

When and where he had practised, we will not ask. He did know the step, and he had a good ear; but his dancing was just as he inwardly feared it would be—wild, *outré*, and anything but correct. However, Ellen acted up to her promise; and although he started with the joyous *abandon* of the Lowther Arcade, and went through the moderated versions peculiar to the "Bal Masques," or ordinary five-shilling and half-sovereign "salons" or "casinos," he finally settled into a highly-respectable movement. 'Tis a fine sight—a cheering sight; there is such a mass of merry, stirring humanity! They are playing the Cricket Polka. We have the forward step, and the back step—rushes forward, and rushes backward; and none seem to enjoy it more than our present hero and heroine.

Not long after, the only occupant of the room was a waiter, rubbing his eyes, and putting out the lights.

And was there any havoc among hearts on this night? Judging from our own circle, we should say that there may very possibly have been harm done; not that there was any positive casualty, but that of the two young ladies whom we have brought specially before the reader's notice. One was undeniably thinking a good deal of a somewhat interesting, and not quite unknown face, the property of an individual in the very plainest of evening attire, who had been seen once, and but for an instant, to walk lamely through the ball room; and once outside the inn door, eagerly watching the carriage as it conveyed the young ladies away. And the other was, without doubt, more than commonly interested in her late pupil, the East Indian. But, as we have before shewn, there was no positive casualty. These are not days of romance, at all; and, perhaps, we need a moral engineer, and chemist also, to make out a clear case of sympathetic links; and those heart and eye magnets and loadstones which illustrate the workings of the tender passion.

CHAPTER VI.

A very common case, in which time, seldom effecting a change from love into friendship, causes friendship to progress into love.

TIME! we were going to apostrophise thee, but thou wilt not wait to hear us, so we will take life instead.

Which, in our humble estimation, is much more fit to be compared to the rail than is death*: for whereas in the first all is busy and bustling, in the second all is still and sleeping: in the one, we are advancing rapidly on our journey of probation, in the other, the journey has been concluded, the terminus has been attained, and we wake only to the world on the other side of the grave. In life we have degrees of rank in the passengers, but in death all distinctions are merged.

Commence we to illustrate this last argument by looking into a first-class train, impelled at full speed towards the capital.

There are but four occupants: opposite each other, in corner seats, are two young ladies coming up for three days to London, to accompany a fashionable dowager to an oratorio, the Philharmonic, and the opera. Their dress is of that order of mixed simplicity and luxury which nothing but a taste reared in elegance and fostered by riches can thoroughly comprehend, for though many, from a more natural keenness of perception, detect and appreciate the graceful in every form, its acquisition is no sudden achievement, but must be acknowledged as the result of long and careful education in one school: for example, Miss —— in the adjoining carriage, looks very charming in her French attire, added to which she is so pretty at all times, indeed, the whole *contour* is unexceptionable of its kind, and the *étouffe* and embellishments must have cost a good deal; but we would wager a respectable sum of money that she has never moved in the exalted

* “Yes, but who likens it to death?” we can imagine one saying who considers our remark on this head uncalled for. “Study your oracle,” should we then answer: “you consult him regularly once a month, and laugh or weep as he bids you, yet keep not what he tells you in your recollection; in plainer words, read—pshaw, you know what—again. We write, ‘again,’ because you must have read it once, or if not, you ought to have done so.” It would truly be ridiculous to have no cause for contradicting the simile, inasmuch as such an one was never made; it would be like describing beauty as follows:—

“She was a charming girl—a lovely girl—an adorable girl; her forehead was regular ‘monumental alabaster.’ The brilliant eye peered from beneath her beautifully curved brow after a manner which, spite of the colours, might be likened with greater truth to a star twinkling under an evening rainbow, than to a flower-pot in a wilderness, &c., &c.

spheres of *ton* which have been graced by the pair to whom we are now referring, whose rings and chains, however, are not so bright, whose kid gloves are not quite so clean, and whose looks are not nearly so arch or winning, as those of their neighbour: yet in one thing they are in common—all are first-class, and none of the whole party would ride in an inferior coach.

To return to the one vehicle only: the next to be recorded personage in the carriage is an eminent and wealthy divine, somewhat advanced in years, but not so forgetful of more juvenile notions as to make him omit to pay great attention to the young ladies, with whom he has been previously acquainted, and whom he has ever regarded with great esteem; they are evidently held by him as creatures of his own stamp, and this estimation being viewed, as of course the occasion called for, in no light affecting a church congregation or question of religious opinion, would alone warrant their being classified with members of the high aristocracy. He has once, in deference to an impulse of propriety, been obliged to shift his seat from the corner to the centre, and so placed himself more in the immediate vicinity of his fair fellow-travellers than he had at first contemplated; this has been occasioned by the entrance at an intermediate station of a mild unassuming man, whose appearance would have admitted of his being pointed out to the divine as a nobleman, without creating extraordinary surprise or startling effects, but who could not under the circumstances be looked upon as such, as the odds were against a supposition of the kind. The motive which induced the learned and lofty churchman to incline to the centre, was that he should not in any way come in contact with the new comer, firmly as he was resolved to bear the intrusion with christian fortitude and resignation: moreover, the change enabled him to preserve the distinction which he considered due to his friends the ladies, as well as his own station in society; and as in early life, under the influence of a strict sense of duty, he had strengthened and supported the theory of humility and brotherly love, so has he deemed (with the same laudable charity towards himself that he has been in the habit of exercising in respect of the actions of his poorer brethren), that the practice of his later years might be converted into a holiday, in which he may be privileged to play at that game of worldliness where those who reach the exclusive ground become winners. In fine, he could have no feelings of dislike towards the party in question; not even had the evil passions sprung of envy, hatred, and malice, been allowed sway in his heart, because he knew nothing of him individually, and merely regarded him in the light of an objectionable principle: he withdrew from him as though the act were as much a matter of absolute necessity as to put on a glove or tie a neck-kerchief, and when he once glanced at him, within ten miles of their destination, it was under the protection

of a question addressed to one of his fair companions, which concealed his reconnoitring purpose as effectually as a veil, a mask, or night itself. The unassuming gentlemanly man above alluded to was the fourth passenger; and his great failing was that although it was as much as he could do to afford a first-class ticket, he never took a lower one, as he could not abide that his friends should think he was either saving or in want of money: nor did he like the society in which he might be thrown in a second or third-class carriage. He had a small acquaintance, but they were mostly of a good stamp; and should an accident happen, what would those exquisite Misses Hanterasse say if they heard he had been shut up with the middle ranks? Who would ever send to inquire how he was faring? Would a shattered arm or a bruised leg be sufficient objects of interest to arouse Fashion from her couch of apathy, and send a footman to enquire after Mr. —? As well might it be supposed that the illustrious consort of our beloved sovereign would dash wildly without his hat, out of the palace, quitting his guests at a levee or drawing-room, because a shop was reported on fire in St. James's-street. The notion seems absurd, but we must state our opinion that the gentleman in the train was equally so for permitting such an one to be coined in his brain: he was ambitious and sensitive, that's the truth of it, and spite of all the repose of his outward man, there was a fire burning at his heart, in which, among other strong sentiments, crackled spleen, satire, contempt, and jealousy. Marvellous instinct of the churchman, which, while it failed in setting forth the true position of this personage,—he might have passed for a barrister, or a man of independent fortune, or, it may be, a military man: he might have been through Oxford, or Cambridge, or neither, there was no telling—marvellous instinct, which, while it failed in this elucidation, yet caused him to feel, imperceptibly, that the intruder was not justly entitled to sit in such exalted company!

And if we take a second-class train shall we be at all wanting in illustrations for our case? decidedly not. Granted that there may be times—for such is the character of our country people—when a closely-packed set of these coaches may present a cold and silent mass of humanity; there may be a carriage containing six—one red-faced, well-to-do old farmer, who nearly ran his umbrella through the window on first getting in, and has been sulky ever since—one clerk of a mercantile house, with the latest number of the “Man in the Moon,” ringing the changes on the perusal of a joke, a laugh, and a peep at his companions; the last of which acts, however, proves the lack of due appreciation in the first—one placid looking individual, either a church clerk or a country-town official, in a white neck-cloth and rusty black suit, hugging a carpet bag for no better reason than the schoolboy had for whistling—one sharp-visaged man with spectacles and bushy black

whiskers, reading the "Times," and, at each interval of thought, contemplating a new journey so soon as this one shall have been accomplished—one of the shoots of the "gent" tree, who has been drinking and smoking the previous night, and who is put down as a disgusting brute by the personages immediately opposite to him, say, ourselves, to complete at once the number. Well, among such as these, during the journey, silence usually prevails. But how are the hearts? Are they quiet? is death in them? The microscope of the moralist will shew more living wonders, more moving animalculæ, there, than in the drop of ditch-water.

The same with the third class: a glance at that mass of hats and bonnets, will be sufficient for us here. If this be not life exemplified, it means nothing, there are no travellers in the world, no such things as objects and aims occur to the mind of man,—'tis all a dream!

Yes, indeed, is it life,—and in the quietest carriages of all, are, probably, the subtlest and most dangerous passions: we have shewn too smooth surfaces—two easy exteriors only; but were we to search into the moral world of this pair, the picture might not be so indicative of repose. That the twain were not gifted with even the average allotment of beauty—when set in open comparison with their sisterhood, either at the Opera, or at the French plays, or at Almack's,—was, perhaps, not the least cause of that dark revolutionary influence ever active in their breasts—an influence which they felt not—which they knew not,—and which, as they knelt in imaginary devotion upon each successive sabbath, they prayed against,—not as a thing long present, and almost part of their system, but as a visionary possibility, more to be made mention of, for form's sake, than any other reason. Why dread, as an actual visitor of ill, that from which education as well as religion must keep them secure? Alack, here was the error: the morality must be shallow indeed, which teaches us the observance of conventional church duties, and even extends to the inculcation of the sentiment of chamber prayer, because, forsooth, we are bishop's nieces, or archdeacon's daughters, or because it is in accordance with our position in society; and, during all this time, our brother, the Honourable Tom Shuffleton, deems the very reverse line of conduct to be essential for him, as a man, and we do not upbraid him on this account, because example seems to warrant his judgment.

As for our mild man, he has already undergone a sufficient dissection process at our hands,—and, to return to the divine, by way of conclusion, we find him to be a being full of worldliness; for though constantly musing on the frailties of human nature, and occasionally seeking out, with great apparent zeal, cases for the exercise of charity, in pecuniary distribution,—the king of his realm of feeling was one whom, were we to contemplate at this hour an

epic relating to the state of the country of "Kardia,"—an idea, which, however much we may have encouraged in juvenile enthusiasm, we have treated with marked slight in the epoch beyond,—we should denominate, spite of incorrect spelling, "Ceyortos." And how many a homily could he have preached from the pulpit, with the text taken from his own heart,—how many *did* he so preach, but he thought he had his examples in books and his neighbours!

But to our object: we began with time—and, notwithstanding that we left him almost immediately for life, he is found to be the chief desideratum to enable us to proceed with our chapter. We are, perhaps, wrong in using the old, discursive, story-telling phrase of *revenue à nos moutons*, in this instance, as the comparison of the sheep to the old gentleman with the scythe and glass, seems rather an inappropriate one, to say the least of it.

For although we may beat time, and find or lose time, and kill time, as we do the woolly animals, yet, in the case of the abattoir of old age, or disease, or accident, time is rather the driver than the thing driven. Yes, driven, as Orientalists would say, through the London of entity, to the Smithfield of non-existence.

Time, then, has caused a great change to come upon the condition of our hero. Pass we over the period of eight months from the date of our last chapter, and we recognise in him the accepted lover of Helen Westwood—one to whom she is to be united in a very few weeks. Indeed, the absence of Harvey Westwood, and non-arrangements of some family money matters, afford the sole motives for delay.

How such an end has been accomplished, it does not seem material for us to relate; suffice it to say, that our young officer had been living much with the family—at one time, an inmate of the house—in Portland-place; at another, a constant visitor at Brighton, to which latter place the colonel was driven by the strong wind of fashion, which swept clean the streets of London, visiting the metropolis with unusual violence, and causing even those who could not take refuge in the country, to keep down their blinds or fasten their shutters,—and now located in their own residence again, for Christmas. Madame had pronounced him to be a "*jeune homme tres instruit, et fort amiable*," and had written to her husband, signifying her entire approval of the contemplated alliance. This latter, whose presence at home was seldom acknowledged with much rapture by his better half, was now, from long absence, honoured by the *cara sposa* with manifold terms of endearment, ranging from the costly *bijou* to the humble *chou*. Association and companionship are such admirable assistants in working Time's wonders, that we need hardly apologise for omitting details and particulars in this case, but we do not mind confessing repugnance to tracing carefully the progress of attachments in two young and en-

thusiastic hearts. We want sympathy for the undertaking, for had we sympathy, we should surely attempt description, difficult and delicate as it might prove. But has the reader loved at six years old? and has the reader ever remarked that a lucifer match which catches fire instantly, does not burn half so steadily and long, as one which requires a tolerably hard friction to ensure inflammability?

Whatever may be our own sympathies for the *dramatis personæ*, under the circumstances, let us draw the curtain for a drawing-room scene between the lovers. *Imprimis*, Ellen loquitur.

"I think I shall like India; in fact, I am sure I shall."

"Dearest Ellen, I hope so."

"We shall have society?"

"Yes, and the best."

"And you will always wear uniform?"

"Whenever you require it."

"And you think you will be made,—what is it,—to the governor?"

"Aide-de-camp, I trust; or—"

"Oh, how agreeable for us that would be. Of course, you could give away all the best appointments, help all your friends; and that would be so pleasant for poor John Lacklove, who says he wants interest."

"John Lacklove! who's he?"

"Oh, never mind, you'll know him soon enough. Now, don't be jealous about him."

"Jealous, pshaw! But you are mistaken in my givings and helpings. All I could do in this department would be—"

"What, love?"

"Why, to give my little Ellen and her fair friends my recommendation for the best dishes in Government House, and help them to the choicest slices."

"What! shall you only have to carve, then?"

"Only! carving leads to a great deal, I assure you. Who knows, if I use my carving knife with satisfaction, as a house aide-de-camp, but that I may flourish a sword equally so, as a field brigade major."

"A what?"

"Oh, a hard word, never mind it now. By the way, did you remark that Julia's admirer just passed the house?"

"No, did he? how odd. He has been now two years nearly on the same expedition of silent love. But let us talk of India, again—its luxuries and enjoyments."

"Willingly; ask me anything you please, and I will answer, to the best of my ability."

* * * * *

We were once on board a steamer, coming from Beulogne to

London, and passed a shipload of recruits at Gravesend. The vessel was about to sail for the East Indies. On seeing us, the young blood began to boil, and some hundred voices were raised in cheers and greetings, as though we had brought intelligence of some great victory, instead of the usual shred-and-patch Anglo-continental importation from the popular French port. Our captain was one of the rough and tough breed. He listened to the shouting complacently, and then mentally elongating his actual experience in the channel into a shadowy intimacy with the Indian Ocean, he said:—

“Ah, shout away as much as you like, now; but just wait till the Indian sicknesses lays hold of some of you chaps.”

If a man selling sham sovereigns, were by chance to let a real one slip through his fingers, the instance would not be unlike that of our splenetic skipper, who, wishing to give out an ill-natured joke, dropped a golden moral.

Ay, moral, and a truthful allegory: for, to the Eastern, again—of the many who embark for the shores of matrimony, as to a new land full of luxury and happiness, how many are seized with the disease of—what shall we call it?—perhaps, wishing themselves single again!

(To be continued.)

THE PRIMA DONNA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I AM alone—the moonlight soft and gleaming,
 O'er my calm chamber casts its radiance clear,
 Bright lamps around me are no longer beaming,
 Bursts of applause no longer meet my ear.
 And I am happy in this still seclusion,
 Apart from dissipation's restless whirl,
 I am again protected from intrusion,
 I am again the simple cottage girl.

Crowds gaze with envy on my outward splendour,
 Fortune and fame reward my tuneful lays,
 Yet evermore remembrance fond and tender
 Clings to the pleasures of my early days.

I stand beside the gaily dancing fountain,
Whose clear cool drops the neighb'ring flowers impearl,
I feel the pure fresh breezes from the mountain—
I am again the simple cottage girl.

I see in thought eve's stealing shadows hover
O'er the thick blossom-laden trees, again
I sing soft ditties to my rustic lover,
And pluck wild roses in the old green lane :—
Vain dream—I tread in halls of gilded brightness,
Decked in rich robes and strings of orient pearl,
Yet my vexed spirit lacks the buoyant brightness
That once rejoiced the happy cottage girl.

Why did ambition's fatal spell enslave me ?
Why did I slight the lover of my choice ?
What evil spirit, as a dowry, gave me
That bright endangering gift, the gift of voice ?
I left the friends who cherished and approved me,
I saw deceitful fame her flag unfurl,
I spurned the only heart that ever loved me,
I ceased to be the simple cottage girl.

None breathe to me the language of affection :
The selfish crowd their critic praise impart,
As though they scanned with satisfied inspection
Some well-wrought wonder of mechanic art ;
And should I cease to pour the warbling measure,
Soon, with contemptuous pity, would they hurl
From their gay halls and palaces of pleasure
The slighted guest—the lowly cottage girl.

Once I had friends too truthful to dissemble,—
Alas ! I cast their honest faith aside ;
The lover, still so dear to me would tremble
To woo fame's flattered favourite for his bride ;
Would I could flee away from courts and cities,
Would I were snatched from folly's giddy whirl,
Would I could sing in flowery vales my ditties,
And be, in heart, once more the cottage girl.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

It was a clear, cold, frosty afternoon, towards the close of as biting and shrewish a February as ever graced the calendar,—the air was sharp and bracing, the sky bright and cloudless, as in balmy June, but this only made the cold feel the more intense,—the hoar frost lighted up into glittering diamonds by the setting sun, lay upon the hedgerows and down in the hollows of the ridges, the sturdy old beech on the trim grass-plot seemed, for a fleeting interval, transformed into a tree of burnished gold, its thickly gnarled branches and gigantic trunk swaying back and forward as the rising wind rushed through it,—then the sun sank down behind the hills, and the crimsoned heavens hung vast and dim over the silent earth; the skylarks' vespers were hushed, and nothing broke the silence that ensued, but the splash of the water, as it fell over the old mill-wheel into the brook below.

A grim old fellow was that same wheel, and far and wide was the noise of his thunders heard in the silent vale,—how the water seethed, and boiled, and hissed, as he flew round and round, dashing it with savage glee over the ivy that clambered up the sides of the old mill; how the beam creaked, and the spokes groaned, as round and round he went,—he never stopped a moment!—what cared he for the darkness? he knew his work, and could do it, as well in the night as in the day,—it was all the same to him; so on he went, driving the rushing water down amongst spoke, and beam, and rafter: he liked the sport, and never was so miserable, as in the hot dog days, when he had run the mill race dry, and was doomed to rot in idleness. A sturdy old fellow was the mill-wheel, and bravely did he speed his work; and on flew the spokes, and round rolled the beam, and down came the foam into the boiling eddy below;—how the bubbles raced round and round, defying, in their sheer fragility, the power of their grim tormentor, who never let them rest for a moment, but when some, more adventurous than the rest, escaped from the pool, came down again with another terrific dash, that sent them racing along the mill-race again, until

they got breathing time under the alders, far out of sight and hearing of their tyrant.

A brave old fellow was the mill-wheel, and blithely did he do his work :—what more glorious in the hot days of summer, when even the fern in the mill-race hung droopingly, and the sunbeams defied the breezy elm to shut them out from the parched wood-sorrel down below in the coppice? what braver sport, when an Indian sultriness pervaded the air, to stand on the broad white flags, sheltered by ivy and honeysuckle odorous with blossom, and gaze up with dreamy delight upon the tireless old fellow, as he dashed the foam over his huge limbs, that now loomed out the darkness, grim and threatening as eye could picture, and anon glittering in a robe of dazzling white, as the hissing water hung on raft and beam?—what more reviving, to inhale the cool air of the place, and to feel an unconquerable longing to strip for the shower-bath that seemed to tempt one to such a step?—even the noise and eternal rush had something refreshing in it, after the silence and depression of the wood just traversed, for the old wheel had a tune of its own,—a lusty tune it was, deep, sonorous and measured,—none of your babbling jigs, that are done before they're well begun,—a deep, sonorous, lusty tune, that would not stop in its course, even for a nightingale;—a merry tune,—a hearty tune, that defied all the orchestras in the world to match it,—deep, bold and sturdy, with many a gentler bar, where the water went splish splash, as the old fellow paused to breathe again :—it was something vast and grand, to visit him in winter, too, when the hard frost bound the dull dark ground with an iron grasp, and night was coming down over the silent earth;—he looked so vast and grim in his prison-house, toiling away, that it almost took one's breath away to look at him,—the sense of dread he inspired made him well nigh as fascinating in winter, as his coolness and motion did in summer : a sturdy old fellow was the wheel, and round he flew with his groaning spokes and seething splashes of water, on the identical night of which we write.

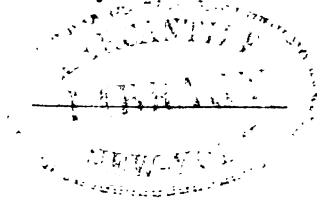
What cared he for the darkness?—didn't he catch a glimpse, at every whirl, of the little lattice window, and of the cozy parlour beyond?—couldn't he see the old eight-days' clock in the corner, though his own noisy brattle drowned the sound of its gentle ticking?—wasn't the fire-place bright, and clean, and snug, with a blazing fire roaring up the old chimney, and the miller's dusty dog, Towzer, blinking eagerly out of the corners of his eyes, at the sparks, as they flew about?—was there not a sense of snugness, even to him, to peep in, at every opportunity when he fancied they were not watching, and carry back to the darkness of his own domicile a vision of the ruddy fire-light gilding the oak rafters, and the clean white walls, with here a gun, and there an old-fashioned portrait, or a fishing-rod and net, hanging thereon?—was it

nothing that he could see, the sly rascal! the miller's neat-handed servant girl, Bessy, laying the cloth for tea, and watch her bring in a huge bowl of milk, with the thick cream on the top, smoking rashers of ham, the savouriness of which he fancied came through the little star-shaped bright panes, to cheer his hungry solitude; dainty white bread, a gouty tea-pot, with lazy mandarins nodding from the sides, under their broad sky-blue umbrellas, and little white and blue tea-cups, a dozen of which a man might drain, in the hottest day of summer, without fatiguing himself any thing to mention after all:—couldn't he see all this, and couldn't he see another damsel, whom he had known for years, almost from childhood, pre-side at that board, take her place there once again, and after sitting awhile, pretending to arrange everything to her liking, look up at last, tired with waiting for the burly miller himself, and glance out into the dark night, to get a glimpse of him,—of the old wheel,—as he flew round more merrily than ever for the look, although the eyes were sharp and grey, and the look a sour one,—but he had known Barbara Burton time out of mind, and could tell every feature in her face; her sharp, shrewish nose, pinched, blue lips, wrinkled cheeks, and furrowed brow, with a few wiry curls, planted like sentinels, on watch and ward over the dreary waste of sickly forehead below;—the old wheel knew Barbara, and Barbara knew him, and liked him too, if she could be said to like any thing, but herself, and her great black tom-cat, Pounce.

The lattice even glittered with the ruddy firelight that peeped out upon him from behind the cluster of ivy and honeysuckle that seemed to shut in and keep all snug. It was a rosy light—a joyous light—and the old wheel felt it to be so, for his voice rose up lustier than ever, and then the door of the snug little parlour opened, and the miller himself came in, followed by a couple of his friends, who nodded gaily to the miller's sister Barbara, and then sat down unbidden to the table. They cared little for ceremony, and least of all to Barbara Burton, who used little herself into the bargain.

Then the old wheel could see them drinking tea out of the little cups with the sky-blue mandarins on the sides—how critically he watched Barbara measure the tea out of a little ebony caddy and pour the boiling water upon it—it did not foam and hiss like the water he had to deal with all day long; then he could hear them talk, and caught a glimpse of their broad cheerful faces as he flew round, and even detected the chorus of a song of the miller's; he could see that the bread was crisp and dainty, and the rashers done to a turn, and he even perceived a smile gleam on the sour visage of the fair Barbara, although had any one but the old wheel detected a smile there, the burly miller would have given him a pocket full of virgin guineas out of his astonishment at being told of the astounding fact.

What a blithe little room it was, and what a merry little party they were that filled it! they seemed to have no care on their faces—not they—but were full of mirth and humour, and talked and laughed as if they had just laid a wager which could talk the others out of breath first. They ate and drank like cannibals, and all the while Barbara sat by in frigid silence, glancing contemptuously from one to the other as she pleased. The old wheel saw it all at a glance, and round flew the beam again, and down splashed the spray, and away rolled the frail bubbles out of the wheel-house into the stream beyond, dodging round the mossy stones, and huddling under the alders where the faint starlight gleamed silently upon them with their cold bright eyes,—on they went again into the cold air, and saw the stars once more by thousands below them, silent and fixed in their beds—and on raced the bubbles, until they perished in the waterfall, far away out of hearing of the sturdy water-wheel!



CHAPTER II.

OUT on the braggart wind! How he howled, and roared, and bellowed, in the old-fashioned chimney, as if he would fain carry the blazing fire that burned so bravely upon the hearth out into the dark frosty air in his blustering glee. The far-away woods creaked, and groaned, and crackled, as they battled with their destroyer, who reckless of resistance tossed them hither and thither in sport, now burying them in a whirlpool of dead leaves, now racing away over hill and dale, bending the young corn down in the hollows, and then turning sharp round again to his starting-place at the old mansion-house where he played at hide and seek with the family ghosts amongst the old gables. The wintry moon was on the wane, and would not rise till midnight, and dark heavy masses of clouds had obscured the stars that shone down upon the old mill-wheel, which though a mile or more away, you could almost swear you heard when the wind lulled for a moment and then rose up again more furious and unruly than ever for the brief respite he had given himself—out on the blustering rampant wind and the leaden clouds, that between them made the night as cold and cheerless out of doors as heart could wish.

As heart could wish, when, with one's ankles buried quite out of sight in the luxurious softness of lordly Brussels, the animal

members reclining in contented indolence, in a drowsy elbow chair, the noisy wind outside lulling the half-conscious faculties into a state of happy forgetfulness, with the old mastiff bitch curling herself up for a cosy nap at our feet, with nothing audible within doors but the dull, regular, monotonous, ticking of the old clock on the staircase, the ruddy firelight shedding a cheerful and genial glow on our jaded feet and legs,—we give ourselves up to the happiness of the time, and are soon lost in the thick-coming fancies that throng upon us to every thing but the luxury of our situation.

An old lady sate on a straight-backed, quaintly carved sofa, knitting. She wore a rich but plain fashioned gown of black, over which, as it reached the throat, a handkerchief of snowy muslin was fastened; her silvery hair was covered, though not entirely concealed, by her widow's cap, which in its simple details added to the beauty of the venerable face it shrouded—the features even yet were regular and comely, and the blue eyes still gleamed brightly when their owner smiled, but the great charm of all lay not in the fairness of the face nor the brightness of the eyes, but in the happy trustfulness that pervaded every feature.

Quickly and nimbly did the old lady's fingers ply the needles, and blithely did the old lady's eyes glance from time to time from the open book before her, now to her work, now to the time-piece on the shining sideboard, which pointed to the three quarters after eight, now to her companions, both of whom seemed entirely absorbed in their own occupations, and then back to her book and work again, the latter of which never for a moment stood still, let the truant gaze of its performer wander as it pleased.

The time-piece chimed three quarters, and at the same moment the door opened, and a rosy-cheeked girl came in, carrying a large tray in her hands. The cloth was laid in an instant—the old lady giving directions to her handmaid, as the latter placed one dish after another upon the table—now the remains of a sirloin of beef, now the half of a luscious brawn in its snowy napkin, now cakes and a lordly pasty, now bread and cheese, and lastly a jolly flaggon of home-brewed October with the creamy froth foaming over the brim.

The old lady glanced gaily from her work, when the girl had concluded her operations,—everything was so neat and clean; the sirloin was so juicy, the bacon so mottled, the ale so brisk, the bread so crisp and white,—it was quite a treat to see it all; and the knitting went on more vigorously than ever, and the windows rattled, and the logs blazed merrily up the wide, black, chimney, and the old lady sate back in her chair, and smiled gaily and cheerfully, for her heart was full of love, and pleasant thoughts of the past, and trustfulness in the future,—so the old lady thought and

smiled, and the knitting went on again, until the clock struck.

The clock struck,—it would never have been worth our while to chronicle the striking of the old time-piece, for it had done so every hour without ceasing, since the old lady's wedding-day, almost unnoticed,—had not the first stroke made one of the blithest faces God's glorious image was ever stamped on, to look up from the book it hung over, and turn with a loving gaze on the old lady whose eyes had been fixed for a long, a very long time upon it with quiet joy.

The eyes were of the softest hazel, large, full, and liquid; merry eyes they were! gay joyous eyes—laughing roguish eyes, albeit there was something of tenderness at times in their expression,—bright, laughing, coquetish eyes,—mischievous, danger-lurking eyes, that knew the power they possessed, and could use it too when needs were, and as they gazed, their owner sprang up, and with a merry laugh, flung her arms round the old lady's neck, well nigh burying the venerated cap with its deep borders and elaborate folds in a shower of brown hair, long, bright, and falling like a flash of light over a neck white as snow and graceful as a swan's.

“My dear Dinah, you are smothering me,” gasped the old lady, almost breathless with caresses, “there! girl, there! sit down again, or Stephen will think you mad, when he comes in, love.”

So saying, the old lady drew her arms round Dinah's waist and imprinting a kiss on her brow, gazed fondly upon her as the merry-hearted girl hung with mock gravity over her chair, her little hand smoothing the ruffled coiffure and grey hairs of her aged friend.

It was the daintiest little hand mortal lips ever touched, and so the old lady thought, for she took it gently within her own and pressed it kindly,—and at that moment the door opened with a bang, and three young men, all talking and laughing merrily, entered the room.

They were all in a glow with the exercise of walking against the wind, which had blown their hair about their faces, in most admirable confusion,—fine, tall, broad-chested, manly looking, fellows they were, with ruddy faces, dark laughing eyes, full of roguery and fun, cheery, rollicking voices, that made the heart leap to hear them, well-shaped limbs, full of youthful grace and vigour, and fully capable of wielding a cricket bat, reining in a violent horse, and securing their owners from not a few of the many hard knocks, that every one, be he gentle or simple, meets with in his passage through the world.

“Supper ready?” demanded the foremost of the three fore he had well entered the room,—“Mordaunt and Dick are both as hungry as wolves, so pray, mother, don't keep them waiting.”

Now it was rather above a joke, this, when the supper had been waiting well on to half an hour for them, and so the old lady told him, but Stephen Harding only laughed and took his place beside her at table, the young man he called Mordaunt, sate down beside merry little Dinah, whilst Dick supported Stephen's sister Lucy at the head of the table.

We have not had a glimpse of Lucy yet,—but one word will describe her,—she was rosy, plump, and loveable,—rather taller than her merry friend, Dinah, more staid in her movements, more firm in her intentions; she had dark hair, which she had a happy knack of disposing in very becoming folds on her classic forehead, a cheerful good-tempered smile, plenty of colour, which in summer gained an additional glow from sun-tan, good nose and mouth, pearly teeth, and a well shaped Hebe-like figure, the attractions of which Lucy farther increased by a graceful and modest carriage. Lucy was one of the best managers on the country-side, but she came of a good stock, the men of which were famed, far and wide, for their ploughing, and threshing, and stacking, and grazing; and the women for their poultry and butter, spring chickens, eggs and honey. Of a good old stock came Lucy Harding, and far and wide spread the fame of her beauty, gentleness, and housewifely qualities, and many a manly young squire who tilled his own broad acres, and lived under the shade of his own ancestral oaks, thought of Stephen Harding's pretty sister, but those who had ventured to breathe of love to Lucy had met with a decided refusal, and were doomed to sigh over woman's cruelty, in single blessedness.

On all but one had Lucy looked coldly, and that one was our old friend, Barbara's burly brother, Dick, who from being a great friend of Stephen's, and very much about the house had unconsciously come to be looked upon as one of the family. Dick fished and hunted, planned and plotted with Stephen Harding, grizzled and quarrelled, and all but swore deadly enmity with Stephen's mischievous cousin Dinah, read the County Herald to happy smiling old Mrs. Harding, and made love after his own fashion to our quiet, demure little Lucy,—Dick was the universal Machiavel of the district in which he dwelt, for who but Dick Burton could lay down the law in all disputes connected with his favourite games of cricket and bowls?—Dick was chief bowler, batter, wicket-stopper, and umpire, when quarrels broke out of the united parishes of Wilton cum Willersden-under-Dale, in the fair old county of sunny Hereford,—Dick could beat the Squire's gamekeeper as a shot, and catch more trout and gudgeons than the village pedagogue, who by some means or other had come to be considered the Izaak Walton of the place.

A merry, jovial, rollicking, devil-may-care, roystering fellow, was Dick Burton, with a loud, noisy, cheery, voice, spirits that never flagged, a jest always on his lips, ever in a scrape, yet with a mind

so futile in expedients that the same hour beheld him head over ears in difficulties, and laughing at those who had entangled their roguish victim in their specious trap,—a rough loud voice, had Dick Burton, and merrily did the black oak rafters of the Abbey Farm ring o' the winter nights with the strains of Dick's manly voice,—fine heart-stirring strains that made the blood race in the veins of his auditors, and their hands clench as Chevy Chase and Otterburn with the Percy and the Douglas fighting hand to hand and glaive to glaive rose up before them, whilst the old lady, smiling even through her tears, would take off her spectacles and wipe her eyes, for many a time and oft had she heard them sung in early times by one long, long dead, whose youth had been just as full of mirth and gaiety as Dick Burton's.

Dick was fair and frank-looking, with great broad shoulders, athletic limbs, and a brawny chest; he generally wore a black velvet shooting coat, the pockets of which were handy for carrying the hares and rabbits that he shot in his rambles,—he usually carried a gun too, and was always followed by a little wiry terrier as ugly as the devil himself, and as bad tempered too,—the very terror and scourge of the little unbreeched barefooted parish brats was Dick's dog Smouch, but the more the tide of popular juvenile feeling ran against Smouch, the more did Dick stand up for his wiry four-footed dependant: he could fetch and carry like a Christian, Dick said, and Lucy corroborated his testimony, for Smouch had incontinently on one occasion, purloined Lucy's private bag, which she had laid aside for a few minutes one night on the seat of the summer-house, and which bag, amongst other valuables very provokingly contained a little bright bit of gold coin, the fellow of which Dick himself constantly carried about with him, and a letter fraught with vows of eternal love, adoration and constancy, the production of a certain broad-shouldered, brawny chested gentleman, whose swarth cheeks grew red as crimson when Stephen Harding handed Lucy, in his presence, the bag, with a caution to take better care of such valuables in future. From that time everybody began to look upon Dick in the light of a married man, and speculate on the chance of wedding cake and white favours,—nobody could exactly determine whether Harding or Mordaunt, would be groomsman, though every one agreed that it must be one of the two. Dinah Linton quizzed Dick and Lucy unmercifully about all these arrangements when Stephen and old Mrs. Harding were out of hearing, but not even Dinah, quizzical as she was, could vex sweet Lucy, and as for Dick, nobody thought much of his quarreling and bickering with the mischievous madcap, who would jump up from her chair, to let Dick sit next her cousin with the most provoking gravity, if the room were full of company, and even scrupled not to call every one's attention to the lovers by

notifying to him aloud that her seat was at liberty if he chose to make use of it.

Wicked little Dinah !

The most provoking thing in all this tyranny was that the lovers never could bring it home to Dinah that she had ever felt the tender passion or jilted a lover : she was eighteen, blithe and buxom, with one of the jauntiest figures mortal ever clapped eyes upon, with a bright loveable face always lighted up with a roguish smile, a pair of merry hazel eyes, a slightly turned-up nose (the true nasal organ of a coquette) a pair of ripe pouting lips like twin roses or cherries, with pearly teeth continually peeping behind their vermilion bars, neck and shoulders that would have shamed Cleopatra or Nell Gwynne for whiteness and grace, the neatest waist, the daintiest hand, and most fairy-proportioned foot, ever coquette possessed. Dinah's eyes were perpetually in motion, and Dinah's laugh was always ringing in your ears—now at the top of the house, loud and boisterous as that of a romp, and behind doors and at open windows, floating away like that of a fairy—now in sly little coppices, and by the hazel bushes at the bottom of the garden—anywhere and everywhere was Dinah's voice clear and melodious as a lark's, ever changing, ever joyous, for Dinah's heart was the merriest heart in all the shire, and Dinah in the fulness of her glee sang, laughed, flirted, and did everything but sigh or fall in love from rosy morn till dewy eve.

"What a dull dolesome life you must lead, Mr. Mordaunt, at that old ugly house of your uncle's. Always and ever the same—no company, no songs, no merry junkettings, no visiting—morn, noon, and night, nobody but old Marmaduke Hutton and his snuffy housekeeper to look at, and they're both so antiquated that one fancies oneself in the company of a pair of Egyptian mummies."

"Dinah !" replied Stephen Harding, angrily, "you forget yourself, to-night, I think."

"Nonsense, Stephen," retorted Dinah, with a toss of her little head, "truth is truth always, and Mr. Walter knows too well that I speak the truth to be offended. The grange is the stupidest place to spend one's days in that can be, and sooner than have the chance of being mewed up there all my days, I'd let old Marmaduke Hutton's gold go a begging, and set forward to seek my own fortunes in the world."

Mordaunt's cheeks flushed, and his brow contracted, as she said this, but he did not speak.

"And what would my wiseacre cousin Dinah do, if I may ask, when she went to seek her fortunes in the world?" demanded young Harding, laughing.

"Do ! do what every spirited young fellow would do in such a

case," cried Dinah. I'd quarrel with old Hutton first and foremost; he's an old hunk, so that would be very easy, Walter—ask for a few of his gold pieces—say that you've a pretty mistress, and wish to give her a toy that will cost something, a gold chain to fasten your portrait to—or tell him you want to keep a hunter, and, by the bye, your brown cob is getting old and stumbling—and subscribe to the Darley hounds—tell him any thing of this kind, and make the poor old thing disown you and threaten you with a shilling and shelter in his will—then renounce him in good set terms, and take the road to London or Hereford as you please—either of them will lead you to better quarters."

"Very sensible advice, and which if acted upon would bring our friend Walter to the gallows or the work-house," rejoined Stephen, sarcastically, "to the work-house first, for you've made no provision for his existence, Miss Dinah."

"Walter could work," cried Dinah, angrily.

"At what?"

"Anything—he's young, and clever enough."

"At stone-breaking, or hedging and ditching, or watching a game preserve," retorted Stephen; "any fool can do these, and I'm afraid Mordaunt's qualifications do not extend beyond these."

"Mr. Hutton is to thank for that," said Dinah, seriously. "A mean, pitiful old screw that he is—a lean hunk! But Walter would do well enough: he is passable in his looks, and who knows but that in his adventures some rich heiress might fall in love and marry him out of hand—stranger things have happened."

"And then of course my fortune would be made," broke in the subject of the conversation, as gravely as he could. "It's a capital plot; and if any kindred spirit would join me, I'd set off to-morrow with right good heart. But where can I fall in with one?"

"Take Dinah. She's so fertile in expedients that you would never go supperless to bed; and, as she said of you, she's passable enough to win her way with the world, if success rests on a person's good looks."

"In that case Stephen Harding would die a bankrupt," said Dinah, with a mock bow, playing, as she spoke, with her knife and fork.

"I'm afraid my little Dinah would soon weary of hunting adventures with a hungry stomach," said old Mrs. Harding, smiling. "You have spoken rather too freely, too, love."

Mordaunt protested against this, and said he had often thought of a similar plan.

"Why should I hang upon my uncle's means as I do?" said he, frankly. "I'm poor enough, but I'm young and strong, and carry a good heart with me, so that there's little fear of being reduced to beg my bread from door to door. I'm a beggar now on

one who grudges every groat he gives me, and something within me whispers that it would be more manly to venture every thing on my own merits, than live thus an idle pensioner on him—nay, don't speak, Stephen: even you, my dear friend, cannot make it otherwise—Dinah has plainly given the true side of the picture—I eat the bread of idleness, and bitter are its fruits. I am losing my own self-respect—that self-respect which makes a man bear many hardships—and sooner or later Dinah's plan must be put in execution."

He spoke this with the air of one who weighed every word as it was uttered, and whose mind was fully made up. Nothing could move him from his purpose—the more they reasoned with him, the more doggedly did he cling to it.

"Your uncle is getting very infirm," said Stephen, with a very anxious face, for he felt a great friendship for Mordaunt.

"Age does not make him a whit more generous," rejoined the young man; "and if it did, he may live twenty years yet. He is very wiry and temperate in his living—old Posset makes very little by him in a twelvemonth."

"But he may die suddenly," said Dick Burton, who liked Walter Mordaunt's company too well to think of parting with him in this manner: "people die suddenly every day."

"Could you bear to wait for another man's shoes, Dick?" demanded Mordaunt, sternly.

"Lor, no! I'd sooner pick oakum or make cabbage nets."

"Then I needn't answer your supposition. I won't wait for my uncle's shoes; he may live to want them many a day yet, my lad."

"It's a weary thing to find oneself launched without friends or a home upon the world," said the old lady, with tears in her eyes; "you're young and inexperienced, Walter—live and hope, my dear, and bear every thing patiently."

"With some men I could, but not with him."

"Shame on you, then! is he not your own flesh and blood?"

"He is. My poor mother on her deathbed"—and the young man's words quivered, they fancied, as they were uttered—"gave me into his care—its many a long year ago, but child as I was, I recollect it; he promised he would protect me, and look how he has kept his promise. Am I one inch nearer the goal every young man strives for—one whit more capable of getting my own living—one tittle more independent of him? No; he keeps me in idleness solely that I may be dependent upon him, and daily, nay hourly, does he make me feel this. It is a long while before the cup gets to the brim, but when once full, a single drop will overflow it. I have borne much from this man—I cannot call him by a more sacred name, or I would—contumely, oppression, and disdain, because then all hope had not died from my heart, but now I begin

to feel the iron enter into my soul, and I am resolved, come good or evil, ere long to put an end to such degradation. And now I must be going, for it is getting very late—good night, one and all.” And before even Stephen could stop him he had risen from table, crossed the hall with rapid strides, and was walking on in the darkness towards the Grange.

“Stop him, Stephen,—for the love of God stop Wat ; he’s clean crack’t to-night,” cried Dick Burton, almost breathless with horror and astonishment : “he’ll do mischief to some one as sure as fate—wait, I’ll go home with him : I can sleep at Mick Dryden’s all night. Good night to you all, good night Lucy. It’s a good mile to the Grange, and there’s half a dozen ponds in the way, without reckoning the little brook beside the bridge—good bye again.”—and Dick, who all this while had been flattening his hat upon his head in a very excited manner, and buttoning his shooting coat up to the chin, darted out after his friend, whom he innocently suspected to be not very sound in his mind to talk in this manner of throwing off his uncle’s protection, and seeking his fortune in the world—a step that would have convicted him of being clean raving mad before any commission in England.

“Put an end to such degradation ! what the deuce does the fool mean by such a speech ? Pretty degradation he’ll find it catering for an empty stomach three or four times a day ! Degradation indeed ! he’ll find out what degradation is before long—”

And fired by his own reflections, the sound-hearted, yet simple, Richard Burton, strode on after his friend, shouting and halloing as he went, in the hope that Walter hearing his voice would stop until he came up and joined him.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT a wild, shrewish, blustering, riotous wind it was, to be sure !—now dying away in the distance, as if tired out with the sport,—now flying back again right in his face, trying to get under his hat, to pull it off, blowing his hair about his eyes, till he could scarcely see, and then spattering a few rain-drops in his face, as if with the hope of making him turn back, by throwing cold water on his fiery resolution of seeing Walter Mordaunt home ;—a noisy, shrewish wind it was, and Dick Burton was sore put to, to battle against it, but at last the wind gave in, out of sheer despair.

Dick breathed a little more freely then;—he gave a cheery halloo, and dived wildly down the path that his friend must have taken, to get home by. He fancied he heard voices in the distance,—probably Mordaunt, talking to himself, as he went on his way,—and cheered by this discovery, Dick bade defiance to the rain, that began to pour down, and shouting out again in the joy of such an expectation, ran on until he came upon the high road.

He turned a sharp corner, where a few trees grew, and then he could hear the voices distinctly; there seemed to be, not one, but half-a-dozen, and a female tongue amongst the number; they appeared to be stationary, too, for although he gained upon them, they were not advancing towards him.

“Some poor wretches that have stopped Wat to enquire the way,” thought Dick, and as this made him run the faster, he presently came upon a post-chaise, lying overturned in the middle of the road, whilst a postilion, an elderly man, and a couple of females, were grouped beside it;—they were all talking very fast, and this acquainted Dick with what number they were, the night being so dark, that he could only discern their relative sexes, without satisfying himself either as to the age of the females, or their appearance:—one of the horses that had brought the travellers thus far on their journey, was lying alongside of the carriage; the other, Dick afterwards found, was fastened to a tree.

“How much farther is it to Ripley Grange, young man?” demanded a harsh voice, as Dick approached, unobserved, by the speaker.

“Better nor a mile at the least, sir,” rejoined the post-boy; “its nobbut heavy at t’ best, but the devil himself would scarcely ventur on going there th’ night.”

“And why not, pray?”

“The bridge was carried away last Tuesday week, and the ford’s too deep and rapid to ventur of a night; Squoire Yarbrow lost his grey meare on Saturday there, in open day, and we’d hardly have a better chance at night, with a heavy chaise, sir, and nobbut one horse to drag it wi’—now! now, sir, we munna’ gae to Ripley t’night!”

“What, in the name of fortune, is to be done, then, my lad?” cried the harsh voice, impatiently; “the rain is coming down in torrents.”

“Do! why, gae till Mick Drydens for the night;—there’s good entertaint for man and beast there, sir,—dry beds, good liquour, plenty of room, bacon rashers for supper, and sharp waiting.—Mick’s guests live in clover, i’ faith,—its nobbut a mile or so, and its on this side of the water, too:—if ye’ll lend a hand, I’ll put t’ould meare intil t’ chaise, and we’ll get there as soon as we can,—that is, if you wouldn’t prefar walking there,—the road’s safe

enough, and we could send Mick's stableman for t' horses when we got there."

"I should prefer going direct to Ripley Grange, if it could be done," broke in the harsh voice.

"Well, if you'll ventur on it, I'm willing," said the post-boy; "But only I warn you, the water 'ill sure to carry chaise and all clean away;—ye may get to Ripley Grange, but it 'ill only be to be buried, sir; and neither yerself nor the lady 'ud like that!"

"Oh, father, for dear sake don't venture on such a step," interposed a shrill voice; "if we should get drowned:—but here is some one coming, that will perhaps help us;—it's so dark, I really cannot make out what he's like,"—and here the shrill voice gradually died away in a whisper, as Dick Burton approached.

"What is the matter, Seth," demanded he of the post-boy.

"Lor, Measter Richard, is it you?—i' faiks you've just come in time," returned the jockey, in a delighted tone; we've had such a heavy road down t' hill, as to make us capsize; and the upshot of it all is, we're here in a complete fix, and are in luck to fall in with you."

"Top-heavy, you rascal?" ejaculated the harsh voice; "what the devil do you mean?—didn't I bargain with your employer, to convey us to Ripley Court for a stipulated sum?—and, if we're overloaded, is it not his fault, instead of mine, eh?"

"I doant know whose fault it is, measter," rejoined the man, doggedly; "It may be his, or it may be your'n, but top-heavy we is; and that, Measter Dick, is the cause of our being pulled up here:—it's onpossible to get to Ripley to-night, and, as I was saying, when you came up,——"

"Hold your tongue, you prosy rascal," cried the harsh voice, passionately; "who cares to know what you were saying?"—and then the owner of the sharp voice, turning to Dick, demanded of him "whether it was possible to get to Ripley Court that night, or not."

The post-boy nudged Dick's elbow, before he could give an answer. Dick felt that the stranger was watching his features narrowly, although the darkness prevented his discerning them. "The ford was very dangerous," he said, "and Michael Dryden's house could accommodate them all very well;—it was not a low way-side ale-house," Dick said, and Seth corroborated the statement;—"the night had turned in very wet, and, altogether, he thought it the more advisable to put up at the Spotted Greyhound, than run the risk of a ducking, if not worse."

"Worse nor a ducking," chuckled Seth.

"Worse nor a ducking?" echoed another female voice, equally shrill, and equally agitated; "Lud a mussy on us all!"

"Hold your fool's tongue, Kitty," broke in the man with the harsh voice, again; "one is enough:—perhaps you would be

kind enough to show us the way to this Dryden's, sir, as you are going the same road?—one of our horses is either lamed, or killed outright; the night is getting late, and my daughter is not used to so much fatigue,—in fact, we are all knocked up,—and if you would help us in this dilemma, we should be very much beholden to you."

"You're p'raps going to sleep at Dryden's to night, Measter Dick," suggested the post-boy, handling his traces.

"I really am terrified at being out after dark," cried the shrill voice again,—“its really dreadful, such work.”

"And so am I, Miss Susan," chimed in the Abigail, "Lord, a'mussy on us, if highwaymen or pads were to fall upon us, what a heasy prey we'd be to them, mem."

"Hold your tongue, Kitty," interposed her mistress.

"Lord, Miss, I was only a thinking,—if we were only out of this 'ere place, and safe and snug atween sheets,—that's all I cares for, mem, and between you and me, Miss Susan, its very deangerous this ere lonely spot, that it is."

"Hold your tongue, Kitty Noggles,—if you speak another word I will discharge you immediately," said the shrill voice imperiously.

"A month's wages or warning," grumbled the disconsolate Kitty, "double wages, mem, for be'en turned out of doors on sich a night, I only wish we were in doors 'owever 'umble,—'ome is 'ome be it never so 'omely, I say, and now I've done, but if that young man would jest get us 'oused I'd be thankful for my 'umble share."

This expression of feeling was apparently shared in by the others, for the shrill voice gave a confirmatory hem, and the old man, for Dick had now discovered the stranger to be advanced in years, again made his former proposition.

"Mordaunt will be home by this," thought Dick, recollecting how much time he had himself lost by this meeting, "and if he is not, none but a witch could find him, and after all I don't much relish the walk back from the Grange to the Spotted Greyhound: he therefore expressed his readiness to convey them to Mick's hospitable domicile, and turning round, he was setting off with the old man and his daughter, when a shriek from the maid, arrested their steps.

"Oh dear a dear, Miss,—its onpossible to leave all this precious and wallyable cargo in the chase,—there's all your caps and bonnets with the 'fishals in 'em,—there's half a dozen new dresses, and every one a bran new hair bustle in 'em."

"Catherine Noggles, you infamous girl," broke in her mistress.

"Mem!"

"Be so good as to leave everything in the charge of the man, unless you choose to remain to take care of them, and come after us in the chaise."

"Me, mem! not I,—I'm thankful I can say I never was out with any man after dark, except once at Greenwich Fair, with a young man as came from the Ingies, and he was a black,—no, thank my stars, nobody ever laid it to my door, that I coorted any mortal man's company,—no! no! Kitty Noggles' repytation is unspottled, and I 'ope, 'umbly 'ope! it may all'ays be so; and so, by your leave mem, I'd rather accompany you, if it's all the same," and after particularising every dress in the rumble, and under the seats, and on the top, and in the boot to the post-boy, Kitty Noggles strode vigorously forward, after Dick Burton and his new friends, blessing her stars, that the good Samaritan in the shape of a sweet, broad-shouldered, black-eyed, huge-whiskered young man, had at last come to their resky, and was a'goin' to take them to a hark of ref-huge "'owever 'umble and 'omely;" the night was very dark, but Kitty made up for her scanty knowledge of Dick's personal appearance, by depicting him after her own idea of manly beauty, and so she trudged on, soliloquising and muttering to herself until the Spotted Greyhound with its little old-fashioned panes, glowing like a forge in the dark night, rose on their view, and Kitty's thoughts turned into another channel.

"It's a blessed mussy, we warn't all a rifled and killed houtright," thought the poor girl, with a shudder; "it's what we none o' us 'ud ever 'ave survived;" and with this comfortable reflection, she crossed Mick Dryden's threshhold, and giving herself a shake like a Newfoundland dog when he comes out of the water, walked instinctively, straight off to the regions of the kitchen, where she at once made herself at home, and was soon cheek by jowl with a blear-eyed barmaid, a couple of long-legged gamekeepers, and the parish clerk, a cadaverous looking old man with a large nose, who was getting a rasher of ham and eggs for supper.

"I'm all a dripping, mem, I hassure you," cried Kitty, with a mincing air, as she lifted up her cloak and gown in corroboration of the assertion, "I'm blessed if I ever did see sich roads as these 'ere in your country; we dined at 'Ereford and changed 'orses there, for my mawster didn't wish to go ravigenous as he said, to Ripley Grange, but deary me, jest as we got within sight, our chese broke down, and but for a sweet young gentleman with black heyese and large whiskers, and who is now in the parlour with mawster and misses, we might have had our throats cut, and been buried in a cross road, with ever so many stakes run through our bodies, jest to keep us down,—really it's quite hountrageous, and if I was mawster, I'd 'dite the whole county for it, that I would, or my name isn't Noggles."

Miss Noggles here gave her head a very contemptuous fling, and

was going on again with her opinion about highwaymen and chaises, when the landlady came in all in a bustle,—the party in the blue parlour wanted something light for supper,—four beds were to be aired, for Mr. Burton would stay all night, and the carpets had to be laid down in the best lodging-room,—the cadaverous clerk was snubbed and jostled about as if he was nobody,—Mrs. Dryden fussed, and fumed, and rated the blear-eyed bar-maid,—upset the dripping into the fire, and scalded her hands in pouring water over the blaze, to extinguish it, the two gamekeepers sate and looked on in sulky curiosity, sipping their mulled beer, and exchanging glances from time to time, whilst Kitty having solaced herself with a light meal of cold beef and bacon, washed it down with a pint of stout, and then condescended to attend so far to her mistress's wants as to deliver her dictum as to what she knew she would eat and what she would not.

"It's all a fancy she has, mem, I hassure you," said the hand-maid with an affectation of pity, "it's all the heffects of her edycation, my dear mem ; I was quite as well brought up, I do hassure you, for Miss Susan wasn't allays the fine ledde she his now, but fine feathers make fine birds, say I, and fine birds want fine grain, it's not allays the daintiest fowl that's the most vallyable, and if all had their own, somebody that I know wouldn't be quite so muc' as she is, but I don't mention names, and mum's the word, mem."

"You'll want bed-linen ma'am," said Mrs. Dryden, as soon as, with her guest's assistance, she had sent in the supper to the parlour, "you're just about my height, so that two of my gowns will exactly suit you, and the young lady ; they're only plain, but they're quite clean and as sweet as rue."

"Oh ! as for that, mem, you needn't 'pollygise,'" said Kitty patronisingly, "both misses and myself can put hup with coarse fare sometimes ; it's not what we are accustomed to, at 'ome, I can hassure you ; we live like duchesses, when we're in town, and as that postillion has not brought the chaise up yet, I'll be obliged, mem, by your haccomodating us with a change of linen to sleep in, we must not be nice, I fancy."

In the meanwhile, Dick Burton got on but indifferently with his new acquaintances, the old gentleman seemed one of the tightest screws he had ever come across, doling out honest Mrs. Dryden's juicy beef-steaks, as sparingly as if every slice had been part and parcel of his own body, appropriating the mustard castor, and the pepper to his own emolument, hedging up the celery into his left hand corner, far out of reach even, of his daughter ; a griping old hunks did Dick think him, and as the latter remarked his keen glittering eyes, strongly lined face, sinister expression of countenance and sharp lips, he began to regret the pains he had been at to see him housed so snugly for the night, and half wished that he had

seconded the stranger's evident desire to get to Ripley Grange that night, and let him run the risk of a ducking; Dick scarcely thought he would have met with worse.

"This Marmaduke Hutton is rich, is he not sir?" demanded he in his harsh imperious tone.

Dick started, for he had been speculating on the probable chances that could bring such strange-looking guests to the Grange, and fancying that he had been detected by the other in the act, answered very confusedly, that report generally gave Mr. Hutton credit for the possession of wealth. The stern features relaxed a little, when Dick said this, and then the eating went on more furiously than ever, for the harsh-voiced man, however he stinted his daughter and Dick, in the contents of Mrs. Dryden's dishes, made ample amends for such frugality, by the liberal bestowal he made of such slight edibles on himself.

"And of his family, young man? has he any one living on him but the nephew of whom we have heard?"

Dick darted a look of anger over the table, when this was said, for he did not much admire either the tone in which it was uttered, nor the phrase itself.

"He has only a nephew living with him, sir," rejoined he with emphasis.

"Ha! and of this youth,—let us hear something of him, report says he is entirely dependent on his good uncle for his subsistence; I only echo what rumour says, my dear sir," and the iron jaws, gulped down another huge slice of steak.

"Rumour tells a lie, then, sir," retorted Dick angrily.

"Indeed! I am rather surprised to hear it; has the young man anything independent of his uncle?" inquired the other with a sly kind of irony, that worried Dick amazingly.

"Why no, perhaps not; my friend Wat is rather dependent on old Marmaduke, sir, but the old man has so often been heard to say that he should be his heir, that every one here-about has come in time to look on him in the light of being already in possession of the Grange."

The old man glanced at his daughter when Dick said this, in a very peculiar manner, which had its effects upon the burly miller quite as fully as on the young lady herself.

"And you amongst the rest, then, look upon your friend as already standing in his uncle's shoes, sir?" said the old man in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, sir, I do."

There was the glance again; Dick couldn't tell what to make of it at all, for although the look of itself might be innocent enough, yet the livid hue of the face that conveyed it, the yellow eyeballs, overshadowed by their grizzly brows, the hard, wrinkled, designing countenance, the leering jaws, disclosing a few hideous

fangs, that looked as if they had been thrown in at random, as make-shifts for teeth, and above all, the stern grating voice had an effect upon Dick, the unpleasantness of which he could not reconcile with his reason, strive as hard as ever he would.

After a time the young lady retired to bed, and the old man having called for a tumbler of brandy and water, betook himself to the chimney corner, where with his great ungainly person well-nigh buried in a huge easy chair, and his hard-favoured visage but dimly visible by reason of the darkness, he sat gazing abstractedly upon Dick, whose honest, sun-burnt, bluff, manly, face and athletic figure seemed at every moment to stand out in bolder relief in comparison with the uncouth proportions of his companion.

"If it is not unpleasant to you, sir," said Dick, who had in turn seated himself on the other side of the hearth, "I would just take a pipe before turning in for the night. A pipe soothes one mightily after supper: a pipe, sir, is a good companion, and a good friend too when it's gone, it leaves pleasant thoughts after it, sir, it makes a man sociable to his neighbours, and harbours kindly thoughts to his fellow-beings,—a pipe, in fact, sir, when used in moderation, is a great moral agent: a great moral agent is a pipe, sir, and though some men inveigh against it——"

"You are perfectly welcome to smoke, sir, if you choose," said the harsh-visaged man, with a sour look: "I never smoke, myself, though from being sometimes thrown into the company of smokers I am in a manner rather seasoned to it."

"Dick was dumb-founded for a moment, but he soon rallied again; "Did you never smoke, sir?" he inquired, as he took a whiff.

"Never, sir."

"Then I'd advise you to try; just once in a way, you know: it makes a man so sociable, sir, so hearty, and such good company, too. Let me ring the bell for Mick Dryden, sir, and he will initiate you into the mysteries of smoking in a twinkling; it really is a pleasurable occupation, sir, and for an old man"——

"My father lived to reach his ninetieth year, sir," growled the other, with an angry look, "and though I'm rather lean and wiry, sir, I'd have you know I have as unbroken health, sound rude health, as e'er a young fellow of five-and-twenty, be he who he likes."

Dick glanced covertly over to the dark corner where the speaker sat, whose gaunt figure he could with difficulty recognize drawn to its fullest height, as if in assertion of its undoubted right of remaining above ground as long as it pleased; the stranger was looking at him, too, so he withdrew his gaze as quietly as possible, and solaced himself with his pipe, the smoke from which gradually

cast a dim curtain round the room, enveloping the blackened rafters and irregular walls, the red curtains in the window, and the huge chair his companion occupied, in a dubious mist. Dick would fain have hid the old man's visage, too, from his memory, had not the latter provokingly recalled himself incessantly to his recollection by emitting a short husky cough whenever the miller sent a fresh puff from his pipe to mingle with the mist already mentioned.

Dick smoked away more determinately than ever; the short husky cough made him do so more than he otherwise would. It was not a hearty cough at all: quite the reverse. It was a snarling cough, a cough that aggravated those it was aimed at far more effectually than any volley of invectives could have done. It was a sour irritable peevish cough, and Dick felt it to be so the very first time he heard it: so he smoked away more vigorously than ever, determined to annoy his companion, who by some singular means he had gradually come to look upon in the light of an opponent, in the only quarter in which he seemed to be assailable,—his dislike of tobacco-smoke.

Dick was the very reverse of an ill-natured fellow; no one had a better or a warmer heart, but he hated meanness and acerbity as much as man could do, and considered himself quite justifiable in using any means to pay these dubious virtues in their own coin. He had been nettled, too, by the strange manner in which the stranger had alluded to the position Walter Mordaunt occupied in his uncle's favour, and this only increased the growing dislike he felt for the latter's company and conversation. He loved his pipe, too, and felt a contempt for the man who did not share this passion with him; so he smoked on in silence, listening to the short husky cough, and then getting entangled in speculations relative to the supposed object of this man's visit to Marmaduke Hutton, who had'n't had a visitor in his house for years.

Whatever was the cause that brought him thither, his stay was evidently intended to be a pretty long one; he would not have brought his daughter and maid and a whole chaise-full of clothes and luggage if his sojourn was intended to be a brief one; he talked of Walter, too, as if he considered him in the light of an intruder about the place, instead of being Marmaduke Hutton's heir, and there seemed to be a secret understanding between him and his daughter which puzzled Dick, who had caught their eyes meeting several times very significantly whenever Mordaunt's name was mentioned, more than all the rest put together.

Whatever was the cause, the subject of these speculations seemed by no means disposed to solve them: he sate coughing and sipping his liquor alternately until the night was pretty far advanced, apparently too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice his companion. Dick caught an indistinct word from time to time, as

if he was muttering to himself, but as the old man did not renew the conversation, nor interfere with the pipe, Dick was forced to fall back on his old perplexities again, and at last from wishing the old man at the devil, he half began to fancy him that much maligned person himself, which he very well might have been, he fancied, as far as his ugliness was concerned.

Having arrived at this conclusion, it was some relief to hear him get up at last and say good night, after his own harsh grating way. Dick saw the door close upon him, and went on smoking more at his ease; the room actually looked more cheerful, he fancied, when he had gone, the fire blazed more merrily up the chimney, and the tobacco smelt more racy and odorous—he had been quite a wet blanket on his enjoyment, and Dick was about to rate him in good round terms, albeit he was absent, when the door gently opened, and a head and shoulders were thrust in, followed after a pause by a very short stiff body and a pair of bandy legs.

The legs were cased in a pair of top boots and leather breeches, and the upper man in a yellow cord jacket buttoned up to the breast, the whole pertaining to and forming part of the worldly goods and chattels of Seth Wanley the post-boy.

“Well, Seth, my lad, come in,” cried Dick, when he had recognized the little wrinkled-up face, disfigured by a long dark scar running from the upper lip across the right cheek to the eye, and red hair of our old acquaintance; “you’ve a long and a cold ride before you, in my mind, so you’d better sit down and help me to finish the jug before you go; it’s a long stage to Har’ford, and especially with a lame horse.”

“It is, Measter Dick, a very long ride; and what makes it longer, that gentleman as I brought down is one o’ the meanest files as I ever came across,” returned Seth, with a sardonic leer; “he’s a perfect griffin, and nothing less;—Lor love ye, I mind the times when a real gentleman thowt shame of offering a boy less nor a five-bob piece, but this ould screw for his nowt less thowt a tester quite good pay enough for such a heavy job;—and then there’s the lame ’oss, too! the quality allays gave summut hextra for that, but he!” and Seth’s ire, which had gradually been rising to boiling-over point, here reached its climax, and stopped his eloquence and his wrongs at once.

“Do you know who he is, Seth?” demanded Dick, at last.

“No:—he came down last night by t’ heavy coach from Lon’on by himself, I believe,—at least ould Bartle tould me he was joined at Har’ford by the young ’oman he calls his daughter, and her maid there; and when I came in at noon, the osses were ordered out again, a’most immediately, and put to for him here;—they were a’most knocked up when we started, and howhever we got so far, the Lord only knows, for I don’t:—it’s a burning shame, Measter Dick, and now’t else, and that I’ll tell ’em, when I get ’ome.”

"And did he not give you any directions, when he paid you, about coming for them again?"

"Not a word:—he said, when I haxed, he would most likely stay at th' Grange abit, and was onsartin when he should want t' move again;—no, no, sir! he's got his nose into ould Marmaduke's pocket, and t'ant anything would rake it out;—his name, too's, as outlandish as anything else;—who ever heerd of a Pestlepolge afore?—Humphra' Pestlepolge!—oh, Lor, Measter Dick, I'm afeard it's t' devil in arnest that's coming to ould Hutton!—Humphra' Pestlepolge!—it beats Salamander or Nebuchanezzar clean to smithers;—it's my opinion, he is t' ould one in disguise, —and if he's not, he's an imp, and that's nearly as bad, for he's in league with him."

Notwithstanding his own forebodings, Dick could scarcely resist laughing at honest Seth's strictures on Mr. Pestlepolge's name and family connections;—the name itself was certainly rather singular, and seemed more so, from the unexpected manner in which its possessor had appeared in the quiet little village to which Dick belonged,—still there was nothing very frightful even in the name of Pestlepolge; and had Dick's misgivings in other points been as easily routed, he would have gone to bed very contented, even with Mr. Pestlepolge himself, despite his uncouth person and husky voice.

"Well, Measter Dick," said Seth, as he got up to depart, "good night, and thankee kindly;—give my duty to Pestlepolge in the mornin, and tell him he desarves a ducking in t' horse-pond, for laming Brown Nell;" and Seth, grumbling his adieu, waddled slowly out of the room, as mysteriously as he had come in.



AH! YES, I WELL REMEMBER HER.

Ah! yes, I well remember her,—it was a festal night;
A young and laughing girl, I roamed in halls of dance and light;
And 'midst the gay and lovely, of the throngs that flitted by,
I only saw her pallid cheek, her dark sad speaking eye.
I questioned some to tell me, of that fair woman's name,
But they hushed me with a whisper, of silence and of shame.

Could shame rest on that marble brow ? that proud but gentle form,
Had surely never braved the wrath of outraged virtue's storm ?
Had chaste cold matrons veiled their eyes,—nor dared to look again,
Upon their fallen sister, save in wrath and high disdain ?
Ah ! I was bid to turn away, for that I was too young,
To hear the tale that might be breathed by many an elder's tongue.

My young heart ached, and throbbed for her :—she came upon my view,
More beautiful,—more angel-like than fancy ever drew :
And once I met her thoughtful gaze,—so sad,—so full of woe,
It told me of a broken heart : it spoke of long ago,
When *she* had been a happy girl, a mother's joy and pride ;
Or thought she of the orange wreath,—the crown of honoured bride ?

That fatal wreath,—that jewelled gift ! binding her to despair,
Before she knew her heart's strong love,—or knew what hearts will dare !
All cast away,—both wreath and gift :—and here she stood alone,
Deserted by the scoffing world,—deserted by *the one*,
The one for whom she sacrificed her hopes of earth and heaven !
Surely such sorrows *here* may plead, the lost one be forgiven !

They said, why seek the giddy throng ? the idle and the vain ?
They thought not of her restless mind, the fever of her brain :
They only marked her pallid looks, her dark, disdainful eye,
Speaking the scorn she felt for *them*, amidst her misery.
Yes, yes, I well remember her, she rests these many years :
Ah ! may it be in that blest land, where “there shall be no tears.”

C. A. M. W.

SIR MONK MOYLE.*

BY J. LUMLEY SHAFTO.

CHAPTER VI.

"The happy days, the golden days,
When you and I were young!
They cross us in our darkest ways,
Like rainbows o'er us hung;
When deeming all of earthly care
Some visionary thing,
We thought the world as good and fair,
As fabling poets sing."

ON the following morning, as the baronet and his grand-daughters were seated at breakfast, the young captain made his appearance, dressed in his regimentals; his noble figure and fine countenance receiving additional attractions, in the eyes of the ladies, from his splendid military costume.

"Egad, Hal! you look quite astounding," said Sir Monk, holding out his hand; "I hardly knew you."

"I really did not know at first," said Ellen, "who it was that was going to oblige us with his company at breakfast, without the ceremony of an invitation."

"Well, Ellen," said her sister, whose eye had been somewhat quicker in its recognition of her cousin, "that would have been a curious illustration of Irish frankness and sociability, with which Mrs. Meredith was so much delighted;" and the face of the fair speaker caught a slight reflection from the scarlet coat of the captain, as he drew a chair to the breakfast table, and seated himself beside her.

"Upon my word! I hope we shall not have any such free-and-easy illustrations as that," cried O'Sullivan; "or I shall be fighting duels all the day long. But how are you all, after your voyage? None the worse, I see: your looks tell me that;" glancing

* Continued from page 30, vol. xlix.

rapidly round the party, and then adding, "and Fanny seems to have gathered fresh roses, to add to her wreath."

"Now you are not satisfied with what *I* said," interposed the baronet, "and you are fishing for some further compliments to yourself, boy!"

"No, indeed. I did not take your's for much of a compliment, Sir Monk. It was only a sort of running commentary on the old adage, 'fine feathers make fine birds.'"

"Well, never mind, Hal! it is not every man that looks as well as you do in a red coat. You remind me now, more strongly than ever, of your father, boy! Just such another as yourself! I parted from him for the last time as he was about to embark for Spain, where he died like a hero."

"As I was passing along Sackville-street," said the captain, after a short pause, in which the countenances of the whole party had assumed a thoughtful cast, whom should I meet but our three *compagnons du voyage*, the little baroness and ma'mselle, sailing along under the escort of the *preux chevalier*, O'Fogarty, who was going to show them the law courts."

"Ah! that looks hopeful," exclaimed Sir Monk; "he is evidently a skilful lawyer, and understands how to carry on two suits, in two different courts, at one and the same time."

"What a curious group they would make for a picture!" added the captain. "Suppose, Ellen, you try your pencil upon them."

"Oh dear, no! It would be impossible for me to do anything like justice to the subject. Suppose *you* try, Harry!"

"Oh, do!" said Fanny, laughing; "I know you could handle it well. Let me see—you might place O'Fogarty on his knees before the baroness, and Ma'mselle Lippert peeping in at the door."

"Do you hear these naughty girls, Sir Monk? They are positively tempting me to turn caricaturist."

"Ah! just like the sex, Hal! always at the root of temptation, from mother Eve, downwards! No, no; I'll have no diversion of this kind, at the expence of my fair German, or her companions. They amused me very much, yesterday, but all in a legitimate way; and I really hope the little baroness will remember her promise to visit us at Castle Cormack."

"But surely you were only joking, grandpapa!" exclaimed Ellen, "when you gave the baroness an invitation."

"And what would you say, Ellen," said her sister, "if she should bring Mr. O'Fogarty in her train?"

"Well, well," said Sir Monk, "we shall be glad enough of their company, when we get among the mountains, I'll answer for it. They are all such genuine originals in their way, as one does not often chance to meet with; and as good neighbourhood is not one of the attractions of Castle Cormack, I suspect, girls, that when

we are once there, you would not be at all sorry to see the whole party drive up to the gate together, some fine day."

"Yes, yes; time and place make a wonderful difference," added the captain; "we are all very much creatures of circumstance, that is quite certain. I suppose we must then, as aunt Grizzy says, be 'glad of anything, and thankful for every thing.' You remember Miss Ferrier's amusing novel of '*Marriage*,' which entertained you both so much."

"Oh yes, quite well."

"And aunt Grizzy's scene amongst the *Bas Bleus*? Ha! ha! ha!"

"What was *that*?" inquired the baronet. "I hate all the blue-stocking tribe, though, most cordially. We have had enough of that, in a small way at least, in our society at Madoc Hall. But what was it, Hal?"

"Why, Sir Monk, when aunt Grizzy fell in with a coterie of these learned ladies, in the course of the literary chit-chat, which had already perplexed her a good deal, one of the Bleus asked her how she liked '*Crabb's Tales*;' and after some hesitation, aunt Grizzy replied, 'Really, I don't think that *our* crabs have any tails.'"

"Good! that's very good, indeed!" cried the baronet, laughing heartily.

"But I hope, sir, you don't include literary ladies in the philippic which you gave us the other day, in Wales, against politicians in petticoats."

"Oh, not at all, boy! quite the reverse! I only include that odious class of them which comes under the denomination of '*Bas Bleus*,' or what in my young days, before it was the fashion to Frenchify every thing, were called, in good plain English, 'Blue Stockings.' These I dislike, just as much as I hate pedants in breeches. But come, Hal, what say you to a stroll after breakfast, to let the girls see some of the beauties of Dublin?"

"With all my heart, Sir Monk. I am your and the young ladies' humble servant to command, for the next three or four hours. Let me see" (pulling out his watch), "I must be at the barracks again, by three."

"Well, we shall have quite time enough to tire ourselves, before that. I expect I shall find a great many changes and improvements in Dublin, since I was last here. Come, girls! be getting your bonnets."

In a short time the party were ready, and they first took their way to Trinity College, the only and justly-celebrated university of the sister kingdom. Here the baronet proposed to renew his acquaintance with an old friend of his youthful days, the reverend Doctor Fitzpatrick, a most worthy man, of an enlarged mind, and a warm and truly Irish heart. The doctor had been ardently at-

tached, in early life, to a young lady of great beauty, and most amiable disposition, but unhappily she fell a victim to a malignant fever; and on the very day on which they were to have been united, she was carried to the grave. This unfortunate circumstance imparted an occasional tinge of melancholy to the whole of her lover's after life. In vain he looked round the world for some one to supply the place of her whom he had lost. There were others as beautiful, but that congenial spirit, that mysterious sympathy, which had attracted and rivetted his regard, he failed to meet with in any one else. He therefore remained unmarried, and he had now settled comfortably down, in his old age, upon a fellowship, and a good living in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

Between the doctor and Sir Monk a great intimacy had sprung up, at the time that the baronet, then a mere youth of nineteen, was quartered with his regiment in Dublin, about a year after he first entered the army. The doctor was then an under-graduate of Trinity, but had nearly completed his probationary course; and the two young men having been introduced to each other at a dinner party, where they accidentally met, the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened, in spite of the red coat which Sir Monk then wore, and the divinity student's black one (such is the force of kindred sympathies), into a sincere friendship. After Sir Monk had quitted Ireland with his regiment, the two friends had corresponded with each other for many years, until—as is frequently, if not generally the case—their epistolary intercourse at length ceased, but without any abatement of friendly regard on either side. Neither of them knew precisely when, or how, or why it ceased: nor could either of them have said positively, if questioned on the subject, which of them had written the last letter. It is quite a common accident of youthful friendship, and a frequently recurring type of that state of change and transition which appertains to all the prospects and purposes of men. Sir Monk afterwards saw occasionally the doctor's name in the usual records of university proceedings; and he now ascertained, with real pleasure, on his arrival in Dublin, after an absence of many years, that his old friend Fitzpatrick was still in the land of the living.

As the party proceeded through Trinity College, in search of the doctor's abode, the attention of the fair sisters was attracted to the unusual number of names which appeared upon the doors, with the honourable distinction of "Sir," prefixed to them. In answer to their inquiries, the captain laughingly assured them that all the knights-errant in the country—and they were a very numerous race—having no longer any hostile castles to attack, or armed foes to contend with, or forlorn damsels to redress; and finding themselves wofully left behind in the march of improvement, had

all flocked into Dublin, to pick up a little needful "*scholarship*;" and especially to learn to write their own names, an accomplishment which hardly any knight-errant of the true ancient breed ever thought it worth his while to acquire, he having, of course, "other fish to fry."

When the captain had had his joke, Sir Monk explained, that it was merely a little piece of harmless vanity, which had descended to us from former times. The ordinary or simple knight being styled a knight-bachelor, it would appear that the universities, English as well as Irish, then thought of it (their first degree being that of bachelor), to dub the youthful graduate a sort of bachelor-knight, by giving him the prefix of "*dominus*," which they rendered in English, "Sir." When this was merged in the higher degree, either of "doctor," or "master," the ephemeral dignity of this worshipful prefix passed away along with it. "It is only in Ireland, however," added Sir Monk, "that the bachelors have thought it worth while to sport these titles before the public, upon their very doors."

Having now found Doctor Fitzpatrick's residence, the baronet and his party were duly announced, and the meeting and greeting between the two old friends were most truly cordial. The worthy doctor's delight on the occasion was heightened by the circumstance of its being so totally unexpected; and Sir Monk's, by the knowledge that he was giving his friend a really pleasurable surprise. Then followed, of course, the introduction of the young ladies and O'Sullivan, who met with the warmest reception, for the baronet's sake. And then the good doctor, without allowing time for protest or remonstrance, bustled up to the old-fashioned bell-pull, and forthwith the table was covered, in the truest style of Irish hospitality, with what he was pleased to term a "lunch." It was not long that the visitors had finished a rather late breakfast, but there was in the doctor's manner such a happy mixture of friendliness and true politeness, that no one thought of adverting to that circumstance; because each saw and felt that, to decline his hospitality, would not merely deprive him of a pleasure, but inflict upon him a positive pain. The unstudied grace of a cordial welcome, which, speaking from the eyes, and beaming on the face, does not need to waste itself in many words, produced the result it wished for, and actually created an appetite, by causing a desire to eat; and created a desire to eat, by causing first a desire to please. And now it was that, as is usual after a long separation, a variety of remarks and allusions followed, bearing reference to the incidents and companions of bygone years, which called forth alternately the risibility or the sympathy of the two interlocutors, for many amusing anecdotes and adventures of their youthful days, and for early friends, long passed away from the stage of life. This meeting between them had breathed over the invisible writing, recorded on

the tablets of their memories, and brought it out again in all its original freshness.

When Sir Monk at length rose to take his leave, Doctor Fitzpatrick politely offered to conduct his visitors through the college, and to show them whatever was worthy of observation in that celebrated seat of learning. They were, especially, pleased with the library, and the noble room in which is contained that vast assemblage of books, considerably upwards of one hundred thousand in number, and many of them of surpassing rarity, which represents, in mere type and paper, of all dates, from the invention of printing down to the present era, the equivalent value of a splendid fortune. The first idea which strikes the mind, on surveying such a collection as this, is the utter hopelessness of any attempt to penetrate beyond the outward bindings, or to learn 'what they are all about.' If life could be now protracted to an equal duration with that of the early ante-diluvians, it would hardly suffice for such an undertaking. Learning seems to hold her court, in such a place as this, with something of the pomp of an eastern despot, and to be absolutely inaccessible, from the splendour and magnificence in which she is enshrined.

The doctor remarked, in answer to some observation of the kind, which fell from O'Sullivan, "That is quite true, sir; but the great value of a collection of this kind is for reference. Doctor Johnson has observed, that our knowledge may be said to be of two kinds,—that which we actually possess, and that which we can get access to when we require it. A good catalogue is therefore indispensable. It is the key which serves to unlock the whole treasure, and to guide the inquirer to each particular part of it; as a good index is the proper key to each particular work, and volume. And as human knowledge, and the capacity for acquiring it, are quite as limited as human existence, if we could spin out our lives for a thousand years, I don't know that we should be very much the better in this respect, unless our capacities could be enlarged in proportion."

"Is that really so, sir?" inquired the captain. "Does not our knowledge increase as we advance in life?"

"It does, sir, unquestionably; but only to a certain extent, and all within a certain limit. Our chief knowledge, and that which is most available for the purposes of every-day life, is that which we acquire from experience, and the accumulation of facts. From generalising and from comparing these, we gradually elicit correct principles of thought and action. But memory itself, which is the lowest faculty, acting (like all the rest) through a corporeal organisation, has its certain fixed capacity. Circumstances of recent occurrence push further off those which immediately preceded them; till, with the exception of a very few, in their nature so pleasurable or so painful, as indelibly to imprint themselves on the mind by

their frequent recurrence to it, all are mingled together and obscured, in the thick mist that gradually creeps over the past. In short, the records of memory are something like those of our law courts. Those appertaining to times long gone by, become dusty and worm-eaten, and are thrust out of the way to make room for the next succeeding rolls; and these again, in their turn, are consigned to dust and oblivion, being superseded by those which immediately follow them."

"And the whole of these phenomena, my dear sir, and everything else about us," observed Sir Monk, "are a striking type of human frailty. It is thus that age succeeds to age, and generation to generation; and that the fashion of this world passeth away."

"It is, indeed, Sir Monk. And as to the profundity of science," continued the doctor, "and the sublime speculations of philosophy, the man who would greatly distinguish himself in any particular branch of these, must beware how he intermeddles much with any of the rest. Even our highest mental faculties, being mysteriously interwoven with our physical structure, necessarily partake, to a certain extent, of its imperfections. In this our finite state, it is matter, base and perishable matter, which sets a limit to the otherwise illimitable mind."

"I entirely agree with you, doctor, in all that you have said," remarked the baronet; "and with reference to your observations on the lower faculty of memory, and its general indistinctness as to remote objects, it is singular how the sight of a certain place, or of a certain person, as in the case of our agreeable meeting to-day, my dear sir, carries us suddenly back, by the association of ideas, to more distant scenes and incidents, connected formerly with that place or person."

"Exactly so, Sir Monk. The present, in that case, having an immediate and peculiar connection of its own, with the remoter past, brings it at once vividly before the mind. Generally speaking, however, whether in our own personal experience, or in the knowledge which we may acquire from books, and in our reflections upon both, we must be contented to store up the results, without troubling ourselves too much with the media by which we arrived at them. The human mind cannot grasp all things; and it can only retain a portion even of that which it is enabled to grasp. To return, then, to the point from which we set out. A good catalogue is the only mode of rendering the multifarious treasures of a collection like this, readily available; and this we are at present engaged in preparing, though the labour and cost of it will be immense. When that is completed, the mathematician, the theologian, the historian, the philosopher, and every other scholar and student will have easy access; each to the particular branch of knowledge which he may happen to require. But upon my word" (suddenly turning, and bowing to the fair sisters), "we old collegians some-

times forget ourselves wofully. How can I apologise sufficiently to these young ladies, for the unseasonable topics which I have inadvertently been led to touch upon? I must entreat your pardon, and beg that your goodness will put it all down to the infectious nature of the atmosphere in which I reside."

"I am quite sure, sir," interposed the captain, "that my fair cousins have not been altogether uninstructed; and that even if they had, they would not think any apology necessary, if it were only on *my* account, who have listened to you with the greatest interest, and I trust not without some benefit."

"Oh, as to that, doctor," added Sir Monk, "I'll answer for it that the girls themselves entered fully into all that you said; for I observed them both listening attentively. Now, was it not so, my dears?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said Fanny, gracefully addressing the doctor; "my sister and I should only have been the more gratified, the longer you had continued your remarks." And this compliment from the lips of the fair stranger, elicited another profound bow from the worthy divine, as he politely led the way, to show his visitors the hall and the chapel.

When they had fully gratified their curiosity, their kind host, unwilling to part from his old friend so soon, proposed to accompany them a little way on their exploratory ramble through the city, an offer which Sir Monk gladly accepted. As soon as they had emerged from the academic precincts into College Green, the first object which claimed their notice was the Bank of Ireland. In this magnificent structure the Irish Legislature had held its sittings, previously to the union with Great Britain, which auspiciously signalled the close of the last, and the commencement of the present century. Here the native Parliament had given its last vote, upwards of forty years before; when, within the memory of thousands, hardly yet grown grey, it solemnly decided that it should assemble, and deliberate, and vote no more. Within those walls, as in the British House of Commons, there had been, from age to age, a considerable amount of logical sparring, and oratorical display, with marvellously small results. The same tinkering, and botching, and patching, had formerly marked the senatorial labours in College Green, as still distinguish those in Saint Stephen's Chapel. "A plague on both your houses!" Small consideration in either, for the moral, and social, and physical wants of *the many*, until they begin seriously to interfere with the comfort and well-being of *the few*. The wrongs and the grievances of the poor might go unredressed (for any thing *political partizanship* would care) to all eternity, if it were possible that they would ultimately affect none but the poor themselves.

We see nothing of proper forethought and prevention; and nothing even remedial upon a grand scale. But when the neglected

sores and festering wounds upon the body politic begin to assume a threatening aspect, then the collective wisdom limps lamely up, in the true style of all quackery, senatorial as well as sanatorial, and applies some little ridiculous legislative plaster, which it is calculated may *just serve the turn*, and then the collective wisdom rests quite satisfied that it has done enough !

As soon as the party had taken an admiring survey of the beautiful building before them, they entered, to explore the interior; the baronet remarking, as they passed along, "This presents a strange contrast, doctor, to what I remember to have witnessed here in our young days. Formerly it was all talk, and now it seems to be all work."

"Well, then, my dear sir, you will admit even that to be a decided improvement."

"A very decided improvement. Any really useful business or occupation is an improvement upon talking that ends in nothing. But see there!" added Sir Monk, pointing to a large heap of gold, which was undergoing the process of being weighed, and shovelled up into canvass bags. "The present uses of the building beat the former ones out and out. *There* is the most eloquent of all orators, and the most convincing of all logicians."

"Yes, and a most accomplished linguist, too;" observed the doctor. "One that can make himself understood without difficulty in all languages. Even in this respect we cannot approach him at Trinity."

"Ah! my dear sir! these walls have witnessed many fine bursts of impassioned eloquence, and many brilliant flashes of mental fire; but if we may judge of things by their effects, which is the fairest test, the best orator that ever rose here, to electrify his auditors, was tame and powerless, compared with the present *genius loci*."

The doctor proceeded onward, to introduce the party to one of the directors, a particular friend of his, who now accompanied them through several departments, explaining, as they went, the various internal arrangements by which the whole complex machinery moved harmoniously, without bustle or confusion, to one great end. Through the same efficient guide, they next had access to the more recondite mysteries of the place, as the iron doors of crypts and sanctuaries, with all their secret treasures, expanded wide, to the magic of his "*Open, sesame!*" When the visitors had seen everything worthy of notice, they took leave of the banker, who had kindly officiated as their conductor through so many interesting labyrinths, with many acknowledgments for his polite attention.

Quitting the busy mart of money, they next wended their way to the solemn halls of justice, or the "Four Courts," as they are here styled; a specimen of architecture before which Her Majesty's Courts at Westminster shrink into insignificance. In fact, they

will not endure a comparison, the latter being, with all the immense expenditure, and all the skill of Sir John Soane, as confined, gloomy, and miserable, as the former are noble, convenient, and imposing. It is fairly to be presumed, that Sir John made the most of the space and capabilities which he had to work upon. But it is the besetting sin of England, that whether it be in making laws, or constructing the halls in which they are to be expounded and administered, or in doing anything else, she generally adopts the tinkering and botching system; and at twice the expenditure of money, time, and trouble, in doing things by halves, which would suffice to do the same things properly and effectually. Surely, if space could not be found adjacent to the old regal hall of Westminster, the difficulty was not without a remedy. The courts might have been removed altogether, either to Lincoln's-inn-fields or some other more convenient locality.

Neither Ellen nor Fanny Moyle had ever been in any of the superior courts before, and they were both struck with a sort of involuntary respect and awe, on entering the Queen's Bench, at the first view of the state and majesty with which justice surrounds herself, in the supreme tribunals. Here she appeared to hold the scales in a calm and serene atmosphere, and all was dignity, gravity, and decorum. They had once been at the Quarter Sessions of their native county; but even their inexperienced minds failed to attach a due deference to decisions which emanated from coats blue, black, and brown; top boots, and hats of all imaginable shapes and dimensions.

"This is very different, grandpapa," whispered Ellen to Sir Monk, "from the Court of Quarter Sessions."

"Yes, I should hope so, my dear," said the baronet, smiling. "These courts, like those at Westminster, take cognisance of more important causes than come before the Sessions; and they lay down and define the law, which all the inferior courts of the country afterwards follow. But '*haud æquis passibus*,' added he, turning to Doctor Fitzpatrick, and smiling again, at the recollection of many amusing scenes in which he himself, as one of the worshipful quorum, had occasionally borne a part, "'*Haud æquis passibus*,' doctor; and only so far as our plain country capacities, without much technical skill to guide us, will allow."

"Oh! I understand all about that, Sir Monk, I'm in the Commission myself, and I know what it is. When we are at a loss, as will sometimes happen, for a precedent or a rule to guide us, we are obliged to decide by what some of us call, 'the rule of thumb.' Sometimes we are right, and sometimes, of course, we get wrong. But in these dubious cases, most of us make it a rule now, individually, never to assign any reasons: for as it is possible enough, in matters purely technical, to draw wrong conclusions, even from right premises; so we have occasionally committed ourselves even in coming to a correct conclusion, by giving erroneous reasons for it."

"We have long learned that lesson in Wales, my dear sir, I can assure you," said the baronet. In such cases, the Queen's Bench will condescendingly assume, that the justice *may* have had sufficient grounds to warrant his decision, if he be prudent enough to say nothing about them. But if he ventures unnecessarily to avow what they are, they are then open to legal criticism, of which, of course, they cannot always stand the test. A case in point, occurred in my own county, within the last ten years. This caused the clerk of the peace to say to the gentleman whose decision only escaped a reversal, because the court above did not know *how* or *why* he had arrived at it,* 'Never give reasons, sir! never give reasons!' which has become a standing joke with us ever since."

"Well," said the doctor, laughing, as they quitted the court, to proceed to the next; "this is all very well, Sir Monk, between ourselves, as old friends and brother magistrates, but it would not do exactly to let others into these professional arcana."

"No, indeed," rejoined the baronet; "nor should I have wished the young folks there to overhear us. I fancy that I should not have heard the last of it from the captain, for some time."

When the party had quitted the courts of law, they chanced to find themselves in the immediate vicinity of Conciliation (!) Hall; and this happening to be the usual day for the hebdomedal exhibition there, O'Sullivan expressed a great desire to look in. To gratify him, they entered; and the contrast which immediately struck them was violent in the extreme. It was certainly not favourable, and hardly fair, to the actors here, that the visitors had come immediately from a scene so totally opposite—a scene so quiet and dignified as the seats of justice—without any intervening object to take off a little the impression which these had produced upon the mind. There, all was calmness, dignity, and propriety. Here, all was passion, prejudice, noise, and outrageous vulgarity. The whole thing, to a calm and disinterested observer, bore the unmistakeable stamp of hollowness and *charlatanerie*. Harlequin, clown, and pantaloons, all rose involuntarily, and passed in review before the mind's eye.

It so happened that in less than five minutes after the visitors entered, O'Connell rose to address the weekly gathering. His singular features, and somewhat sinister expression,—so frequently portrayed for the gratification of the public curiosity,—and so remarkably characteristic of some of the inferior qualities of his mind, at once informed the strangers who it was that was going to speak, before they could receive the intimation from Doctor Fitzpatrick.

* This may seem to be an odd ground for supporting a decision, but it literally occurred, not in Wales, but in the north of England, a few years ago, upon a magisterial judgment, which was ultimately carried for revision to the Queen's Bench, at Westminster.

They were all much pleased with his easy flowing style of elocution, which seemed like the gushing of waters from an inexhaustible fountain ; and they admired the felicity of his metaphors, and the richness of his various illustrations. Apart from his subject,—the Repeal of the Union,—they would have been rather favourably impressed, than otherwise, with his oratorical display, had they quitted the place within ten minutes after he first commenced. But unfortunately he then began to fulminate a little against the rascally degenerate Saxons ; and warming as he went on with this favourite topic, *vires acquirit eundo*, he at last told proud, imperious England to beware. He clearly saw a storm brewing for her on the French horizon : and then, with prophetic vision, this second Daniel could discern a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rising across the far Atlantic, which he foresaw would shortly burst over the devoted head of England, with a most tremendous outpouring of Yankee indignation. The speaker apparently forgot the notorious fact, now become a joke not merely for England, but for all the second and third-rate states of Europe,—that whenever Jonathan seems to be more than usually busy, in cooking up any little mess of this sort, it invariably ends in a dish of “bubble-and-squeak.” All mere “words ! words ! words !” When Dame Partridge shall have succeeded in sweeping back the Atlantic with her broom, *then*, indeed, let England look to it !—*then* let her “beware !” Precisely of a piece with the American bluster, and the orator's blunder, in referring to such a “thing of nought,” was his own celebrated attempt to influence the decision of the Imperial Legislature, a few years ago, by threatening, in the House of Commons, to bring down the Irish, in a body, from the *back slums* of Saint Giles's !

However, after a little rumbling of this play-house thunder in Conciliation (!) Hall, next commenced the rattling of the begging box ; or, in other words, the reading over of the list of subscriptions to the Repeal Fund, amongst which there was at that time a goodly show of dollars, from the more noisy green-horns of the republic ; and of louis and francs, from the fiery spirits of monarchical France. These substantial, but imbecile, tokens of exotic sympathy elicited an abundance of unsubstantial but very flattering compliments in return ; and in Daniel's eye there appeared a sort of derisive twinkle as he thought upon his *foreign* friends, and the profitable nature of the dealings between them. With a sound commercial and financial skill, he saw that the balance of a trade like this (blarney for bullion), would always keep the exchanges in a favourable state.

When this interesting part of the ceremony was over, he once more got upon his legs, and requested, in the most kind and considerate way imaginable, that England would, for *her own* sake, attend to the signs of the times, and these unmistakeable marks

of fraternal feeling in France and America; at the same time gently hinting, that if he could not have repeal by peaceable means, he must take it *the other way*. To this, the more spicy part of his address, "Young Ireland" listened, with the full length of her ears; and swallowed the whole with a sweet and child-like simplicity, never dreaming that a day might come when, the French storm having dispersed, and the little American cloud having (like all other trans-atlantic bluster and bravado) melted into thin air, it might possibly suit Daniel to sing to another tune. Then followed the usual "Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not?" and "Hurrah for Repeal!" which always terminated the *Liberator's* speeches, as regularly, but not quite so loyally, as "God save the Queen" closes the music of a military band; and shortly afterwards the curtain dropped, and the weekly farce at Conciliation (!!) Hall was over.

"I am really sorry," said the doctor to Sir Monk, as they quitted the place, "for some of the young men that I see here; for I am quite sure, from what I know of their general characters, that however they may be misled, they are at any rate perfectly sincere."

"I don't doubt, doctor, that many of the young Irishmen, as they call themselves, are willing to hazard life and fortune on the question of repeal; and therefore some parts of O'Connell's harangue might lead them woefully astray. It is dangerous to scatter sparks in the neighbourhood of gunpowder."

"Dangerous, indeed!" rejoined the doctor. "And although O'Connell evidently fancies that his own power and influence have no limit, he might chance to find himself mistaken in this respect. That which he says and does to day, he may not find it quite so easy as he supposes, to unsay and to undo to-morrow. Even the unreasoning masses, who seem to follow him so implicitly, if they should once break loose, might cast off all restraint. And as to the young Irishmen, many of whom are quite equal, and many far superior, to O'Connell in intellect, they being *in earnest* themselves, would not tolerate any chopping and changing on the part of their leader, to suit his own convenience, and the varying aspect of *foreign* politics, French or American. I know, personally, some of this party, whom, in spite of their violence, I still respect for their honesty, and who would not endure this, even in O'Connell. In fact, they have already seen much more of truckling and time-serving about him than they at all like. And in my opinion—and I have some authority for saying so,—if he should ever repudiate the doctrine of physical force, which we have just now heard him advocate (and yet, repudiate it he must, or he will inevitably fall into the meshes of the law), they will at once lose all their misplaced confidence in him, and cease to fight under the banner of one whom they can no longer trust."

"Well, my dear sir," observed the baronet, "that would be no bad thing, after all. Sincerity in any cause, right or wrong, is unquestionably entitled to respect; and I believe that all the influence, and all the *prestige*, which a man may have spent a long life-time in acquiring, without a due regard to principle and consistency, will come tumbling about his ears at last, like a house of cards. If he should ultimately think fit, from mere motives of interest or expediency, to advocate the right, it cannot easily prosper in *his* hands. He will find himself no match even for those who honestly espouse the wrong. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit*: but truth will not condescend to avail herself of any other than a truthful advocacy. She will not commit her high and holy cause to treacherous hands, or deceitful lips."

"There I entirely agree with you, Sir Monk. I believe that truth will finally prevail on every question, religious, social, and political; *sed non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis*."

"Well, Hal!" said the baronet, as O'Sullivan now came up, with the two young ladies. "What do you think of your friend Daniel? You have now had the opportunity of judging a little for yourself."

"He really speaks fluently and well. Don't you think so yourself, Sir Monk?"

"Yes, he is evidently a practised speaker. But what of the subject matter? How did you like *that*?"

"Why as to that, sir!" returned the captain, smiling, and looking at his watch; "we must talk it over together afterwards, for I find my time is nearly up."

"Well, then, we'll not detain you, boy. Military men must be true to military time; so we'll allow you for the present to sound an honourable retreat. You had better take the girls with you, though, and leave them at the hotel, if you have time, as I want to go a little further with the doctor."

"And now, my good friend," said the baronet, addressing Doctor Fitzpatrick, as the captain quitted them with his cousins; "I have a fancy to visit one particular spot, if you can make it convenient to favour me with your company so far. I want to take a look at St. Michan's Church."

"St. Michan's Church!" exclaimed the doctor, with evident surprise. "Well, my dear sir! I shall have much pleasure in accompanying you there. I presume you are desirous of taking a survey of the remarkable vaults beneath. The property which they possess, of resisting the progress of decay, is certainly very curious."

"You conjecture rightly, doctor: it is the vaults I wish to visit. I formerly, in fact, witnessed a scene of very painful interest, which is now connected with those vaults."

"Indeed, Sir Monk! I was not aware of that."

"Well! I will tell you about it, as we proceed towards the place. When I was formerly here with my regiment, in the fearful times of the rebellion, a riot took place at an election for this city, which we were called out to quell. You remember of course the two brothers, John and Henry Sheares, whose case afterwards attracted so much of the public notice."

"I remember it perfectly."

"Henry was pointed out by some one near me, and denounced as a 'United Irishman,' and a traitor, just as we happened to come up with him. I was so close to him, that I could have seized him without any difficulty; and I was on the point of doing so, when his alarmed, and imploring look, arrested my intention, and I let him pass on with the crowd. It was done, in fact, upon the impulse of the moment, and almost involuntarily."

"Ah! I know exactly how it was, Sir Monk. It was the kindness of your heart that let him go. It was the imploring look that disarmed you. It is only to be regretted that your forbearance did not ultimately avail to save him: and that as he was of a gentle disposition, and unfitted by nature for the dangerous enterprize into which he was, unfortunately, led by his brother John, he did not take timely warning, and abandon it at once."

"It is indeed to be regretted, doctor. John Sheares was of a different character. He was naturally of a bold and energetic temperament, and his ardent spirit had been lit up by the fiery torch of the French Revolution, in some of the most stirring scenes of which, as the storming of the Bastile, it was said that he had actually borne a part, in the uniform of the National Guards. His passion too for the beautiful Mademoiselle Theroigne, one of those female furies which the times engendered, had (it was thought,) something to do with it. But with Henry, it was otherwise; and it was nothing but the example and encouragement of his brother John, that led *him* to take that part in the rebellion, which finally involved them both in one common destruction."

"I believe John felt that most severely at the last," observed the doctor: "and after their trial, and condemnation, he suffered much more on his brother's account, than his own. John's bold intrepid spirit never quailed for a single instant. But he would have made any sacrifice, any disclosure, short of the dishonour of betraying his other associates, by name, to save his brother's life. The high courage and generous feeling of the one, and the quiet and unobtrusive, but too yielding character of the other, excited at the time a considerable degree of sympathy, and regret."

"So much for honesty of purpose, doctor! which, as we had

occasion to observe before, must always command our respect, even in those that differ from us most widely, either in principle or opinion. *Error* is inseparable from humanity : *dishonesty* is a downright disgrace to it."

"True, Sir Monk ! independently of its inherent meanness, it always implies that the *selfish principle*, that bane of our common nature, is in active and mischievous operation."

"I was going on to observe," continued the baronet, "that I was in court when the trial took place. John Sheares made a noble and affecting appeal, on behalf of his less offending brother. Nature was strong within him, when the awful crisis came : and when nature lifts up that mighty voice of her's, I need not say to *you*, my dear Doctor, *how* it is that she speaks. That which comes *from* the heart, will always find its way to it. In the prince or the peasant, there is not much of difference then. The language may be dissimilar : but the force and effect of it, like the feelings from which it flows, will be much the same. If, indeed, there be any difference at all, as refinement can add nothing to strength, it is probable that the peasant may often have the advantage. On the occasion I allude to, John Sheares, careless about himself, and anxious only for the safety of his brother, gave vent to his feelings in language both touching and sublime. Standing, as he himself did, on the very brink of eternity, his words sounded through the court, like a voice from the grave, and thrilled, I believe, through the heart of every one that heard him, as they did through mine. Henry's countenance wore much the same imploring expression, as I had observed on the day of the riot. As I quitted the court, after the trial was over, and thought how fatally he had been misled, I could not help saying to myself, 'Well ! I'm glad that I had nothing to do with it. I would not for the world, that mine had been the hand to arrest the poor fellow.' I saw them again at the time of their execution, which I was under the necessity of attending : and as their remains were afterwards deposited under this church," (the baronet and Doctor Fitzpatrick were by this time in view of St. Michan's,) "I feel a strong desire to make a pilgrimage to it."

Having found the sexton, the two friends now descended together to the vaults. It was a melancholy sight which presented itself to their view, as they entered this final resting-place of frail mortality. The peculiar nature of the soil, of which carbonate of lime is one of the chief components, exercises a sort of embalming power in this dismal region. By absorbing that moisture which hastens decomposition, the progress of decay is arrested in a surprising manner. The atmosphere is remarkably free from any unpleasant odour, and death is here presented under a new aspect. Many of the bodies which have lain for one and two centuries still retain, like mummies, something of their original outline. The vegetable matter

of the coffins not having experienced the preservative influence of the place in the same degree, they have in many instances either partially or entirely crumbled away, leaving their silent tenants more or less exposed to the curious gaze of strangers.

After pausing for a moment to take a general survey of the scene, "Here's a strong argument, doctor," exclaimed Sir Monk, "for the immortality of the soul! It cannot be, that all the powers and capacities, all the high aspirations and warm affections of our nature, can end in such a humiliating sight as this. It is a downright absurdity to suppose it. Reason, that glorious attribute which distinguishes us from the inferior creation, tells us instinctively that it cannot be."

"No man, my dear sir, can possibly arrive at an opposite conclusion, unless he has stopped short in the middle of his argument."

"Undoubtedly:" replied the baronet, "and no man can easily stop short in the middle, unless he has failed to commence properly at the beginning."

"True enough; it is else a mere slice of an argument: very good frequently as far as it goes, but neither going to the root nor the end of the matter, and therefore always liable to be overturned by those further arguments which lie above and beyond it."

"Certainly, doctor, the grand point in this case is to *begin* at the *beginning*. Unless we first lay a foundation which neither reason, nor logic, nor sophistry, can shake, it is impossible that we can build upon it any sound or safe conclusion."

"If a geometrician, Sir Monk, were to stop short in this way with the first book of Euclid, he would find himself a little puzzled, I fancy, with the *cui bono*. And if, on the other hand, he should attempt to demonstrate a problem in the second or third book, without any reference to the first, he would be equally perplexed with the *quo modo*."

During a short pause which ensued, the sexton commenced, with the usual slang and twang, "That, gentlemen, is the body of the Old Nun; she reached the astonishing age of one hundred and—" when he was cut short by Sir Monk's saying, "Just shew us where the two Sheareses lie." He immediately pointed out the spot where those victims of revolutionary frenzy were now reposing peacefully together. What a contrast to those busy and tumultuous scenes in which they were once engaged! The head of Henry Sheares was lying by the side of his brother John, and presented to the visitors a mournful spectacle. Sir Monk was carried back by it for a space of nearly half a century to the time when he had first seen the young man in the crowd, afterwards in the court upon his trial, and finally in the solemn hour of his execution. Suddenly, to the baronet's mental vision, the dissevered head appeared to clothe itself in the same moving look of entreaty

which it had formerly worn in life ; and, as he gently pulled the doctor's arm to withdraw him from the painful scene, the latter heard him audibly ejaculating to himself, " Well ! I'm glad now that I had nothing at all to do with it."

When the two friends had ascended again to the open light of day they shortly afterwards separated, Sir Monk first obtaining a promise from the doctor that he would join them at dinner, at five o'clock.

SONNET.

TO THE MORNING STAR.

BRIGHT beaming orb ! so welcome to the sight,
Of tearful eyes that know not calm repose.
Thy silv'ry ray has to his love, the Rose,
Made mute the soul entrancing bird of night ;
The dewy flow'rs behold thy gentle light,
And breathe perfume ; the lark his plumage shakes,
Then carols sweetly as he upward takes,
At earliest dawn, his solitary flight.
Thou art a herald to the glorious sun,
Who soon will ope' the portals of the east,
On nature's charms his gladd'ning eye to feast ;
And when his daily, giant, course is run,
Return, fair star, to regions of the sky,
And cheer the hearts of those who watch and sigh !

SIDNEY MARY.



Ranthorpe.—Chapman and Hall.

THIS book is full of talent of a very available kind, and is as promising a maiden novel as one can wish to see. Notwithstanding "certain faults of construction," and "sins against *l'art de conter*," which the author acknowledges in his preface, as a mere tale, *Ranthorpe* is interesting, amusing, and, not to speak of it pedagoguishly, instructive.

The literary aspirants of England,—by no means a contemptible class, numerically, at least,—will find much in this volume which concerns them. Let them read; and let those who while reading find their hearts fail, abstain from writing.

Before we proceed to notice the work in detail it will be well to say, generally, that its tone is that which is given out by a mind not subject to the influence of dyspepsia; yet it is clear, sharp, and animated. There is nothing morbid, nothing morose, in the satire, and nothing silly in the sentiment. Lively common sense, and its constant companion *good temper*, are perceptible, we think, in every chapter. Doubt, and gloom, and discontent, do not seem to have much power over the mind of our author: they never saturated it, but in his days of misfortune ran off from it as water when poured on the wing of a bird. *En Revanche*, his work wants some of those high attributes, moral and æsthetic, which are never wanting in the works of artists who have among their other talents a talent "*pour la souffrance*." The reader therefore must not expect to find in *Ranthorpe* many of "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" or of those fine and subtle expositions of human feeling which are to be looked for in the works of a different order of mind.

To quote from a book (Wilhelm Meister) which appears to be a great favourite with the author of *Ranthorpe*, we would remind our readers of the old Harper's "o'er true lay:—

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der keunt euch nicht, ihr linumlichen Mächte."

But we must not quarrel with a skylark because it does not sing like a nightingale; only we must not forget that nightingales can sing, and do sing occasionally as gaily as larks, but with a diviner joy.

There is one thing about *Ranthorpe* which deserves unreserved

praise: its freedom from pretension. It does not pretend to be an art novel, nor a philosophical novel, nor a dramatic novel, nor an ethical novel, nor a political novel; it is simply a narrative of the early life of an author, interspersed with reflections and general observations. These reflections and observations are perhaps the best portions of the book: they are often true and original, and almost always clever, even when incorrect or false; they are evidently the result of the author's own experience, and are not taken up by him as hear-say. Judging from such portions only, without any regard to plot, character, development, and dialogue, which are also not without merit, we should give the author credit for quick, keen, perception, considerable knowledge of the world, uncommon shrewdness, a lively sense of the ridiculous, and a thoroughly sound and honest heart.

Besides its want of pretension, *Ranthorpe* has one other great recommendation to the reader. It is a book that you can read through, and what is more, you can read through it easily. If you were to mislay the book after you had begun it, you would hunt for it till you could find and finish it. It has many defects as a work of art, but, we think, few readers will find it deficient in interest. There are mistakes, and crudities, and incongruities, but there are no stupidities in the book, nothing which can be called dull or flat. It has suffered by those processes which are generally beneficial to books—condensation and cutting out. We are informed in the preface that this one volume was originally three volumes. In some parts a want of amplitude and filling out in the narrative is felt; it seems as if one were reading the abridgment of a novel, instead of a novel itself, and this is in fact, the case.

Of the style of composition we may say briefly that without being excellent, it is pleasing; it is more lively than graceful or refined; there is no obscurity or circumlocution, and every sentence has something in it.

We will now give some account of the story. The characters generally are very clever and lifelike sketches: some are mere *silhouettes*, but still very lifelike; and there is one finished portrait, that of Sir Frederick Hawbucke.

The hero, a young poet, is thus introduced to the reader, on a rainy night, in Holborn:—

"Amidst this noisy cheerless scene, standing at one of the numerous book-stalls, was a youth of nineteen, who, his hands and feet benumbed with cold, had been standing for half an hour gloating with hungry eyes upon the treasures there displayed. He was enveloped in a camlet cloak, the scanty proportions of which just sufficed to hide the poverty of his garments, and to ward off the rain. He had no gloves, and his hands were purple from the cold. His hat betokened the fidelity of an ancient servitor: it was scrupulously brushed, and shone from repeated

wettings. In a word, the youth looked like a clerk, and was one.

"Those who looked a little closer, however, might have seen that there was something in this youth's face which belied his dress—an air of refinement and command,—a look of the English gentleman, which is peculiar to our nation, and to one class in that nation. The mouth was very remarkable: it was voluptuous and yet refined: full, yet delicate—the mouth of a poet. The eyes were of a deep blue, long and somewhat languishing, and shaded with the sweetest fringe imaginable. The forehead was delicately cut, the chin weak and faltering. A physiognomist would at once have pronounced him to be a remarkable person, but somewhat deficient in strength of will. This youth was Percy Ranthorpe."

After this description, the reader is somewhat surprised to find that Ranthorpe's father is a merchant; or, at all events, a man far above real poverty. As well as the reader can learn, old Ranthorpe lives in comfort, although, like Dogberry, he "has had losses." How then is it that young Ranthorpe is obliged to deprive himself of a dinner to buy a sixpenny volume at a book-stall?—that he is so very seedy in his dress?—so entirely poverty-stricken? This is inconsistent. Then, the quarrel scenes between Ranthorpe and his father should certainly have been weeded out with the other two volumes; it passes far beyond the limits of probability and decency. Cholerick and violent old gentlemen on the stage—exaggerated, as they always are, "*pour faire rire*" not "*le parterre*," but "*le paradis*"—never hit their sons a severe blow in the face by way of bringing them to reason. Sir Anthony Absolute, very much over-acted, would be mild and forbearing compared with old Ranthorpe. The reader feels quite relieved when he is dead, and the hero can follow his own devices unchecked by remorse for offending his "governor."

Two young medical students are introduced to the reader, in the same chapter with the hero; they play conspicuous parts in the book. One commits a murder, and the other, Henry Cavendish, becomes *ranger*, and turns out a much more heroic person than the hero.

"Henry Cavendish was a student of St. George's. In his appearance there was something at once prepossessing and repulsive: a mixture of the gentleman and the Mohock. His coal-black hair was trained into one long curl on either side of his cheeks, thick black moustaches graced or disgraced his upper lip, his hat was slightly cocked, to look jaunty, he carried a formidable stick, and smelt strongly of tobacco. Yet his dark eye was full of fire and intelligence: his open laughing face was indicative of malicious mirth and frankness: and the resolution about his brow, and the sensibility about his mouth, redeemed his slang appearance,

and showed the superior being beneath the unprepossessing exterior.

"Oliver Thornton belonged to the Middlesex Hospital. He was heavy and clownish-looking; with a large, pale, sensual, and rather placid, countenance, the predominant expression of which was sleepiness, strangely mixed with cunning. It seemed as if his small twinkling eyes were in perpetual struggle with the somnolent disposition of his other features. It was a thoroughly disagreeable face."

Unlike most heroes in novels, Ranthorpe is thoroughly and comfortably in love before the book begins. He and his *bien-aimée* are affianced, and there is no cause or impediment why they should not in due course of time be married. This saves the necessity of describing the gradual development of a first love, and introduces you *in medias res* at once. It is after he has been for some time betrothed that the course of Ranthorpe's "true love" does not "run smooth." This is entirely his own fault: the weakness and vanity of his character cause him to be led away from his first noble love, who is thus described:—

"Isola Churchill was exquisitely beautiful. But her beauty was of that chaste severity of style which only strikes connoisseurs; She had few of the charms which captivate drawing-room critics, was neither sylph-like nor sportive, neither sentimental nor voluptuous. Her cheeks were innocent both of roses and lilies. I am not aware of any cupids having taken up their abode in her dimples; nor did I ever hear anything of the "liquid languishment" of her eyes. In fact, she was a girl whom seven out of every ten would call "nice looking," or "well grown," without a suspicion of the other three looking upon her as a master-piece of Nature's cunning hand. Tall, finely, somewhat amply moulded, with a waist in perfect proportion, her walk was the walk of a goddess;* perhaps for that reason few thought it graceful. From her mother, an Italian, she inherited a pale olive complexion, large lustrous eyes, black hair, and a certain look of Raphael's Sistine Madonna; from her father, the winning gentleness which softened her somewhat stern severity of outline, and converted the statue into a woman. Yet, on the whole, her beauty was more sculpturesque than picturesque. Her voice was peculiar; though musical and vibrating, it had that loudness common to Italians, but which in England, amongst a race accustomed to eat half their words, is regarded as ill-bred. But the clear, vibrating, powerful tone of Isola's voice always seemed to me a witchery the more, and was not inaptly characteristic of her frank, large and healthy soul. It gave

* "I grant I never saw a goddess go:

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground."—SHAKSPERE.

T. M. W.

some persons the impression of her not being feminine, and this impression was strengthened by the simplicity of a manner free from all the permissible coquetry of woman ; yet Isola was exquisitely feminine in soul. She was woman in her gentleness, lovingness, singleness of purpose, and endurance, only not in coquetry.

To those whose tastes had been kept pure, who could distinguish truth and love it, there was an indefinable charm in her manner. It would have been impossible for the most impertinent of men to have paid her common place compliments ; the quiet simplicity, the grandeur of her direct and truthful bearing, protected her.

If the reader run away with the idea that Isola was an *imposing* woman, he will be curiously misled. It is the fault of language that it cannot convey manner, so that the term *grandeur*, applied to one so simple and truthful as Isola, may seem ill applied, because it is forgotten that all grandeur is simple."

The reader cannot help feeling contempt for the man, or rather the boy, who can be led away by the intoxication of vanity, and the glitter of fashion, to forsake such a woman as this, for the deceptive smiles of a giddy, heartless coquette. And, as in similar occasions in real life, which are by no means rare, we cannot understand *why* Isola loves Percy Ranthorpe, who is inferior to her in every respect but that of author-craft. It is precisely here that we think our author shows the deepest knowledge of human nature, at all events of female nature. Isola is just the sort of woman who could love and honour a man whom she knows to be, in some respects, weaker than herself—whom she knows to stand in need of her support in sorrow, and her encouragement in exertion ; and this, not from any spirit of domination or love of feeling her superiority, but because in such strong and purely unselfish *female* natures all love is, in a great measure, imbued with the protecting, self-sacrificing spirit of *maternity*. This truth is finely and delicately shown by the author of "Ranthorpe." The passion and fidelity of the mistress is exquisitely blended with the tender consolation, the never-failing forbearance of the mother ; and we feel quite sure that all Percy's mistakes and weakness, and selfish vanity, and even his neglect of herself, will never alienate her motherly heart. This kind of love does not seem to be a favourite with novel writers ; at all events, it has been rarely touched, and still more rarely thoroughly treated by them. This has often been matter of regret to us, because few kinds of love are more beautiful or more capable of artistic and dramatic illustration and development.

We were very much pleased to see that George Sand, in one of her late works, *Lucrezia Floriani*, has taken up this subject, and has given a true exposition of this peculiarly beautiful kind of woman's love. Differing, as Isola does, in so many respects from Lucrezia Floriani, they both love their lovers with the compound love of mistress and mother.

We do not think that the character of Isola fails in truth to nature, when, after years of loneliness, and of sorrow for Ranthorpe's infidelity, and in the firm belief that he is attached to another woman, she consents to marry her kind and generous lover, Henry Cavendish. She tells him honestly that she does not love him as she did Ranthorpe; but after her engagement, she finds that his strong and noble nature is winning its way to her heart; and she would have ended by loving Cavendish, if Ranthorpe had not returned to accuse and excuse himself, and to pray for forgiveness. Then all her stifled affection asserts itself, and, like a mother when her prodigal returns, she forgets all her own wrongs, and thinks only of what he must have suffered. It is after this that we think the author fails in the development of this truly noble and life-like character. Isola, when she found out that Ranthorpe still loved her, that his aberration had been but momentary; and, more than all, when she felt that she still loved him with the whole strength of her nature as before,—Isola would not have juggled with the true and the false, the right and the wrong, but would have treated Cavendish with the candour due to his nature and her own. With this exception, we can recommend Isola to our readers as an original sketch of great beauty, and one not to be found in any tale or history with which we are acquainted.

We will close our notice of "Ranthorpe" with a few extracts, taken at random from the reflective portions.

"Men treat this wondrous age of ours too cavalierly. Depend upon it our age is no laggard; it advances with giant strides, and is not to be outstripped by one of common thewes and sinews. To keep up to its level is a task for no ordinary powers. To rise above it is the rare privilege of few. Various minds are struggling for mastery, and seek distinction in various ways. There are some men who swim with the stream, and some who swim against it; men with their age, "in the foremost files of time," and men behind it. There is also a third class. There are men beside the age. These men neither swim with the stream, nor against it—they have not the courage—they have not the strength; but they sit moaning at the river's-side, calling upon mankind to admire how exquisitely they are made for swimming. The busy world is deaf; the moaner, therefore, continues unheeded, except by a few idle or sympathetic souls who gather round him, and admire his make. These, at length, urge him to make a plunge. He plunges: one splash, and he rises dizzy from the whirl of waters, sprawls and flounders till he reaches land, and then meets his admirers by observing,—'Great swimmers are never in their element in river water; they want the roaring waves to buffet with.'"

There is great good sense, and freedom from onesidedness in the following, although the view is incomplete, because the aristocracy of wealth is but one modification of the aristocracy of intelligence. A fool may have money, but a fool does not *make* money.

"The aristocracy of birth is not the figment certain democrats proclaim. A thorough-bred hunter is not a hack. The members of a jealous aristocracy preserve their social preponderance not only by their fortunes, but also by the purity of their race. They have purer blood, more beautiful persons, greater refinement of manner. These things have their influence, because they are qualities, not accidents. Your true nobleman remains such, through every misfortune.

*"Licet superbus ambulis pecunia
Fortuna noti mutat genus."*

Strip your banker-lord of his wealth,*and where is his nobility?

"But the aristocracy of birth is no longer the power which it was formerly. The real government lies in intelligence. '*Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas.*' To intelligence both rank and wealth must bend the knee—and do bend it.

"*Si ou annouçart M. de Montmorenci et M. de Balzac dans un salon—ou regarderact M. de Balzac,* says Jules Janin.

* * * * *

"Of this kind is the absurdity of the members of one aristocracy consenting to become *parvenus* in the other: authors degrading themselves into *parvenus* of station, and lords descending into *parvenus* of intelligence. This indeed is a misconception sometimes fatal—always ludicrous. Lords! consent to be lords; and before attempting to be authors, rigidly scrutinize your claims and title-deeds. You are proud of your own blazonry, and ridicule the pretensions of the *parvenu*; but you become equally ridiculous when aiming after the blazonry of mental aristocracy—the titles of books, unless, indeed, you have the gift of genius to secure your position.

"Authors! consent to be authors; and before attempting 'to move in the first circles,' unless your position call you there, rigidly scrutinize what it is you want, what is your aim, and whether this society and its demands be compatible with the mission of your lives. Do not degrade yourselves by abdication of a rightful throne for a baffled attempt at usurpation of a foreign one. Either there is dignity in intellectual rank or there is not; if there be, no other rank is needed; if there be not, no other rank can give it; for dignity is not an accident but a quality."

The following observations we think true, in spite of the prevalent notion to the contrary.

"In the life of an author there are few events more highly prized than making the acquaintance of literary men who have attained some success. People talk of the envy and jealousy of authors, but it is a vulgar error. I firmly believe that no author, unless a man of the meanest and most envious disposition, ever envied the success of another. Authors are an imaginative and sympathetic race. They gladly associate with each other. They take keen

interest in each other's projects. And, to an obscure author, the acquaintance of one acknowledged by the world, is always peculiarly fascinating."

" Yet there have been few men of genius, I fancy, who have not had their moments of despondency. Exalted by the contemplation of beauty, and the harmonious witcheries of proportion, they have looked upon their own efforts with disgust; aspiring after perfection they have doubted their capacity to attain it, and questioned themselves narrowly as to whether they have not mistaken the aspiration common to so many for the inspiration given to so few. The very superiority of mind which enables them to conceive perfection, only the more readily detects the distance which separates their works from it. In these moments of despondency, when with bitter irony a man interrogates himself and says, 'Am I what I thought myself?' and receives only dark vague answers, then should failure come as confirmation, the thought of suicide arises, and is eagerly clutched at by despair. To such despondency a few noble spirits have succumbed; spirits who have endured the goading evils of poverty, envy, and neglect—endured them to a frightful extent, but never suffered them to quell their giant energies.

" They wrong us who believe we quail before the ordinary ills of life! We have more than a common courage to endure; the history of our heroic predecessors amply shows it. Our lives are chequered; but because our path is on the strong highway, where thorns and flints pierce our bleeding feet, have we turned aside? Have we ceased the combat when wounded? No. If the path be stony, are there not flowers growing in the hedge? If the path be dark before us, have we not an inner lamp to guide us safely onwards? Ay! a lamp whose smallest glimmer irradiates the world with beauty. By its light we walk and walk cheerily; by its rays we are warmed and gladdened, in the depth of winter nights, when perhaps the last dying embers flicker on our desolate hearth. We may be poor, but we are never abject; we may be neglected, but we are not unhappy until we neglect ourselves. It is only when this inner lamp is quenched, or when we look on it as some false will o' the wisp, that all the glory of our mission fades away; and then what wonder if we arrest our steps and die blaspheming? Answer Chatterton, Gilbert, Haydon.

" To have passed a life of cherished hopes and visionary efforts, and to find at last that they were based on air. To have forsaken all this bounteous world affords to feed the hungriest vanity, or greediest sense, and to find that you have been a dupe—a miserable dupe! To hear the ceaseless roll of waters as they break upon the shore, and know how great the busy joyous world they speak of; yet to feel like some poor stranded bark that had tempted the

rough waves in youthful confidence, and now lies broken and deserted on them. To feel that everywhere around you, men are happy, busy, and you alone without an aim; you alone purposeless, hopeless, joyless—you alone wasted.

“And in this despondency to recall the delicious reveries and bounding hopes which once were yours; to recall the lonely walks on summer eves, along sequestered streams, where your busy fancy struck out many a gilded pageant of the future; to recall your midnight studies, when with burning head and aching eyes you peered into the secrets of the great departed; and then to look upon your present state aimless and joyless! To awaken from the dream of life, to find that inner lamp was false—a mockery of your hopes. This is misery, this is despair enough to quell the stoutest heart.”

There are several very good scenes, which are too long for quotation; but we do not think the dialogue, in general, by any means brilliant; it is chiefly used to carry on the story.

The episode of “the Hawbuckes” is one of the best parts of the book; and very refreshing to read after the hackneyed delineations of jealous husbands and flighty wives.

The ultimate felicity of Cavendish in a union with the hazel-eyed girl, who is *not* a beauty, no one doubts. Slight as are the lines used in drawing her, they all *tell*; and we have a sweet portrait as the result, the truth of which we are ready to swear to.

Many of the circumstances and positions in this book are improbable, not to say impossible; but on the whole the truth far overpowers the falsehood. We would, however, warn youthful dabblers in literature, who read Ranthorpe, that a volume of indifferent poems by a youth of nineteen, who is without money and station, will not become an “*open sesame*” to the highest and most fashionable circles in London.

In conclusion, we hope that the author of Ranthorpe will not be long before he gives the world another novel. Cleverness, in the real sense of the word, is by no means so plentiful an article in books as is commonly supposed. Ranthorpe is emphatically clever, and we have no doubt that a second work from the same quarter will be more clever, and more artistically contrived. We shall have more of the *vraisemblable* in the circumstances; more cunning contrivance in the management of the plot; more breadth, more eloquence, more wit. It seems to us that the author of Ranthorpe is capable of all this, and we shall be glad to enjoy it, as soon as convenient to him.

J. M. W.

LAYS OF ISRAEL.

JUDITH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SHE has thrown by the weeds of her woe,
 Her dark eye is flashing with light,
 To her beautiful cheek comes a glow
 Than the blush of the dawning more bright ;
 While with gems they are wreathing her brow,
 She dreams of the fast-coming hour,
 When Zion's oppressor shall bow,
 And fall in the pride of his power.

As a bride for the spousal arrayed,
 Or a glittering angel of light,
 To the tents of the foe, undismayed,
 She glides, in her beauty and might :
 It is done ! the proud moment is past,
 It is done by a woman's weak hand,
 And Judith avenges at last
 The wrongs of her beautiful land.

She is free,— our own Salem is free !
 Young Judith returns as the dove,
 That wings over mountain and sea,
 With the tidings of glory and love.
 Wake the timbrel and harp in our bowers !
 Let the maidens come forth in a band !
 And strew her bright pathway with flowers,
 While Liberty laughs through the land.

COPENHAGEN AS IT WAS.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

"COPENHAGEN as it was!" we can fancy we hear the reader exclaim, "an antiquarian article most probably; one well fitted for the dull and learned pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but decidedly not the thing for those of the *Metropolitan*." If thus, most candid reader, you have reasoned, you lie under a mistake. Fear nothing of the kind from us. We belong to no antiquarian society; of archæology we have but a dim and confused idea. We have never loved to dive for the pearls, dingy and dirty as they seem to us, which others more hardy than ourselves have found and won in the wide ocean of the past. We shall open no "great historic roll." We aim at no new edition of the northern antiquities—treasures of that kind we have none to offer. Our purpose is soon declared. Copenhagen as it was does not mean Copenhagen as it was in the olden time, when Odin was a manifest god, and the Walhalla a palpable paradise—when to live like a soldier was glorious, and to die like one yet more so; but our title simply means Copenhagen as it was when not three years since we first looked on its streets and towers.

The old song says,—and no modern song can gainsay it,—that—

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the world, my brave boys;"

and it was with these two requisites for going through the world, and doing it besides in a pleasant, comfortable way, that we found ourselves one calm autumnal evening bidding farewell to Kiel, noticeable first for its own intrinsic beauty, and next for the fact, that at its university—the only Danish one in which German is spoken—studied that great historical unbeliever, Niebhur, and steaming along the deep clear blue of that almost tideless yet treacherous sea, the Baltic. We were on board the Christian the Eighth, an old Scotch steamer, first known to Glasgow and fame as the William Wallace, but, at the time of which we speak, by the power of gold, metamorphosed—not the first instance upon record—from a patriot into a king: and now, with a new name and a new crew, save one honest Scott, a worthy engineer, and an

exemplary opponent of Teetotalism, plying twice a week between Kiel and Copenhagen, or Kiøbenhavn, as it is called by the natives themselves.

“ Like a thing of life,”

as our very poetical writers would say, did we dash on, impudently skimming the waves that had but to rise up in their might to put down the show and bravery of the creature man, now and then catching a glimpse of some small island, that a hermit might well choose as his lodge, till at length the Swedish coast loomed in the horizon, and, after twenty-four hours panting, the iron heart of the Christian the Eighth became still, and we found ourselves in the harbour, beneath that terrible battery of the “three crowns” where Nelson had been before, when—

“ There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.”

We never carry luggage, as the captain of a Danish cutter found out, after taking the trouble to chace a small sailing boat we had hired to carry us from Travemünde to some insignificant sea-port belonging to Denmark, whose name we have now forgotten. Consequently, we had no Custom-house examination to endure, and were not long in bidding farewell to our wooden walls.

It was a holiday; the ramparts were crowded with the gay butterflies whom the sun had warmed into life, and all Copenhagen seemed to have turned out to bid us welcome. Our first impulse, however—an impulse which, to a genuine John Bull like ourselves, acts with the power of a law—was to satisfy the imperious craving of our inner man. Till that were done, we had eyes and ears for nothing else. Accordingly, we hastened along clean and comfortable streets, and passed sylph-like forms and sunny eyes, as superior to what Byron calls the blue-eyed peasant girl of the Rhine as a diamond of first water is to a common flint. At the Stadt, Hamburg, we were well taken care of by Mr. Murdoch, a respectable and respected Scotchman, whose agreeable family we more than half suspect has detained many a single young man in Copenhagen longer than was absolutely necessary. There are other hotels of a more ambitious character; but the Stadt, Hamburg, has good accommodation, and at a reasonable price. Having thus found a home, it was not long before we commenced our survey of the beauties of the town. Copenhagen is a pleasant-looking place. The streets are clean, and were the shops in the improved modern style, would be brilliant. The writer of *Letters from the Shores of the Baltic* rightly says, “ Wide, straight, modern streets, with edifices of the same alternate character, and canals lined with vessels, make a picturesque and pleasing whole. The

houses are most of them handsome, well built, and, Rotterdam-like, with the advantage over the latter of all being in true perpendicular." The town itself is divided into three districts: the old town, or Aldstadt; the new town, or Friederichstadt, and Christian's havn. In the old town is the royal palace of Christiansburg, burnt down in 1794, but now restored; a place yet interesting on account of that unfortunate English princess, the sister of one king, and the wife of another, who lived within its walls. The palace is but occasionally used. In one wing the royal collection of pictures are kept; they are open to the public, and as one of that interesting body, we availed ourselves of that privilege, but were not particularly gratified. We saw little worth mentioning. We lean to the belief that many of the pictures, bearing well known names, are forgeries; their number altogether is about 1,000, and they occupy twelve rooms in the highest story of the palace. Another portion of the palace contains a collection of antiquities of the north, divided into four sections. The first, consisting of those in the heathen age; the second, of those connected with the Catholic worship; third, relicts of the middle ages, and the fourth contains armour of the age of chivalry and more modern times. The ramparts of the city and the citadel are planted with trees, and form pleasant and fashionable promenades. Liberty must be first obtained to enter; but that is done with but little difficulty. The writer of this, with three Norwegians, equally ignorant of this regulation with himself, was indebted to the courtesy of some one in authority, who, seeing his dilemma, politely used his influence that the strangers might suffer no disappointment. The royal family live in a place in no seemingly superior style, and frequently as noisy as any in the town. Not far off is the house in which Thorwaldsen lived and died, and which every stranger would wish to behold. The artist has the credit of having been in his old age fond of the good things of this life, and passionately fond of the theatre, at which he was to be seen every night. Thorwaldsen was privileged to find, what few men of genius do, that a prophet is honoured in his own country. In his own native town, all that could reward the toils of a life—that could gratify and sustain him in his age—he possessed and enjoyed. The Copenhagen Theatre is, we believe, almost unrivalled for the excellence of its ballet; but of that we are no great judges. England has men more competent to decide on this head than ourselves, and we readily give way to Sir C. Shakerley and the "lyric poet" Bunn. Close to Christiansburg is the Exchange, an old brick building, with the air of the Elizabethan age. We walked into it; but the Copenhagen merchants are not very animated, and the place was sepulchral as a grave. The commerce of Copenhagen is small and is declining. Industry is fettered by protection in Denmark; but, even if it had fair play, Denmark could never be much of a commercial country.

It has no coal. If Schleswig and Holstein—provinces essentially German—be re-united to Germany, Denmark will be in a sad forlorn condition. It will have lost the brightest jewel in its diadem. Beneath the Exchange is the Bazaar, where we lounged away no little time, much to our own amusement and satisfaction, and where it struck us the articles are disposed of for a “ridiculously small sum.” In the new town, the traveller will do well to visit the ancient royal palace of Rosenburg, built, if our memory does not deceive us, by Inigo Jones. There are deposited the crown jewels; a beautiful collection of antiquities and Runic remains, which have been found in various parts of Denmark, to see which, as an antiquarian friend of ours told us who had done the same, no right-minded man, antiquarian or not, need grudge the time or expense; and a cabinet of coins and medals. If the traveller be fond of acquiring useful and entertaining knowledge, there is a public library, with four hundred thousand volumes, and a university, with at least one professor, widely and well known—we mean Raske. There are literary and scientific societies without end, and last, and not least, Copenhagen can boast the name of Oehlenschläger as a poet whose works may be read in almost every European tongue.

But if, gentle reader, like the humble individual who now has the pleasure to address you, you have as great an aversion to the quicksands of antiquarian discussion and dry skeletons of scientific knowledge as a mad dog has to the water—if the recollection of those dark passages—should you ever have had such—in your past life, when eager for academic or collegiate fame, you sat the live-long day, which is bad enough, or, what is worse still, the live-long night, when, in the joyousness of your young nature, you would have gone forth beneath the blue of heaven, and learnt how, as Wordsworth says,—

“Sweet is the lore which nature brings;”

or would have gone to bed—if, like an honest man, and reader of the *Metropolitan* as you are, and intend to be, you care little for what is dead and dry, and very proper, and respectable, and have in your heart of hearts a deep love for whatever of happiness or beauty daily life can give—if you like to see the man of business relax and grow glad, as if there was something better than money in the world—if you like to see the wrinkles of old age smoothed over by the sunshine of content, and its old dim eyes lighting up, not as they did, it is true, in the days of passionate youth and lusty manhood, but still lighting up as if to the last life were the gift of a good God, and earth was a pleasant spot—if you like to see woman, gay and graceful, with the eye of the dove and the note of the lark, as if she were sheltered by the hand of affection from the world's rude

blast, and knew never the pelting of the rain and the roaring of the storm—if you would see youth following the pure impulses of its own will, careless for the time of the world's dread laugh, too soon, alas ! to become its law—come with us, where you would have found us every night of the week we spent in this northern capital, and visit the Tivoli Gardens ; and here let no gentle Cockney throw back his head and shut his eyes, and give way to beautiful reminiscences of the garden at Gravesend of similar name, and the gorgeously clad archer there, and the urbane Baron Nathan, and the tea and shrimps, that add so much to the pleasure of an evening spent in that romantic and *recherché* spot ; neither let him rush into an opposite conclusion, and deem that the Tivoli at Copenhagen has nothing in common with the Tivoli at Gravesend. What they have in common let him gather from our description. The Tivoli, then, at Copenhagen is a large public garden, about a mile from the town, and sacred to pleasure. No device for amusing the most thinking and high-minded public exists that is not there ; rude dramatic performances, dissolving views, roundabouts, peep-shows, fireworks, illuminations, music of real worth, sweet cakes of all kinds, and grog of all sorts. We dare say that by this time the dulcet notes of Ethiopian melodies have even been heard in the Tivoli at Copenhagen, and that “ Buffalo gals ” and “ Lucy Neal ” have been sung to enraptured audiences. Should this meet the eye of any seedy songster, who may feel inclined to try the Ethiopian line of entertainment, we would give him one caution : the summer in Copenhagen is very hot ; possibly the original colour may peep out. In London we have known times when the black has not stood, but has treacherously melted off, and left a far different shade beneath. But to return to the Tivoli. Pleasure for once seems caught ; you meet manhood in its seven ages ; and, foremost in the fray, and gayest of the gay, ready alike for love or war, are to be seen venerable spectacled females, who in England would be mildly aggravating every one around them, and would be exerting a silent but melancholy influence on society by their servile lamentations over the increasing depravity of the age, and by their hints, anything but facetious as to the consequences, personal and national, public and private, which must ensue. Everywhere you see smiling faces, you hear merry sounds, and joy beams from many a calm blue Scandinavian eye into your own, and one more bewitching and irresistible it is impossible to behold. Not the least interesting part of the spectacle is the appearance of the peasant women who flock in when there is a holiday, and enjoy every thing with a hearty good will, that contributes much to the amusement of the looker on. With their many-coloured dresses, and smart caps, whose red ribbons may be seen

“ Streaming like meteors in the air,”

they add considerably to the gaiety of the Tivoli. If we recollect aright, the charge for admission to this festive scene was somewhere about twopence halfpenny, and the rest of the charges were proportionably low. For the same charge one day the writer had a ride in a Copenhagen omnibus, and never were there such omnibusses in the world before. The cushions are formed to give you as much ease as a mortal can have in a sitting posture; the windows are of plate-glass, with gilt frames and curtains; the top of the omnibus inside is beautifully painted, and the conductor has "an air and a grace" of that peculiar character which, if we may borrow from the penny-a-liners, can be easier imagined than described. Men and manners in this great metropolis, we flatter ourselves, we pretty well understand. Omnibus cads and coachmen we intuitively know; no wonder, then, we were surprised by the politeness of the Copenhagen conductor. We had only imagined from what we knew; we dreamt not that men of the same character could so widely differ: to say we were surprised would, consequently, be but a mild form of expressing ourselves—we were more, we were overwhelmed. Man may be the same all the world over; an omnibus man decidedly is not. If it be true, and as most boys are taught it in Latin, though, alas! with but little effect, we suppose it is that learning softens the manners, then may the Copenhagen omnibus conductors challenge a comparison with any of the members of our most illustrious societies at home.

There are two things in Copenhagen that might be improved,—the coinage and the appearance of the army. The former is to a stranger particularly bothering, especially if he reaches Copenhagen viâ Hamburg, the shortest way from England, as the coins, many of them, have similar names though different values. There is a great deal of paper money in circulation, and the notes are for a very small amount, many of them being of the value of less than half a crown. Again, the army has not the imposing appearance the English eye has been accustomed to. There are a great many soldiers belonging to Denmark. From a population of a million and a half, one hundred thousand are set apart for soldiers. We were rather amused to see them parading the streets of Copenhagen. They are most of them undersized men, and do not even walk in step. Their trousers, like our policemen's boots, are evidently made by contract, and consequently are generally too large; so that the less gifted, as regards the length of leg, have to turn theirs up, a habit more convenient than graceful. The reflecting reader must at once perceive the Danish soldiers have no very martial appearance. To be shot at, perhaps, they are about the best of men you could have; to sweep off a long line of fine tall young fellows "full of lusty life" seems too bad even for men who are called heroes. Short and dumpy men can certainly be better spared. Yet Englishmen know that the Danes can fight; the sturdy valour they displayed

when Nelson's flag floated within reach of the cannon of Copenhagen is matter of history. Niebhur's letters, written from Copenhagen at the time, show the eagerness displayed by every Dane at the time to defend his country against the foe. There are those who

" sleep
By thy wild and stormy deep,
Elsinore,"

who could tell how bravely then the Danes waged the fight. One old Danish hero, it is said, after having in vain endeavoured to prevail upon the Crown Prince to refuse the terms, offering to answer for the capture of the whole English fleet, was so overcome with vexation and disappointment, that nature gave way, and he was carried from the royal presence in a fit.

The chief claim, however, Copenhagen has to fame, and one to which we have but partially alluded, rests upon the fact that Thorwaldsen was its citizen; that there he was loved and honoured; that he came home there from the blue sky of Italy, and the fascinations of art, Rome yet boasts—to die; and that in Copenhagen most of his works remain. Let the traveller first visit the Frauen-Kirche, or Lady's church, and admire the genius of this sculptor of the north. The matchless beauty of the colossal statues of the twelve apostles, by which that church is adorned, and famed, would alone repay a journey from England. Then let him visit the Museum Thorwaldsen formed. By this time we think the building erected to contain the treasures he left behind is finished. It was in a state of considerable progression when we were there. Thorwaldsen bequeathed his whole collection of antiquities and sculpture to the nation. Amongst other things we saw the cast of the far-famed Byron statue, the original of which has not till recently been made public, the existence of which for a long time was doubted. It is simple and expressive. Byron is seated writing the *Childe Harold*, and at his feet lies a broken shaft. The Museum contains a beautiful bust of the intellectual head of the artist. Few nobler heads have we seen. Our black guide saw our admiration, and valued it. With grinning mouth, with ebony finger he pointed to the bust, and proud of his knowledge, and conscious of our ignorance, told us—and it was all the fellow did tell us—that he, meaning Thorwaldsen, "dunned it hisself."

Such are the memorabilia of our visit to Copenhagen. Gay as most of her inhabitants seemed, we met with some young men of a sterner mould. We should say there is a "Young Denmark" as well as what Mr. Roebuck terms a "Little Britain." There are indications that change is near; that a new spirit is walking the earth; that the power of the people is increasing; and that its progress no man nor monarch can hinder or restrain. His present Majesty allows no Norway newspapers to come to Denmark, lest

the people should be affected by liberalism. In the same manner, and for the same reason, only certain English newspapers are permitted. This his Majesty can do, to prevent the introduction of liberalism, to exclude the light in which all nations shall ultimately rejoice; to stop man's onward march, most certainly is not within his power. A time will come to every nation when it will turn in disgust from its trinkets and toys, its pictures and promenades, its theatres and dancing girls, and demand its freedom and rights. Some of the nations of the earth have gone through this crisis; some have died under it; to others it has yet to come. Denmark is a barren country; Copenhagen alone has a population of less than 120,000, but it has done something for European civilization; it has blessed this world of ours with master minds. It has given birth to and reared Tycho Brahe, Niebhur, and Thorwaldsen. It has won for itself gratitude and respect. Were to-morrow the Baltic to sweep over its towers and palaces, did not a wreck even remain, still Denmark would live—still her memory would be blessed, still hallowed associations would cluster round her name, for she has worked for the general good; she has contributed her share to the illustrious catalogue of the gifted and the great.

LAYS OF ISRAEL.

RIZPAH'S VIGIL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SHE threw her jewelled tire aside,
And sought the hill of woe;
The sinking sun, with softened pride,
Lit up her brow of snow:
That brow so beautiful, so bright,
Is darkened by despair,
While sadly on the ear of night
Steals Rizpah's whispered prayer,

God of our fathers ! Judah's God !
The path of death this day
My brave, my beautiful, have trod,—
Oh ! take thy curse away :
Pour out thy healing floods of grace,
Once more, O Lord ! once more
Let Salem see thy smiling face,
And Salem's priests adore.

Spirit of love and light, arise !
Forbear thine angry frown,
Open the floodgates of the skies,
And rain thy mercies down :
Then shall my sons, my young, my brave,
From this dark mount be borne,
To rest within their fathers' grave,
And Rizpah cease to mourn.

PICTURES OF THE AMERICANS BY THEMSELVES.

No. III.

THE SCEPTIC IN LOVE.

A STORY FOR COQUETTES.

BY EFES SARGENT.

CHAPTER I.

"At length, thank Fortune, we are alone, Josephine."

"And why do you thank Fortune for that, Mr. Smith?"

"Because it gives me the opportunity that I have long coveted, and yet hesitated to embrace—the opportunity of declaring—that is of—of—"

June, 1847.—VOL. XLIX.—NO. CXCIV.

"Of what, sir? Pray speak out. You know how fond I am of candour."

"In one word, then, Josephine, I—I love you."

"And is that all? How provoking! I presumed you had something interesting to say—something piquant—something new."

"Ah! you are jesting, Josephine. I pray you, be serious."

"Then you must change the subject; for it is one that will not admit of gravity."

"The season is hastening to its close, Josephine. Summer is near; and I must soon rejoin my family at the north. I may not have, before my departure, another opportunity of speaking with you. In friendship's name, if by no tenderer appeal, I beseech you to give me a moment's earnest attention."

"Well, sir, proceed."

"That coldness is assumed, I see it is. Ah, Josephine, your heart can surely distinguish the tones of true affection. It is not the gallantry of the ball-room that I proffer you now, but the homage of my fervent, my unspeakable love. Vouchsafe to me the hope that I may love you hereafter, not merely as the most beautiful of your sex, but as a wife."

And with these words Mr. Smith knelt at the lady's feet. But she with a disdainful gesture rose, and exclaimed,—

"When and how, sir, have I given you authority, by my conduct, to address language of this import to me?"

"When and how, Josephine?" returned the young man, rising, and riveting a gaze of intense earnestness upon her, as if doubting whether or not she was making sport of him by the inquiry. "Is not the report of our engagement current in all the circles wherein you visit? At every ball during the season, have I not neglected all others present to bestow upon you my undivided attentions—and have not those attentions been received—ay, not only received, but encouraged? Have I not a thousand times protested more eloquently than words could do, by looks and actions, that I was deeply, passionately enamored, and have you not suffered me to repeat, time and again, those protestations, without intimating either to the world or to myself that they were unacceptable? Ah, Josephine, do not trifle with a heart over which you have such absolute sway. Let your lips tell me what your eyes have so often affirmed—tell me that mine is not a hopeless passion."

Josephine moved with the step of a tragedy queen towards the door, and placing her hand upon the knob, turned and said,—

"When Mr. Smith has cured himself of the folly, which has led him to the declaration he has done me the honour to make, I shall be most happy to receive him once more as a friend."

And Josephine quitted the room.

It was true, as Smith had asserted, that she had given him

abundant encouragement to make the offer, into which we have seen him betrayed. Josephine De Valville was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest planters in Louisiana. Few observers were so fastidious as not to admit that she was singularly beautiful. In stature she was somewhat *petite*, but the symmetry of her figure was such that nothing seemed wanting to its perfection. Her features were just the features to catch the gazer's attention, even among a crowd of beautiful women. Her eyes of a dark, rich slate colour, *riante*, sparkling and animated in their expression—her mouth as delicately curved and tinted as the daintest sea-shell—her exquisitely moulded forehead, over which fell curls so fine and thick that they felt like down to the touch—imparted a combination of traits to her countenance, which extorted ejaculations of admiration from the most obtuse judges of the beautiful.

Josephine was in the habit of passing her winters in New Orleans. Deprived of her mother while yet an infant, she had entered society at an age when many young ladies have hardly left the nursery. The consequence was, that long before her heart could learn to distinguish between real and fictitious affection—between the common-places of flattery and the utterance of true feeling—she had become so accustomed to the adulation of ball-room dangles and men of the world—that what an unsophisticated girl would regard as a formal offer on the part of an admirer, Josephine would laugh at as the rhodomontade of a half-jesting spirit. Often when a mere child with *pantalettes* and braided hair, her father's friends would make love to the little lady in sport, until Josephine came to look on love, which is a very serious matter to some people, as a joke rather the worse for wear. Ah! her heart had never been touched.

"But who is Smith?" asks the reader.

All that I know of Smith is, that he came to New Orleans from one of the great northern cities as the agent of a mercantile house. Combining with the vocation of the man of business the habits, tastes, and appearance of the gentleman, he easily found access to the choicest society. It was at her father's own house that he first met Josephine; and thenceforth he embraced all opportunities, and they were numerous, of enlarging the acquaintance. There were few young men who could more fluently discourse on topics grateful to a lady's ear; and Josephine encouraged his attentions without troubling herself to inquire into his motives. But what was amusement to her was death to her victim. He was all the while adding fuel to the flame that she had kindled; but Josephine's heart was as innocent of love as an iceberg is of vegetation.

After the interview, of which the reader has already been informed, Smith resolved to seek a final understanding. He made an early morning call, expecting to find her alone. But one Mr.

Fitzfool, an opulent dangler, was present in the drawing-room; and Josephine was apparently listening with a pleased attention to his innocent babble about the newest flirtations, the last great ball, and the merits of the waltzers. She bowed carelessly to Smith as he entered—addressed to him a common-place observation of ordinary courtesy, and then resumed her conversation with Fitzfool, who had raised his eye-glass upon the entrance of the intruder. Smith took up a French copy of *Picciola*, and tried to read; but his brain was in a whirl, and his thoughts were all with Josephine. Every time she laughed, the sound chilled his heart, as if an ice-cold hand had been laid upon it. “Is it not appalling,” he murmured to himself, “the extent to which I love this woman?” And as the interrogation passed through his mind, another laugh from her was the response.

At length Fitzfool took his leave. Smith threw down the book he had been holding, and drew near to Josephine, and looked her in the face.

“Josephine,” he said, “may I ask it of your friendship to answer me one question with the most perfect frankness and sincerity?”

“Do not doubt, Mr. Smith,” was the reply, “that if I give you any answer, it will be a true and candid one.”

“If you knew how much rested upon your answer, Josephine, I am sure it would be an honest one. Do not suppose that I am uttering the rant of an ordinary lover. As heaven is above us, I speak no idle or unmeaning words. This is the most critical moment of my life. Nay, my life hangs upon it.”

“Really, Mr. Smith, I am growing quite curious; pray, what is your question?”

“Do you, Josephine, positively forbid my entertaining even the distant hope of ever winning your consent to be my wife?”

“Yes, Mr. Smith, most positively, most conclusively, most irrevocably.”

“Be guarded, I beseech you, Josephine, in your language, and understand well the spirit of my inquiry. I do not ask if you love me now, but I would know, with all respect, believe me, whether your indifference springs from perfect freedom and vacuity of heart, or whether you prefer any other suitor to myself.”

“Now,” thought Josephine, “by an innocent fib I can put a stop to his plaguing me in this way.”

She paused; and then hanging her head as if half ashamed of the falsehood, she replied,

“Mr. Smith, pray regard the confession as confidential,—yes, I do prefer another.”

Smith seemed confounded for some moments as if he had received a stunning blow. He looked in her face without speaking, then turned, took up his hat from the floor, where he had dropped it;

and, with one mighty effort stifling his emotion, said, in firm tones,—

“Do not fear, Miss de Valville, that I shall ever again molest you upon this subject. Forget my presumption in mistaking what was mere friendly partiality on your part, for an indication of your heart’s preference. I am amply punished for my folly. Farewell !”

“You will be at Mrs. Dazzle’s ball to-morrow night, of course ?” said Josephine, carelessly.

“It is a question whether I shall have it in my power,” replied Smith, with a strange smile. “Good morning !”

The ball took place the next night, and all the fashion of New Orleans was assembled on the occasion. Josephine was present, and never had she seemed in such exulting spirits, or looked more radiantly beautiful. During a pause between one of the dances, while the musicians were re-tuning their instruments, she saw a knot of young men collect about one of their number, who had apparently been communicating the news of some occurrence, which created a profound sensation. Josephine’s curiosity was excited, and she determined to find out what was the matter. Beckoning one of the group to her side, she asked,

“What is it, Mr. B—— ? I am dying to know.”

“You will know it in the morning,” replied Mr. B——. “It is not appropriate news for a ball-room.”

“Leave me to be the judge of that. Come, tell me, and, by way of reward, you shall dance the next waltz with me.”

“Since you insist, this is it,” replied the youth, thus importuned, “Your friend Smith was found shot through the heart this evening in the public street. He undoubtedly committed suicide.”

Josephine turned pale, and seemed to shudder for a moment. And then the exclamations from her lips flowed in this wise : “How very shocking ! What a foolish fellow ! I really believe he did it out of spite. Well, he has spoiled our amusement for the rest of the evening. Of course, you don’t expect me to waltz with you now, Mr. B—— ?”

“I do not desire to waltz with you ever again, Miss De Valville,” said B——, turning on his heels ; for he had heart enough to feel chilled and repelled by the cold-blooded indifference with which she had received the news of the death of one whom her own frigidity had driven to despair.

But Josephine was not passionless. The master-spirit of her destiny had not yet crossed her path, that was all.

(To be continued.)

LAYS OF ISRAEL.

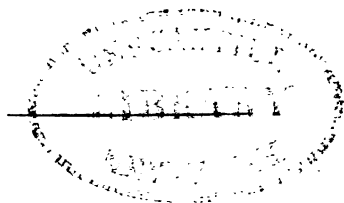
MIRIAM.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE cedars bowed their glory
Before the midnight blast,
That seemed to tell the story
Of mighty spirits past :
When forth the maiden wended
By Zion's holy hill ;
The battle-strife was ended,
And all around was still.

By Kedron's sacred water
Young Miriam stood and wept ;
There lay the field of slaughter,
And there the mighty slept :
" Where is my Othniel lying ?
Where rests his princely head ?
Ah ! bleeds he with the dying,
Or sleeps he with the dead ? "

" I hear thy angel greeting,"
The wounded hero cried :
" My dying heart is beating
For thee, my plighted bride ;
Our Salem is delivered,
Proud Ammon's helm is rent,
Fell Moab's spear is shivered,
And now — I die content."



ANNIE FITZMAURICE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For though it have helped mad men to their wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise men mad."

Richard 2nd, Act 5, Scene 5.

"Do give over that eternal playing, and singing, Annie, pray!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzmaurice, in a peevishly dictatorial tone, to his daughter, one evening, as, according to her usual custom, she was amusing herself at the instrument. "One would imagine, to hear you so incessantly at that confounded piano, you really thought life was only bestowed to be spent in perpetual harmony; instead of tumult, distraction, and discord. Have you yet to learn, that mirth out of season, is the saddest, the deepest of melancholy?"

"Well! but, papa," replied the submissive girl, rising, and closing the instrument, "you used to like my singing so much, and it is only of an evening I play to *please* you."

"And that is precisely the time, of all others, when you should not. In reality, I hate music most cordially; but it was considered imperative that *my* daughter,—the heiress of a fortune of some supposed magnitude, should be instructed in so essential an acquirement, to fit her for the sphere of elegance in which she would move; by the idiots, the gold worshippers, who look merely on the surface of things, and homage, and *honour* the possessors of wealth as demigods. It was a matter of indifference to me formerly; in truth, I scarcely heard it; but now it jars and irritates the mind, untuned and oppressed with graver subjects. It prevents conversation,—monopolizes the time and attention, which ought

to be devoted to the comfort or amusement of others. Yes, Annie, say what you may to the contrary, music is, in my opinion, a decidedly selfish gratification ;—a self-engrossing pursuit."

"I am sure I have never made it such, papa, nor anything else. I am the least selfish person living, I fancy ; ready to make any sacrifices for the advantage of my fellow-creatures, even of my dearest, most cherished feelings."

"Have a care, Annie, that your words are not prophetic. But come, do not look so alarmed ; sit down by me, my love, I have spoken unkindly, I know, chidden you without a cause, and, as usual, your uncomplaining gentleness has disarmed me, and wrung me to the heart's core, with the reproaches of a wounded conscience. O Annie ! I feel that I have no right to tyrannize over you,—to controul your sweet maidenly wishes, and yet, God is my judge, I have no alternative !"

"Dearest papa !" said Annie, flinging her arms fondly round the old man's neck, what *could* you order, that I would not obey ? Speak ! you do not know your Annie yet, if you think she would hesitate a moment between your happiness or her own."

"Ah ! Annie, Annie ! you are not aware,—you cannot have an idea, how easily the asseverations, uttered in the inexperienced ardour of youthful enthusiasm, are violated in the hour of cooler, bitterer reflection ! Even now, were I seriously to test your affection by asking, perhaps, only one paltry sacrifice ; your heart would shrink from making it, your courage fail at the moment of action, and instead of proving yourself the self-abnegating being you idly vaunt you are, you would be, in sooth, the merest puppet, moved by your own romantic emotions, to feel it above your strength to do a noble deed."

"O ! why should you consider me so feeble ?" cried Annie, bursting into tears. "When did you ever find me wanting in dutiful obedience, in loving anxiousness to do all you desired ?"

"Never, but then you have never been tried, as I must try you now. There, do not agitate yourself," he continued in a softened tone, observing the varying cheek, and quivering lip of his timid child, "but listen to me with composed attention. Am I not your own papa,—your own fond devoted papa ? fear not then, that I shall propose aught, but that which is for your advantage."

"You cannot have forgotten, that your happiness has been my whole and sole study, from infancy, up to the present instant. Witness my undeviating love for you,—the expensive education I have given you,—the splendour and luxury with which I have lavishly surrounded you. Have you ever had one wish ungratified ? have you ever shed one tear of sorrow occasioned by me ? ever lost one hour's rest through my unkindness ? Do you remember all this, dear ?"

"Most gratefully,—most religiously,—and shall, to the grave!"

"Then I do not advance more than the truth. I have been all I assert, generous, indulgent, and disinterested! Seeking no return, hitherto, for such an expenditure of paternal tenderness; and now, when on the eve of so doing, still considering your future prosperity and aggrandizement, as paramount to all things. Do you comprehend my meaning, or must I be more explicit? Affection, vigilant to avoid inflicting pain or mortification, anticipates the motives of those it would fain spare. Is yours so forestalling for me, Annie? or must I prosaically explain that which I would have your heart divine?"

"I could but embody these occult hints, into one terrible reality; but, heaven forbid, I should ever be driven so to do! You cannot refer to the odious proposal of Sir Horace Herbert, papa?"

"I do indeed, Annie; and trust, upon mature deliberation, you will also see it in an equally favourable light with myself."

"Never! never, as I hope for mercy, never!"

"Wait until you know why you *must*, ere you jeopardize your conscience with rash, and useless, vows! What can be more flattering than the offer of hand and fortune, from a handsome, and fashionable young baronet, like Sir Horace? a man distinguished alike for the graces of his person, the elegance of his manners, and ancient ancestry. I wonder you can have a scruple on the subject."

"What! when you know his profligacy and dissipation, and my affection for Charles Godwin?—An affection, sanctioned, encouraged by you, for years,—an affection, which can alone conduce to the felicity of the child you profess so entirely to love?"

"Profess! I do not profess an atom more than I feel, I take the Almighty to witness. Nay, I will admit, that I *did* sanction and approve of that affection once, looking forward to your union with my clerk and protégé, as the cloudless sunset of my evening of life; basking in the beams of your reflected happiness, to warm the heart, which age, and the cold world-blast of anguish and disappointment, had chilled even unto death. But now, but *now*, such an event is utterly, hopelessly, impossible!"

"Impossible? O papa! surely a more splendid offer in point of worldly pride and grandeur, has not subverted the honest integrity of your heart? Surely you would not compromise your plighted faith,—the faith of your child, to the empty shadow of that ambition, which will, when too late, assume a palpable form of horror, in my distracted shape, to reproach you with your perfidy, and my wretchedness? Oh pause! pause, I implore you. A fiend is luring you on to the brink of ruin, only to mock you, when fallen down its dread abyss past recovery! What more do we want?"

have we not all that reason requires, for happiness? Are you so avaricious?"

"No! but necessitous. The sharp spur of threatened poverty, which goads the most sluggish to desperation, now pricks me to my soul's quick; for, O Annie! the means of procuring, even the bread nature *will* have, I can no longer command!"

"But the party last night, papa?"

"A blind, Annie! a trick of trade! a sham! a humbug!"

"O! my father! why have recourse to such base subterfuges? But it cannot be as you say, for you were so gay, your spirits appeared so natural!"

"That is, because your own were really so. Too often our estimate of the feelings of others, is only the reflex of our own mind. Buoyant and sanguine in the hilarity of youth, you saw not the mere assumption of pleasure in me,—saw not the effort it cost me to smile,—to speak,—to seem at ease beneath the penetrating gaze of latent suspicion. The torture of those few hours, so brief for you, so lingering for me, has added ages to my existence; I feel centuries older since then; while your smooth brow is as young and fair as ever!"

"O my father!" again repeated Annie, as the tears streamed down her pale face, "and you endured all this, and I so thoughtlessly happy!"

She had never called him *father* before this evening; and the strange term smote his conscious breast, as something exceedingly sorrowful. He felt that she had suddenly become a woman,—a thoughtful, reflective woman. There was dignity and reproof in the simple and pathetic exclamation, which made him quail before her. He felt that the innocent, girlish papa,—that name, uttered in the unheedfulness of custom, even from babyhood,—that name, which the mother teaches in her secret and holy lessons to her laughing darling, to be such a precious *surprise* to the husband of her soul;—he should hear no more from her; he had banished with the gleefulness of youth, its lovely and loving simplicity, and artless endearment. He was her father now, not to be fondled, but obeyed; a stern, exacting man; without pity and without remorse. He felt as if he had lost a joy for ever, and while the large tears gathered in his eyes, he drew his daughter to his bosom, and said in a voice quivering with emotion, "Annie, you still love me, darling?"

"Dearly."

"Then why did you call me father?"

"I did so unawares. But,—but it seems more natural now."

"True! true! for who ever heard a beggar called papa?"

"A beggar?"

"Yes, absolutely. The very chair on which you are seated,—the table on which your elbow rests,—the vase of flowers which

attracts your eye,—the piano whose tones have so often delighted you,—every article of this princely mansion is in the grasp of inexorable and importunate creditors.—I am on the verge of bankruptcy !”

“Great Heaven! can it be true? Yet spare me the sacrifice of this dreadful marriage; and I will toil night and day for you. Charles will labour without relaxation if stimulated by the certainty that his exertions are made for the father of his wife; for I know the generosity of his heart—the godlike gratitude that fills it for your past favours—the holy disinterestedness of his affection for us both. . Now he will glory in evincing it in its full strength and lustre, unrestrained by the galling idea of my superiority. O my father! how often has he, with tears of anguish, deplored that wealth, which, despite his truthfulness, might make him suspected of being mercenary in his attachment. Consent then, I implore you, to our union, and we shall all be happy together.”

“You may; but, for myself, I spurn the thought of poverty wedded to the abject dependence on one for the scant morsel, who has fed liberally at my own sumptuous table.

“Follow your own selfish inclination—marry Charles Godwin—and let me seek privation and obscurity alone—quite, quite alone—the pangs of hunger aggravated, and the pinchings of penury rendered more agonizingly acute by the bitter and ever-recurring consciousness that I *once* had a child—a fond, devoted child.”

“You have! you have still! From this moment I forget myself—forget my very existence—forget the past—Charles—my hopes—all—*all*. Henceforth I am yours; do with me as you will, neither complaint nor opposition shall thwart your wishes; and if my cheeks become a little pale, and my eyes dim and hollow, the recollection that my suffering has purchased your pleasure, will flush the one and brighten the other. For I can endure everything save your upbraidings.”

“My child! my precious Annie! you have restored me to more than life—to hope—to self-esteem—wealth—respectability—and pride. Again I can look my fellow-man in the face, nor feel the burning blush of degradation, like the felon’s brand, searing my cheek with the indelible mark of villany; for I cannot disguise to myself the turpitude of violating the confidence of others, to gratify my own most accursed passion for speculation.

“Annie! look cheerful, smile, partake of my happiness! I cannot believe I am the same miserable, broken-spirited, depressed, wretched being, I rose from a sleepless pillow this morning, I feel so exhilarated—so sanguine—so buoyant; I almost fear, in the reaction of this joy, I shall be guilty of some ridiculous excess. If so, do not despise me, but consider it the effect of your own generous affection; which, granting me a reprieve from more than death, makes an old man lose sight of the decorum of age—the

gravity of reason. For, strange and inconsistent as it may appear to you, nay, even paradoxical, that I should run the risk of the world's exposure, yet shrink so sensitively from its contumely—yet, so it is; such, alas! being the contradictory elements of which poor fallible human nature is composed.

“To-morrow Sir Horace comes for his final answer, how delighted he will be at its being a favourable one! I never saw a man more sincerely attached. You can boast indeed of fixing a heart, the ardent object of many a fair girl. How you contrived to captivate him as you have done, with your quiet retiring manners, is a perfect mystery to me.

“Come! tell me all about it; you need not conceal anything from your doating father, dear.”

Poor Annie's heart was too full to trust herself to utter one word; she was even oppressed almost to fainting with her father's indelicate volubility; and longed to be alone to shed the tears that were literally choking her.

This she soon had an opportunity of doing; for her father having obtained his object, and anxious to look a little into his affairs, now there was a prospect of retrieving them, dismissed her, with a hasty kiss, to sleep herself into good health and spirits for her promised visitor of the morning.

CHAPTER II.

Now she must all her dazzling hopes forego,
And dim the sunshine of her summer dream;
And change the smile-breath'd words for strains of woe:
Despair becoming her eternal theme.—
Lo! from her heart, the flow'rets, Love enwreath'd,
Ere they have blossom'd, she must rudely tear;
Crushing the perfume that around it breath'd:
And laying ev'ry clinging fibre bare,
To wither 'neath the biting bitter blast,
Sweeping o'er her, in furious anger past!

M.S. POEM.

If impatience be a proof of affection, Sir Horace's must have been of the most ardent description; for he would scarcely allow of a few days' interval before the ceremony, to make the necessary preparations for it.

Although he was to be seen constantly lounging listlessly at his club, or riding in the park, yet, under the plea of having some most important affairs to arrange before his marriage, he did not once renew his visit, after the first almost silent interview, with his victim bride, until the morning fixed on for the dread event.

It was considered a most blessed boon, by the harassed girl, to be relieved from his company, and the torture of his evidently condescending and supercilious attentions. Not that she was suffered to enjoy uninterrupted communion with her own melancholy thoughts,—no!—the eternal bustle and activity of her father, his long and wearying consultations respecting every petty and trifling detail of her odious union; kept her in a state of feverish agitation, and restlessly painful alarm.

What would she not have given, to have had that one week at her entire disposal! But every precious moment of it was engrossed; for, with the utter recklessness and indifference of unlimited wealth, united to a spendthrift spirit, and a desperate abhorrence of vulgar business, Sir Horace had left everything in the hands of Mr. Fitzmaurice; not even alluding to the subject of settlements, taking it for granted, that his daughter would, in time, become possessed of the whole of his ample fortune. Nor did the wily banker undeceive him, taking advantage of his silence on so momentous a matter, to maintain an equally inviolable one, on it.

How Annie shrank, with an inward recoiling, from the sordidness this closer and more intimate inspection afforded her, of her father's character, she dared not confess, even to her own heart.

She always knew him to be worldly-minded, and ambitious; grasping at every means to attain wealth and honours; but now he was absolutely and indecently covetous of them! concealing not one base motive of his heart from her; on the contrary, making her, as it were, a partner in his iniquity, by his undisguised revealments. She would that he had been a little more reserved,—she should have loved him better,—felt her sacrifice less.

The idea of having the fortune of the thoughtless Sir Horace placed at his disposal, by being, as of course it would, transferred to the bank of his father-in-law, completely intoxicated him; and instead of profiting by past experience, and the exposure just escaped from, he seemed ready and eager to plunge headlong into new and even more hazardous speculations, to redeem, as he averred, by this last lucky chance, all he had previously lost.

"The wedding must be of the most splendid description, Annie," he observed to his wretched child, for about the hundredth time: "to hush the sullen whispers, now, like the surges of the brooding storm, hoarsely murmuring against my public credit, and blind the Argus eyes of that monster envy, watching with furtive exultation for my speedy downfall. You, my love, in the arms of an adoring

bridegroom, surrounded by every thing that can charm and dazzle the young imagination, and lead to a perfect oblivion of the painful and obtrusive past, will soon forget the trifling sacrifice of feeling it now costs you to renounce your earlier predilection ; or, if a thought of it should regretfully appear in the midst of your magnificence, like the one corse at Egyptian banquets, remember it was made to save your father, and that will tranquillize your mind, and give a zest to the splendour you enjoy."

Then, without waiting for one word of reply from the heart-stricken girl, without kissing off one tear flooding her pale cheeks, or bestowing one embrace for the mighty triumph he had obtained over her dearest affections, he would leave her with the air of one who had just fulfilled a painful and irksome duty, truly rejoiced that the task of CONSOLATION was over.

It was not to the allurements of pleasure, the gratification of vanity, nor the fascinations of rank and fashion, that Annie trusted for strength to forget the past, to become indifferent to the plighted and hallowed vows of her youth. No! she looked to Him for support who could alone bestow it: she implored the God she revered to send a guardian angel to whisper to her heart's fond weakness, "Remember, thou art about to become the wife of another, and that every indulgence of sorrow, every cherished memory for the beloved of girlhood, is now a crime in the sight of heaven, and a cruel injury to thy husband."

The fashionable papers duly inserted the disgustingly puffing paragraphs sent by her father, announcing the rumoured marriage of Sir Horace Herbert with the lovely and accomplished daughter of the millionaire banker, George Fitzmaurice, Esq. Then, they gratuitously expatiated on the costly and recherché trousseau, and then the wedding. But they appeared entirely to forget that there was a *human* heart on that day to be made miserable or happy,—to thrill with inexpressive joy, or be wrung with direst agony. What, however, has the public to do with private feelings? The bride looked pale,—all very young brides do,—it might be from excess of timidity, or it might be from excess of pleasure. She was beautiful, and was beautifully dressed, and therefore the general conclusion was, that she *ought* to be content.

The wish to retire to her own room for a short time, to compose her spirits, on their return from church, expressed by Annie, was granted by her husband without an affectation of reluctant tenderness. She heard not the "Cursed fine-ladyism," which like the first gleam of a smouldering volcano, broke from his compressed lips, deadly wan as the ashes that strew its withering and desolating brink. She heard not the almost groan-like sigh which issued from the equally pallid lips of the conscious father, who, now that the sacrifice was consummated, looked upon his victim child with remorseful contrition and pity. She heard not the sarcastic

sneers of some, nor the "Poor thing!" of others. She only heard her own loud sobs, which too long pent up in her bursting bosom, struggled to find vent in convulsively hysterical tears, as she rushed up stairs.

Her father led the way to the saloon, where a sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette* was prepared for the aristocratic company. Not one morsel of the various dainties could he swallow; he drank glass after glass of champagne, however, with inconceivable rapidity, to dispel the overshadowing gloom of his mind, and force down the choking sensation rising in his throat.

The congratulations of the guests sounded like mockery on his ear, the gorgeousness of the scene appeared like mockery to his eye, for still in his heart's memory was seen the meek sad face of his once blooming and gladsome Annie: and he fancied in the pauses of the artificial gaiety, which was not mirth, he could even hear the echoes of those solitary sobs he *knew* her soul was heaving forth.

The perfectly libertine indifference of Sir Horace shocked, mortified, and disappointed him; he did not expect that a man of rank and fashion would display the unsophisticated ardour of a banker's clerk on such an occasion, but his apathy was revolting, and he trembled for the effect it would have on his sensitive and affectionate girl, that girl who was now literally devouring the frantic outpourings of the only heart which could ever love and appreciate her; for on her dressing-table she had found the following letter from the deserted and distracted Charles Godwin:

"After in vain attempting to see you, Annie, by prayer, entreaty, stratagem, or denunciation, your father eluding all my efforts, frustrating all my plans for eight mortal days, I write to endeavour to convey to you some faint idea of my anguish, my despair, my frenzy, at losing you for ever, and, not by death, but by your own will, your own fickleness, your own most mercenary ambition. I pause to consider to whom I am addressing these reproaches, these religiously just reproaches, and it seems to me impossible that they can be to you: you! you! the idolized, the worshipped, as the pure and angelic impersonation of disinterested love, generosity, fidelity, and truth; you! whom it seemed sacrilege in the deep and holy reverence of my heart to associate with one human frailty. I know the graciousness of the motive imputed to you. I know your father's failing credit, and that you thus seek to prop his sinking name: but have a care; you are deceiving the man you are on the eve of marrying, and how can you expect a blessing to result from crime? He may upbraid you hereafter, he may wring the tears from your eyes, which are now falling in unshared sorrow from mine.

"Perhaps, in the exultation of gratified pride, you will scorn this prophetic threat, fling the letter which contains it contemptuously

from you, trample on it with a foot trembling with indignation that I should dare to utter it to *Lady Herbert*; but still, I repeat, you may shed the tears of a too late contrition, and shrink from your husband's neglect and contempt, and then, *then* turn in remembrance to him who never would have occasioned you one tear, one sigh, one pang, who would have taken you without a shilling, a rag, whose mother would have taken you the same, and blessed God for such a treasure,—yes, in her mild eloquent eyes you would hourly have read her bosom's thankfulness for rendering her son, herself, so happy.

"I used to think, in the excess of felicity, when wishing to twine all lovely things together round my full heart, that you resembled that mother, that you would more and more, but now I feel I deeply wronged, insulted her by the comparison. That mother never forfeited her soul's integrity in one single instance, whereas—but why proceed? why expose my anguish to the ridicule of your happier audacity? I do not know what tempts me still to complain to one so void of commiseration, to one so callously selfish, but I cannot resist,—it results as much from astonishment as regret: I am so lost in wonder at your perfidy. Oh! how admit the hateful reality? I have gone on so long in such an enchanting delusion, a very dream of poetry! It seemed as if you led me by the hand through a flowery path, such as silent lovers thread, in the sweet summer time, when the meadows through which they stray absolutely entangle the feet with the profuse loveliness of uncultured nature, and the air intoxicates with the balmy fragrance, and the birds drowsily warble their languid melody, and a delicious lassitude pervades the frame, and the melting soul yields to the delirium of love.

"It seemed as if, oppressed with bashfulness, you now and then stooped down to snatch a flower, which half willingly you bestowed on me, and which in the transport of the moment I wreathed round the shrine of hope. *Then* it seemed as if you brought me, all unsuspectingly by me, to the slippery edge of a dark and hideous precipice, whose dim and awful bottom the eye quailed to scan, and there left me. And *there* I now stand, hesitating whether I should at once plunge down and dash out these maddened brains, and sleep in peace, forgetful of you, your treachery, your marriage; but my mother! my mother! the thought of her loneliness restrains me, for she loves me still, she has never injured me."

"He thinks me treacherous, mercenary, fickle: let him! let him! Not for worlds would I undeceive him! Not for worlds would I let him know the anguish, the despair, of this still too, too doating heart. No, no, no; let him think me all that is base, vile, and sordid; it will lessen his regret: would that any thing could lessen mine!

"O Charles! every word, every reproach, every upbraiding, will

burn on my heart for ever! Dear tender Charles! how are you now grieving for having written them to your Annie!—*your* Annie! Father of mercy pardon me, I forget already my vows of an hour only to *another*!”

The announcement by her maid that the travelling carriage was at the door, tore her away from this dangerously absorbing reverie. She found her father waiting to hand her in, which he did with a speechless passionate embrace; then followed her husband, with a careless farewell nod, and his hands filled with newspapers and magazines, to escape from the ennuyant tête-à-tête he dreaded during the journey to Dover, with his wife, in their more congenial contents.

CHAPTER III.

“He loved not a bargain so weakly arranged,
As for one constant heart for another exchanged:
Affection’s sweet pledge was no pledge to his mind,
For ’twas treasure he wanted, and gold he would find.”
The Ocean Flower, by T. M. Hughes

“The Almighty, marriage doubtless meant to be
A state of heaven-on-earth felicity;
But ah! too many from experience tell,
It is, on earth, a state of unmix’d hell.”

“For heaven’s sake, Lady Herbert, do leave off crying in that absurd way,” exclaimed Sir Horace, flinging down the “Satirist;” “what an object you have made yourself! do pray keep your veil down, and the blind too, on your side. I shall really hate stopping to change horses, to be exposed to the uncivilized yet shrewd wonderment of the gaping clowns who loiter round an inn.”

This unexpected attack on her natural sensibility only redoubled Annie’s grief, and she now sobbed aloud.

“Were it not for those cursed white ribbons, flauntingly stuck about,” he continued, “you might pass for a sister whom I had overtaken in an elopement, or the wife of a *friend*, who, having been frail enough to give me the preference, was seized with a sudden fit of compunction, as a memory stole over her of some domestic or infantile endearment; that would afford an excuse for those horrible red eyes.

“I have been used to women of spirit. My mother never shed a tear that I am aware of: high-bred females never do, they have

more command over their feelings, or less, perhaps, of what is mawkishly called feeling. It is only your half-castes, your city misses, who, transplanted from Threadneedle-street to a suburban boarding school, learn sentiment, and give way to every puerile emotion.

"Let this be the last display of such morbid and vulgar sensibility, I desire. I do not want my wife to be a public exhibition; I must be proud of your beauty, not ashamed of your plebeian sorrow."

"What!" exclaimed Annie, at last provoked by these unmanly taunts; "do you make no allowance, Sir Horace, for my separation from my father,—my home,—all dear and familiar associations? Surely some little consideration is due to the feelings of an only child on such an occasion? I confess, if it be a crime in your eyes, I have not yet acquired that mastery over myself, as to be able to disguise or subdue either the joy or anguish of my heart; but, dear Horace, I do not despair of being all you could wish in time."

"A pretty compliment, truly," replied the imperturbable Sir Horace; "not to find immediate consolation in being *my* wife, for such an antiquated papa, and *médiocre* ménage!"

Annie was totally ignorant of the disposition and propensities of the man to whom she had united her fate. She had heard him spoken of by some, as a profligate spendthrift, and by others, as a fine, high-spirited fellow—for, even vice has its admirers; and she hoped he was, at least, possessed of that careless good nature and affability which frequently accompany an entire want of principle and self-respect. But the very shortest matrimonial experience taught her the fallacy of that hope. He was arbitrary, tyrannical, and despotic. Satiated with the dissipations in which he had indulged to the verge of grossness, and disappointed that the pleasures of the world did not afford satisfaction beyond the excitement of the moment, he sought in intemperance a stronger and more destructive stimulus, which either rendered him furiously passionate, or sullenly morose. What a companion for one, whose fresh pure mind was a stranger even to the shadow of evil! Nothing can describe the almost loathing and disgust the poor girl felt when compelled to endure his capricious caresses, or her agony, when she was the object of his brutal anger! The continual struggles with her strict sense of duty, and her innate delicacy of feeling, almost overpowered her fortitude; for, influenced by that proper sense of religion inherent in the bosom of a guileless woman, she had resolved, from the hour she became his, to endeavour to be the *wife*, in every respect—kind, soothing, obedient, and forbearing; bringing to her hearthstone that joyous, ardent, and hopeful spirit, and that subtle power whose sources are difficult to trace, which yet so brightly irradiates a home, that all who come

near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of woman's presence.

Alas, for poor Annie's good intentions! Her forbearance was called tameness—her obedience, want of spirit—and her simple piety, cant! She could do nothing but submit in silence, which she did, with the patience of a saint.

From Dover they had proceeded to Paris; Horace finding more gratification at the gambling-tables there than in anything else.

One morning, after an almost silent breakfast, he took up one of those vicious publications which the liberty of the press permits with impunity to wound the innocent and defenceless by the grossest scandal and falsehood—setting the husband against the wife—the son against the mother—the friend against the friend—and sowing disunion, distrust, and suspicion, where all was harmony and domestic peace.

Horace evidently enjoyed the wit which only stung others, for he laughed immoderately at the lively sallies of the editor; as he continued reading he muttered, in a tone of surprise and chagrin, "Lucas's wife gone off? why, I thought her as cold as the icicles that hang on Dian's temple! I might have had a chance with her myself, but I was so deucedly fearful of offending. Well! it's the first time my bashfulness stood in my way, so I ought to forgive myself for the novelty of the thing! However, I shall be monstrously shy for the future in paying any woman the unmerited compliment of fancying she cannot be won!"

As he proceeded, his countenance became livid with rage; and starting up, with the fury of a demon, he exclaimed vehemently, "Fools! liars! I'll bring an action for libel instantly! Read this, Lady Herbert, and see how precious we figure just after our happy *lune de miel* too!" saying which, he thrust the paper in question into the trembling hand of his wife, who read with a foreboding terror, the following paragraph:—"On dit: that the splash made on the recent marriage of a certain *roué* Baronet, was the last expiring effort of old Fitz—ce to get his fair daughter off; and that she may sing literally, 'My face is my fortune.' The fact of the matter is—the Banker is *non est inventus*—the house in the City is closed—and, from the ridiculously elongated visages on 'Change yesterday, the failure must have caused considerable consternation in the money market."

"Have you finished?" cried Sir Horace, in a voice of concentrated rage. "Is there, CAN there be a shadow of truth in this scurrilous report? Speak! speak! hide nothing, for it will be worse for you if you do! But, no! I take alarm too easily! I forget the rascally nature of the paper. Fitzmaurice ruined?—a capital joke! ha! ha! ha! Why, everything wore a greater appearance of splendour, of more profuse luxury, lately, than that which formerly attracted me! You dare not say your father is

insolvent? You dare not say he sought to prop his failing credit by an alliance with me? Me! me! with scarcely a sixpence to call my own! I have heard of a drowning man catching at a straw—leaning, in despair, on a broken reed—but what are these, compared to the madness of resting on me?"

Completely exhausted by the violence of passion, his uplifted arm, raised as if to strike his agonized wife, dropped powerless by his side, and he sank down in his chair, with his eyes fixed intently on Annie, as if to dive into her very soul, and tear the truth from it.

Seeing she was too much terrified to speak, and judging, from her paleness and tears, that there was some foundation for the report, he said, as calmly as his impetuous temper would allow, "There is no use in trying to blink the question—no doubt you were in your father's confidence—no doubt you gladly lent yourself to his villainous scheme to entrap me—no doubt you were privy to his approaching bankruptcy; therefore, you may as well tell all at once, for I shall consider your candour a virtue. How well you played the heiress! You are indeed a consummate actress! You must turn your talents to account for me now!

"Speak!" he continued, resuming his habitual fierceness; "are you dumb?"

"Oh! what can I say?"

"The truth! the truth!"

"O Horace! do not ask me to condemn my poor old father to you! Spare him! spare him! I beg, I implore you, for mercy's sake, for my sake!"

"Spare him, forsooth! did he spare me, when he tricked you out in borrowed plumes to decoy the widgeon, too ready to be entangled in the net?"

"But, why did you go on so blindly in the affair? why did you not demand some explanation, some knowledge of the amount of fortune you were to receive with me?"

"Because I thought it would lead to an investigation into my own; that there would be a fuss about settlements; and therefore, like an ass that I was, hoped, by assuming a generous indifference, to obtain you snugly, fortune and all."

"Alas! alas! it was the very assumption of that unpremeditated indifference—that high-bred ignorance of business, as my father considered it, which has involved us in this misery. He was the dupe of it, the fatal dupe of it, and I the sacrifice!"

"That accounts for the strange and incomprehensible letter I received from him; as a strictly private communication, a few days after our marriage."

"What! did my father write secretly to you?"

"Yes; and in the coolest manner possible requested the transfer of my property to the old-established and most solvent firm of

Fitzmaurice and Co. ! Property, indeed ! why, didn't he know that I lost five and forty thousand pounds at the last Derby ?”

“Yes, but he naturally concluded if you could sustain such a loss, and yet keep up your usual appearances, you must have unbounded wealth.”

“The calculating old scoundrel !”

“Horace ! Horace ! dishonourably, as I must admit, my father has acted, still I cannot—I *will* not hear him branded with such opprobrious terms by you. Had you been candid, we might have escaped all this ! I might still have been with him, to comfort and console him in the vagrant and shameful life he must now lead. A daughter's tears would have been as balm to his wounded spirit ; a daughter's smiles, as hope to his despairing heart !”

“And had you been candid, madam, I should have left you in peace to fulfil your task of amiable mendicity ; and have been myself, although equally beggared, yet free to pursue fortune under more favourable auspices, unclogged by a penniless, discontented, affected, fine-lady wife !

“If dishonour, to a flagrant degree, attaches to any one of the precious trio, it is to yourself, Lady Herbert, for lending your personal and mental charms as a bait to the cupidity of a fraudulent old bankrupt !”

“Wretch ! coward, to vilify me thus !”

“Proceed.—Women are always *epithetical* when indignant ; hard names cost them nothing then.”

“Kill me at once, Horace.”

“What should I gain by that ? only the execration of the *o'i polloi*, and the vulgar notoriety of the gallows !”

“Oh ! if any one had told me this ?”

“You would have been a very Jew in unbelief ; deeming it impossible that *you* could have been treated so ungallantly !”

“O merciful Heaven ! what have I done to merit a trial so much beyond my strength ?”

“Are you not afraid Heaven will answer you in its scathing lightnings, its blasting thunders ? I will tell you what you have done—what you still do—hourly commit adultery. Nay, you may start and look aghast, but, I repeat, the worst species of adultery—the adultery of the *heart* ; that which the Lord above denounces in his fiercest anger. And you know it. You know you married one man while your whole soul was devoted to another. You know that you constantly deplore your separation from Charles Godwin—that in every trouble, anxiety, or sorrow—every time we quarrel, and how often that is ! you fly to solitude, and, in the culpable secrecy of your own chamber, weep and commune with your own spirit's paramour—invoking his compassion—his prayers to intercede to God for an abbreviation of a barbarous fate. Yet you call yourself *virtuous*. Yet you can come to me, with eyes swollen with

those guilty tears, to taunt me with unkindness—neglect. Yet you can look up to Heaven with those same criminal eyes, and with the self-abrogation of a martyred, persecuted saint, ask why you must endure such a cruel destiny! Out upon your duplicity; it surpasses credence!”

Annie was literally paralysed at this overwhelming accusation; the conscious blood suffused her face and neck, and tingled to her very fingers’ ends. She was perfectly appalled at the idea of her implacable husband being master of this one lingering, cherished feebleness of her heart.

“Oh! who could have magnified an innocent and long-stifled regret into such a crime? who could have told you of my girlish, and sadly thwarted attachment to poor Charles?”

“No matter who told me—it suffices that I *know* it. Do not imagine, however, that I am jealous, that would be paying yourself too great a compliment. No! no! my *tendre pour vous, ma chère*, will never lead to such folly; only I wish it to be understood, now, that you are really dowerless, and fall upon me as a dead weight, that you must exert yourself to amuse me and my friends, that you will no longer have leisure for the indulgence of those pathetic reveries, or the elegant luxury of weeping idly for a by-gone passion.”

“Horace! let us part at once, I implore; how can we live together only to recriminate and upbraid? pray, pray let us separate.”

“By no means—I do not wish to confirm the *theorem* of that rascally editor, and of my friends too, that I married you absolutely for money. I would rather they should believe me the tool of your beauty and fascinations. I do not intend to sink with your short-sighted old father; nor allow you neither. I have a scheme for a brilliant existence for us both, to mature; and I shall require your strongest energies, your warmest co-operation to accomplish it. Be only as faithful to your *husband* as you were to your *father*, in deluding the world, and I fear nothing.”

“O Charles! Charles!” exclaimed the miserable Annie, when she found herself once more alone; was it an intimation from the angels above, or from the demons below, which made you so truly predict the scorn—hatred—ruin—and degradation I should meet with in my ill-fated union?

“What suffering may yet be in store for me, who can tell? Here, in a foreign country, without a friend to advise or sympathise with me; at the mercy of a brutalized, desperate man, who thinks me as devoid of principle as himself; what, but crime and shame may I expect? what, but disgrace and infamy from his present projects?”

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! thou hast wager'd all my bliss away!
 A plaything has this true heart been to thee.
 Thou'st chain'd me to the pillory of contempt;
 Heap'd heavier woe and heavier on my head.
 Thou hadst no dread that I might sink beneath it!"

GRISELDA, *from the German.*

ANNIE was not long left in doubt, as to the intended means of procuring the brilliant existence, of which her husband had recently boasted.

They removed to the most fashionable and expensive quarter of Paris, where, hiring a splendid mansion, Sir Horace, with the remnant of his once princely fortune, opened a *salon* for play.

He insisted on Annie, dressed in the most magnificent style, presiding at the costly suppers, given to the unsuspecting young men, who were allured thither more by the winning grace and artless beauty of the fair, girlish English wife, than the affected urbanity, and ostentatious hospitality of the *roué* husband.

How did her gentle nature recoil from those midnight orgies, where, intoxication, rendering the maddened votaries of excitement regardless of the benign presence of woman, they perpetrated every act of riot and excess, without a scruple!

How did she shudder with an inward horror, when she beheld her designing husband, seasoned himself by long habit, against its baleful and Lethæan influence, ply his intended victim with the deadly draught, which was to make him oblivious to plunder!

How did she sicken and grow faint at the idea, that the gold she saw snatched remorselessly from some improvident husband, and father, must actually purchase the bread, necessary to prolong her own miserable existence!

With what aching vigilance did she watch for the moment, when her husband, absorbed, either in the triumph of success, or the terrible rage of defeat, might *forget* her, to creep noiselessly away to the blessed silence of her own room, to endeavour, after her prayers to avert a judgment from the house, to weep herself to sleep, released from the glare, odour, and confusion of the pandemonium she had just quitted! With what dread did she look forward to the morning, which was to reveal to her, her husband slumbering in his chair, yet undressed, surrounded by the relics of the last night's destruction, only to be cleared away, in readiness for a repetition of the odious and disgraceful scene!

Although Annie conducted herself with the most dignified reserve,
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serve, repelling even the slightest advance to an undue familiarity, in any of the profligate associates she was thrown amongst, still, her very position exposed her to freedom and insult.

Witnessing, apparently without reluctance, acts of flagitiousness, which no woman of real delicacy could contemplate without disgust,—pointedly neglected by her husband,—uncountenanced by one respectable friend of her own sex,—young and beautiful, and unprotected,—she could not escape the obtrusive attentions and fulsome flattery of the more audacious.

One gentleman in particular, the Count de Valmi, an Italian by birth, sedulously took every opportunity of persecuting her, with the ardent passion, which, he protested, was literally consuming him.

At first, Annie tried to check his impetuous conduct, by the most marked disdain,—ridicule,—contempt,—and then, that virtuous indignation, which ought to silence the attempts of any man not utterly devoid of those chivalrous emotions, which ever kindle at a woman's distress,—a woman's appeal to his heart and honour.

Bent, however, on the gratification of a passion, now become violent from opposition, the count was deaf to everything else ; and, with the impetuosity of his nation, he vowed to effect his purpose, or perish in its failure. With the view of accomplishing this object, he became more assiduous in his devotions to Annie,—more lavish in his money to Sir Horace,—to whom, indeed, he lost incredible sums.

It was in vain, that she complained to her infatuated husband, of the count's offensive behaviour,—that she sought to alarm his own honour, in the danger which menaced hers ;—he invariably replied, in the most taunting manner possible, “ that she was old enough to take care of herself,—that the count was too good a pigeon, to let fly so easily,—that, in fact, he meant nothing but the common-place gallantry of his country, in the polite sort of *cicis-béotism*, which so outraged her formal English prudery, wishing only to establish himself as her *cavalier servénte*, the most harmless of all creatures ; and, that when she had been abroad as long as he had, she would get rid of those horrid prejudices.”

Annie, thus completely abandoned to the recourses of her own virtue, and that Providence, which still strengthens the feeble, who rely on it for succour, resolved to avoid all private intercourse with the count ; and when forced into his company, to testify her invincible aversion to him on every occasion, without disguise, even at the risk of her husband's anger.

He seemed convinced, at length, by her cold and unrelenting deportment, of the entire hopelessness of success ; and to her infinite relief, ceased to pursue her with those importunities, which were so wearying and distasteful.

But this was only to lull suspicion and awaken more confidence ;

for, one evening, when really too ill to appear, Annie had, with great difficulty, obtained permission from her husband, to remain in her own room; she was aroused from a painful state of conjecture respecting her father, from whom she had never heard, by a slight noise in a distant part of the apartment, when, raising her head, she beheld the count stealthily approaching from behind the window-curtains, where by the assistance of her maid he had concealed himself during her temporary absence.

Suppressing her astonishment as much as lay in her power, from the real agitation she felt, she commanded him instantly to quit her presence. But instead of obeying her, he seized her hand, which he pressed to his lips with passionate earnestness, and, ere she was aware of his intention, his arm encircled her waist, and she was strained to his wildly-throbbing breast.

A loud piercing shriek rang through the house, and in an instant after, Sir Horace, like an infuriated tiger, burst into the room. His wife, in the arms of the ravisher, like the dove in the talons of the eagle, quickened the long-dormant spark of true English manliness in his bosom, and with one blow he felled the count to the earth.

"O Horace!" exclaimed Annie, with inexpressible tenderness, throwing her arms round the neck of her husband, "you do think me worth defending? I am not then quite despised?"

"Despised, Annie!" he replied, drawing her, with almost reverential fondness to his bosom. "No! I am beginning to love you, as you ought to be loved—to loathe and detest myself—to feel remorse, for the injuries I have heaped upon you—to wish to reform my mode of life—to repent of the past, and render myself worthy of your esteem, if not, of your love."

"Sir," said the count, with suppressed indignation, "when you have done with these heroics, I shall be glad of your attention. This affair cannot end here—I am the first of my family that ever received the indignity of a blow, from the hand of such a ruffian as yourself. I know, I could denounce you in a court of justice, as a common swindler, but my vengeance would find its systematic process too tardy; I shall, therefore, expect you at an early hour in the morning at the Bois-de-Boulogne. Come, if you do not dread being posted as a coward!"

"Fear not, I shall be there in time."

"Oh! pray, pray, do not let me be the cause of blood-shed between you," exclaimed the distracted Annie, wringing her hands. "Do not part in enmity, I implore. I have fully forgiven the Count, Horace, and he will as freely forgive you, no doubt, for your hasty but natural resentment, if you express a proper sorrow for it. Do! do for my sake!"

"Never, madam, never!" interrupted the Count, impetuously. "That man's base neglect of you—the disgraceful life I saw you

leading, induced me to offer the insult to you, which I should have shrunk from offering to a really virtuous woman, such as you have proved yourself to be; and, therefore, to you I feel the most abject, the most sincere apology is due, which I now entreat you to accept. But, for your worthless husband, on whom the jewel of your purity is thrown away, I am determined he shall obliterate the stain cast upon my honour by this vile blow, in his blood, with the help of heaven; which always guides the sword of the upright, not the trembling hand of the coward!"

Saying which, with a low bow to Annie, he left the room; the closing door reverberated behind him, and then the house was wrapped in the hush of midnight.

"My poor aggrieved wife," said Horace, when they were alone, "I have exposed you to this:—had you yielded to the temptation of quitting a brutal husband, for love and splendour, such as the count could offer, whom could I have blamed but myself?—Oh! how happy was he who could say, in the midst of reverse, 'all is lost, save honour!'—I have lost all, and honour too."

"Do not reproach yourself too severely, my dear husband; tell me, rather, the cause of this blessed change in you, which appears little short of a miracle?"

"Annie,—that which neither your tears nor entreaties could effect,—the sneers of a few empty-headed fools did;—for, when to-night I expressed my surprise at the absence of the count, I could see that it was imagined that I only affected it, to blind others, that I was considered to be a willing participator in your dishonour, and winked at the private tête à tête, the count was actually enjoying with you.

"Chafed to the soul by these surmises, and smarting under an imputation I could not repel, conscious all my protestations would be treated with scorn, I was nearly maddened by reflection, when your shriek fell agonizingly on my ear. The rest you know."

Through the whole of that terrible and anxious night, Annie sat by the side of her husband, with her hand clasped in his; using every argument which affection and terror could suggest, to dissuade him from meeting the count, but in vain.

"No, Annie, no! do not ask me, on the very threshold of my reformation, to submit to shame and dishonour tamely. I am an excellent marksman, and, as the challenged, have the choice of weapons, which I intend to be pistols. I have no fear for myself, with them, in the *rencontre*. All I fear, is for you; for the anxiety I know you will endure; but, try to compose yourself,—to hope the best. Recall your trust in the God of mercy, who has ever most signally evinced his watchfulness over you. Remember, '*qui bien regarde Dieu, Dieu les bien regardera.*' Let that support you, my Annie, while I am away."

"O, my dear, dear husband, if you are but spared to me, and I can

find my poor father, even in the extreme of poverty, we may all be happy together yet.

"How I long to commence that honest course of life, when the bread we eat, although unaccompanied by the daintier viands, which have hitherto loaded our table, will still be as honey to the taste, from the sweet consciousness that it is obtained, neither by fraud nor guile, but by the praiseful efforts of noble self-exertion."

At six o'clock in the morning, Horace left her, to fulfil his sad, and, by her, much dreaded appointment. His manner was cheerfully serene, as he bade her an affectionate farewell; and as he waved his hand to her, from the carriage window, as she watched his departure, a smile of anticipated success illumed his upturned countenance, rendering it absolutely beaming.

Annie continued to pace up and down the room, with hurried and uncertain steps; occasionally rushing to the window, in the hope of seeing him return, or, listening, with suspended breathing, for every sound which might indicate his arrival.

Hour after hour, however, passed in that agonizing suspense,—that sickening agitation, which only they experience, who count the tedious moments, with a fearful foreboding of some dire calamity terminating the painfully anxious reckoning. At length, a confused noise below, attracted her attention; and darting down stairs, at her utmost speed, Annie beheld the apparently lifeless body of her husband, borne into the hall, by a couple of *gens d'armes*, followed by a surgeon.

For the more convenient inspection of his wound, as commanding a better light, he was carried into the *salon*, and extended on the very table, still strewn with the *rouge et noir* cards, over which his eye had so often gloated, as he watched the variations of the game. Indeed, his cold hand actually rested on the *hazard box*, which Annie removed, with a shudder.

The surgeon, after a most careful examination, and probing of the wound, candidly confessed that "there was nothing to be done; the ball of his adversary having penetrated the lungs, he had been suffocated almost immediately, from the great effusion of blood, consequent thereon." Saying which, he respectfully withdrew, beckoning the soldiers to follow him; and Annie was left alone,—alone, in the young sorrow of widowhood.—Yet, whilst she mourned over the insensible remains of her once headstrong, rash, and imperious husband, now passive in the passionless calm of death, she remembered only the last few hours of kindness he had bestowed upon her,—that he had died to avenge her outraged honour,—all else was forgiven,—forgotten. She did not pause to think, with cynical ratiocination, the strange anomaly such conduct presented.—She did not run over, in her tortured mind, the vast amount of suffering he had made her previously endure.—No!—with the unqualified generosity of woman, she drew the veil of sublime charity

over the dark tempestuous *past*, that the lambent light of the *present* might shine with more refulgence !

Amid the horrors of her own forlorn and hapless situation, she still blessed the Almighty, with a fervent and thankful piety, that the too long misguided one had had a faint glimmer of repentance.

She deeply deplored that he should have sacrificed his life, in the commission of a heinous offence, just on the dawn of those better feelings, whose fruits might have ripened for salvation ; yet, in her fond solicitude for his soul's immortal welfare, she hoped, that even in the courts of Heavenly Justice, some allowance might be made for the imperative custom of this vain world, which compels man to seek the blood of his fellow man, for insults offered to his *pride*, or dooms him to a loathed existence as a dishonoured coward.

Poor Annie's philosophy was not of the schools, but, of the heart. She believed, with the unsophisticated faith of the early martyrs, that the mercy of God was illimitable, and she prayed that it might be extended to the trembling sinner awaiting his final sentence.

She was not permitted to indulge her solitary grief long ; for, what with drawing up the *procès verbal*, detailing the cause of Sir Horace's death, the seizure of the plate, and furniture, by the numerous creditors, to whom he was indebted, and the preparations for the funeral, — the house was one scene of noisy confusion, and avaricious clamour, in the midst of which, his favourite valet, and her confidential maid, absconded together, with a quantity of valuables they had previously concealed. This, for the moment, was a severe shock to Annie, as she thought of all the domestics, these were the most faithful, the most sincerely attached, they always professed such extreme disinterestedness, such entire devotion.

She saw the scarcely decently respected remains of the once haughty, extravagant, high-bred, and much dreaded Sir Horace, consigned to a remote corner of *Père-la-Chaise* ; she paid a few francs to have a weeping-willow, and a rose-tree, planted to mark the spot, not being able to afford a monumental tablet ; after which she disposed of her really most costly wardrobe, to a *fripier*, feeling as it were, restored to her former innocent simplicity, as her eye beheld the last vestige of the rich brocade disappear, the badges of that life of vice and deception, she had been leading for some time !

With the money it fetched, and a few pounds saved from the general wreck of destruction ; she prepared to return to England, without one human being in that civilized and crowded capital, bidding her "farewell,"—bidding her "God-speed." Her appearance was too humble, to attract attention, as she modestly took

possession of a distant seat on board of the packet. No compassionate eye marked the tears which fell fast, beneath that thick crape veil. No compassionate heart penetrated the inward, as well as outward, loneliness, of that stricken thing. The meanly-clad widow, with her small carpet-bag, and her unbroken silence, was too insignificant an object, to win the observation of her fellow-passengers, mostly composed of tourists of pleasure, gay, happy, and voluble, absorbed in themselves, and their own especial enjoyments, arrogant in the consciousness of rude health, and abundant means of gratifying every wish, and proud in the knowledge, an almost blind-folded trip on the continent, had stored their stolid minds with.

Annie's first care, on arriving in London, was to secure a lodging at a moderate rent, paying a fortnight in advance, to satisfy the suspicious landlady, who averred "that ere now, she had even been deceived by a sweet looking widow, quite as timid and respectable-like, as herself!"

The next, was to advertise her father, hoping, if he were still living, to derive some consolation in his affectionate sympathy, and some diversion from her own corroding anguish, in the exertions she would, in all probability, have to make for the support of both. For well she knew, by the obstinate silence he had maintained, ever since his bankruptcy, that he must be steeped in poverty, and no doubt, fancied that she, revelling in every luxury, was indifferent to his fate.

"O my father!" she exclaimed pathetically, as this painful idea crossed her mind, "always unjust in your conclusions of your poor Annie, always! But sorrow is unjust, therefore I will not blame you! you must have suffered enough; bruised and buffeted by the pitiless tempest of adversity, since we parted. I feel how sharply it pinches, and you, alas, have not my power of endurance!"

CHAPTER V.

How some are loved,—lamented,—how, some left
 To waste away neglected,—scorned,—forgot,
 The clinging heart, in twain, remorseless cleft,
 With none to sympathize its adverse lot;
 Each fragment sensitive,—each separate part,
 Aching acutely like an entire heart,—
 Thus bearing through its pilgrimage below
 A dual agony,—a dual woe!
 This sad enigma, angels may resolve,
 And only they, in Heaven where all is love.
 But, O my God! mean while, what pain is hers,
 When grief alone the heart's fond pulses stirs!

MS. *Poem.*

ONE morning, in looking over the paper, which she hired from a neighbouring public-house for a penny, to see if her own advertisement was duly inserted; she was struck with the very extraordinary style of wording of the following:—

“Wanted by a widower, in an extremely declining state of health, a lady-like accomplished woman, to take the entire educational charge of his two daughters, of the respective ages of two and three years. Being such mere infants, he considers a gentle, patient temper as the one great essential; the advertiser wishing his bereaved children to love and revere the lady to whom he entrusts their happiness rather as a mother, than fear her as an instructress. Should he succeed in attaining this most desirable object, it is the intention of the advertiser to proceed immediately to Madeira, for the recovery of his health—or to die, which will be more welcome.

“Although a liberal salary will be given, and every comfort an elegant home can furnish, yet none need apply who is not religiously confident of strictly fulfilling the office required,—this being rather an appeal to the commiserating, than a notice to the sordid.”

Annie reperused this advertisement several times with the deepest attention; and the more she pondered over its contents, the more she felt convinced that she could conscientiously undertake such a charge—that it would exactly suit her, and enable her more at leisure to pursue her inquiries after her father. She carefully noted down the address of the west-end bookseller who was to furnish a reference to all applicants for the situation in

question. But, as it was, unfortunately, past the hour specified, she was obliged, much against her inclination, to defer her visit until the next morning; dreading that in the meantime some one might supersede her—for she naturally thought there must be so many candidates for such a desirable home—so many moved by real compassion to foster those bereaved infants—to console the bereaved father. “Ah!” she exclaimed, as she recalled the affecting misery he had depicted; “poor gentleman, in the midst of affluence he is wretched! Still devoured by the heart’s cankerworm of sorrow. The loss of a beloved wife, no doubt, occasions that ruined health; that indifference of life, of which he so harrowingly speaks; even his orphan babes, *her* children, cannot console him—cannot teach him the duty of struggling against despair—of living for *their* sakes! No—the soul yearns to be at rest with her; the spirit faints beneath the intolerable burthen of unutterable woe; weary and heavy-ladened it longs to cast its load off, and find release from all in the grave. Oh! how far happier—how far lovelier is it to die so to be deplored, than to drag on a loathed and disgusting existence like mine—cared for by none—of use to none—nor to myself. Yet, but vain and timeless regret; I might have been so loved in life, so mourned in death; but that hath vanished like the dream of night!

“Surely I need not fear offering myself as a friend to those motherless ones. My heart, tender by nature, has become even more so under the hand of affliction. I fancy I could be to them all the agonized father desires; who, although borne down to the very earth with anguish, is still mindful to study their happiness; while, oh! to me they would be all, too. So young, so innocent, their pliant dispositions would easily incline to the lovingness of mine; and not conscious of reason to bewail the mother, of whom death has deprived them, I should indeed supply her place.”

By ten o’clock, Annie gave a modest ring at the bell of the superb mansion to which she had been referred in Belgrave-square. On intimating that her business was with Mr. Oglevie, the footman requested her name, but that she declined giving, stating, instead, the nature of her errand, when he requested her to follow him, which she did with considerable trepidation, to the library, where, when the door was opened, she saw a gentleman seated at a table, busily engaged in writing. “I have taken the liberty, sir, of personally replying to an advertisement which appeared—” the gentleman suddenly raised his head, the half-finished sentence died on Annie’s pale and quivering lips, and, with a faint cry of surprise, she staggered to the nearest chair.”

“Good Heavens! you are ill! fatigued! not accustomed to these sort of applications!” exclaimed the benevolent Mr. Oglevie, starting up; “run for a glass of water for the lady,” he continued, to the servant, who still remained, under the pretence of waiting for the

letters, but in truth to get a peep at the new governess that might be.

With the view of reviving her sooner, Mr. Oglevie considerably lifted her to a sofa, where, seating her carefully, he flung back the deep widow's fall of her bonnet, when, after gazing one moment on the pale inanimate face before him, he exclaimed, in thrilling accents—"Annie! Annie Fitzmaurice! My own once adored Annie!"

"Oh! indeed, indeed, this was not premeditated, indeed it was not!" said Annie, in pitiable confusion, recovering from her first state of stupefaction, and drinking eagerly of the water which a female servant thoughtfully brought her. "Oh! had I only imagined this," she continued, as soon as they were alone again; "I never, *never* would have exposed myself to such a trial. Oh! if you really should think it was premeditated."

"Premeditated! how could I? How could you know that the wealthy Mr. Oglevie—the widower—was the poor, penniless, unmarried Charles Godwin of still sometime happier days? No, no, it was not premeditation but Providence guided you."

"Now," observed Annie, rising as if to leave, "as all negotiations respecting the affair which brought me here are, of course, at an end, I need not remain any longer."

"What, Annie! after such a separation, can you part so coldly?"

"Sir, I—I—"

"Resume your seat, I implore you, and give me only one hour of your precious society. I have much to tell you—much pity—much pardon to crave."

"Pardon! for what?"

"For having accused you of that which your soul abhorred—selfishness—pride—treachery—ambition. But I have learned to deplore my error; to atone for it, with hot scalding tears. Ah! you are astonished at this language; you will be more so as I proceed; but compose yourself, for all I have to say redounds to your credit, dear, dear Annie."

Charles seated himself by her on the sofa, and taking her hand tenderly between his own, said "Will you be offended if I inquire how you came to be under the necessity of seeking a situation such as the one I offered? Did not Sir Horace take care to secure to you—"

"Alas! alas!" interrupted Annie, "my poor misguided husband died a beggar. Deeply involved when we married, and disappointed in the fortune he anticipated receiving with me, he completed the work of ruin by the most reckless system of gambling, and died the gambler's death, not exactly by his own hand, but by that of a confederate in crime."

"How you must have suffered since we parted! Your appearance proves that, for you are most lamentably altered, Annie."

"And you, too, are sadly changed, Charles!—almost a shadow; I fear you must be very, very ill, and with such a cough—"

"I am ill, exceedingly ill; I fear my days are numbered. I say fear, because *now* I would wish to live. But God will not grant an ear to the caprices of man!"

"Where are the dear little ones whose future governess I thought to be?" said Annie, trying to turn the conversation which was becoming extremely painful.

"And whose future mother you *will* be. Yes, yes, now that we are restored to each other, as if by a special Providence, do not let us separate again, until the grave closes over me. Promise to become mine, that I may have the satisfaction of expiring on your bosom, of leaving my poor babes in the sheltering arms of a truly devoted parent. Oh Annie!" he continued, with alarming energy, "you must, you shall be mine. I have lived for you, I am dying for you. I have recovered my lost treasure, and will only yield it to death, I swear."

"See my babes: let their silent innocence plead for me,—their speechless eloquence will speak more powerfully to your heart than all I can advance to meet it. Oh! in their beseeching eyes read the blessed hope that you will not refuse to render their expiring father happy at last."

"Dear, *dear* Charles, Heaven is my judge how agonizing it is to me to seem unkind to you, to be deaf to your entreaties, but until I find my father, learn the state he is in, I can promise you nothing. For how could I, when he, bent by age and infirmity, may want my supporting arm,—when he, chilled by poverty and shame, may want the warmth of this fond bosom to pillow his neglected head. I cannot, I *dare* not rob nature of her first claims, for how could I hope our love would prosper if I did?"

"Oh! if that is the only obstacle, my beloved, I can remove it. I rejoice to say your father lives, is well, and independent."

"How cruel of him, then, to keep me in such suspense. Oh! if you knew what I have endured on his account!"

"I can acquit him of all unkindness towards you. I am his benefactor, but of that he is ignorant. If the iron hath entered into your soul, it spared not to pierce his also. That poor old man was driven to seek in self-destruction a refuge from remorse,—despair."

"My poor, poor father!" sobbed the distressed girl. "Oh tell me, tell me, that *you* saved him, that I may bless you on these trembling knees!"

"I did, Annie, but wait until you are less agitated."

"No, no! tell me now, tell me all, while you have life to speak, and I to hear!"

"One evening, soon after I lost my wife, of whom I will speak hereafter, as I was taking a solitary walk by the side of the Serpentine,

to endeavour to alleviate an intense headache, my attention was suddenly attracted by a knot of persons at some little distance from me. Impelled by curiosity, I hastened to where they were assembled, and there beheld your father lying senseless on the bank, having just been taken out of the river.

"One glance sufficed to assure me of his identity, and the cause of the rash attempt, and one thought prompted me how to act in such an emergency. A gush of the holiest humanity thrilled through my bosom, and forgetting all the wrong he had done me, I burst into a passion of tears, and flinging myself down by him, exclaimed, 'Oh my friend! my father! this is deplorable!'

"'Get me a coach instantly, some of you,' I said, rising up, 'there is money; not a moment must be lost in endeavouring to restore him. Get me a coach, then, I entreat.'

"'But who is the poor old gentleman, sir? what is his name?' said the park-keeper.

"'No matter; I will take care of him: his name must not transpire: this attempt might kill those I would not harm for worlds.'"

A grateful pressure from the hand of the weeping Annie told Charles she understood and appreciated his delicate caution.

"As soon as the coach arrived, I had him placed in it, and getting in myself, had it driven to the nearest hotel, put him into a warm bed, and sent for Dr. Williams, my own physician.

"For hours it was uncertain whether he would recover or not. How anxiously, how achingly, I watched for the smallest sign of returning animation! how I prayed for it! At length God heard me calling upon him out of the depths of my heart; for the faintest flush, visible only to my straining eye, came gradually over his livid cheeks, the dark circle round his mouth began to disappear, a slight moisture bedewed the hand I tenaciously held, a long-drawn sigh issued from the opening lips, and your father was *saved*!"

Annie sprang up, as if to fling her arms round the neck of the precious narrator, but she sank down impassively, every faculty absorbed in listening.

"I perceived," continued Charles, "by his attenuated form and threadbare habiliments, that he was reduced to the last stage of penury and famine, ere he had been driven to such extremities, and *that* palliated the offence against religion he had committed in my compassionating opinion, and will, no doubt in yours.

"Conscious that he would recoil from being snatched, even from the grave, by *me*, and therefore, to spare his feelings, when convinced that I could leave him with perfect safety, I did, giving strict orders that no cost should be spared, for that I would liquidate all expenses."

"O sweet Heaven!" exclaimed Annie, "there is a good Samaritan, even in this our day!"

"Ah dearest! whose angel memory inspired my benevolence! My first care was to replenish your father's wardrobe; my next, to write him a long letter, stating that a person now in affluence, but formerly under the greatest obligations to him, having become acquainted with his present distresses, gladly availed himself of the opportunity such knowledge afforded to discharge, in part, the favours so gratefully remembered. That Mr. Fitzmaurice need not scruple to accept the trifles now sent, for all obligation *must* still remain on my side. In this letter I enclosed a fifty-pound note for his immediate use. In a few days I received a most affecting reply through Dr. Williams, whom I had taken into my confidence, in which your father said he confessed to his shame and humiliation that he could not recall to his remembrance one human being to whom he had been disinterestedly generous in the hour of his worldly prosperity: that on the contrary he had sacrificed every one over whom he had had any control for his own selfish benefit. He implored to know the saviour of his life, the saviour of his soul, the Christian who had snatched him from the untimely grave his own distrust of Providence, his own rash impatient despair, had induced him to fly to. 'O sir!' said he, 'I entreat that you will not deny me the felicity of thanking you personally,—of blessing the man who reconciles me once more to existence, affords me time for repentance and reconciliation with my Maker, in heaven,—reconciliation, perhaps, with those I have injured on earth. Do not clip the wings of your mercy, just as they are expanding over a forlorn and desolate penitent. Come! and rejoice in the change you and reflection have effected in a once proud pitiless heart. Come! and behold the lowly and contrite sinner in the once vain and arrogant worldling. Come! come quickly, I abjure you.' This letter, which from frequent perusal, I have committed to memory, was followed by many similar ones, all of which I answered with the tenderest consideration, still, however, deferring the interview so earnestly sought for in them, fearing its effects on your father as well as myself. At length, such was the confidence our long correspondence awakened in him, that he imparted to me his whole history. Then I learned how wilfully you had been sacrificed, how wrongfully I had suspected your girlish truth.

"An accusing conscience restrained me," he observed, "from seeking out my child; from flying to her for succour in my sore distress; for how could I have faced one I have betrayed to anguish and regret? Yet such is the angelically pardoning nature of my Annie, that, despite of all, if she knew her father's penury, she would neither allow sleep to her eyes nor slumber to her eyelids until she had alleviated it! But now, thank Heaven, through your bounteous liberality she need never know it; you have spared her that pang, and for that I humbly thank you *most*."

"By way of creating a livelier interest for myself in your father's heart, and divert him from dwelling too intently on his own sorrows, I sent my children daily to visit him; and, as I anticipated, their beauty and artlessness charmed him from his woes. Their presence was like a joy to him—a sweet delight—a gleamful memory of your infant days. He soon doated on them, while they as fondly returned his affection.

"Under the pretence of their occasionally having purer air, I purchased a cottage at Hampstead, with extensive pleasure grounds and garden attached; but, in fact, to secure to your father a permanent and amusing home; he being, as you know, passionately fond of the cultivation of flowers and vegetables. Thither he removed, with a comfortable establishment; and there he is still. Every morning he sends me a small hamper of rural luxuries, such as one cannot procure in London; and every Saturday, my darlings and their nurse go to him, and remain until the Monday—making the intermediate day a *sabbath* indeed! as he pathetically observes, for he is companioned by seraphs.

"I do indeed trust," said Charles, in conclusion, "that he is as content as it is possible for any one to be who must be haunted by the lingering regret of more prosperous days!"

"And have you never seen him yet, Charles?"

"No. But to-morrow, if you think you have fortitude for such a trial, Annie, I will send the children and carriage to bring him here?"

"Oh! why cannot I go now? it will seem so long till then! I do not think I can sleep without embracing my father first. Pray, pray let me go to him instantly!"

"Be advised, dearest, to defer it for a few hours; you have undergone great fatigue and excitement already to-day, and so have I, too much for either of us, in fact. My exhausted strength could not support me through the additional agitation of such a meeting; and I must restore you to your father's arms, it will give me such delight. To-morrow, Annie, as early as possible, he shall be fetched: still, we must manage his feelings too; he is an old man, and has suffered intensely of late, and, rashly revealed, joy may overpower him.

"Remember, he has to be made acquainted that his unknown friend is *Charles Godwin*, that it is to him he owes his very life—the roof that shelters him—the bread he eats. And then—that his darling lamented child is ready to forgive him, and make him *forgive* himself. This is an enormous amount of humiliation and felicity for a mere mortal to endure; therefore, let me entreat you, to be careful that it is broken to him with gradual discretion. I will see him first, then you can complete the measure of his bliss by brimming it with your tearful smile—your tearful kiss—your inarticulate pardon!"

"Dear, considerate Charles; you are right! how studious of the

emotions of others! O sin! O shame! that your own were not always so tenderly thought of!

"I will not attempt to thank you for these your godlike deeds; I could not. But, to-night, music shall resound above—the soft murmurings of angels shall be heard, bearing through the pure portals of Heaven the prayers of this grateful heart for blessings on your hallowed head."

"Adieu! adieu, until to-morrow! The bare anticipation of its happiness makes my soul faint within me, feeling sick with joy!"

"Will you not see my children before you go, Annie?"

"No; not to-day. I have been weeping so much, I should frighten them with these red swollen eyes; and I wish to prepossess them, and win their love and confidence at once. To-morrow, I can see them too; I can but die of rapture if it is more than I have power to sustain!"

"Well, then, to-morrow you come to leave me no more while I am spared, dearest Annie?" said Charles, with solemnity, as he held her to his bosom in a tender farewell embrace. "I will send for my mother, who has so often called you her daughter—dear child—her most precious Annie,—and will again, for she loves you dearly still; and with her under the same roof, and your father also, you need not fear remaining with a dying man; the world could say nought against such an act of common humanity."

"Dear Charles, do not talk so despondingly; you will recover now; I am such a skilful nurse!"

"Charles shook his head mournfully, as he fervently pressed her hand; and Annie, overcome by her own emotions, hurried away, scarcely waiting for the coach to drive off ere she burst into an anguished flood of tears; occasioned by her sadly foreboding fears for him she so loved—had so long and hopelessly loved—who was so worthy of that love.

The events of the day had indeed been too much for both. Both sought slumber in vain, both were agitated with the same hopes and apprehensions, and both appealed to the Almighty to protract the life now so doubly valuable—now so fraught with a promise of surpassing bliss.

"Oh!" exclaimed Annie! "only to find him to idolize him the more, and then consign him to the grave, is beyond endurance—is beyond the submission I have cherished from my youth up!"

"And, oh!" cried Charles, as his tears interrupted the night-watches; "why restore her to me only to teach me the bitterness of death? Had I yet thought her the wife of another, even the cruelly-compelled wife of another, I could have died comparatively resigned; but to find her *free*—to find her willing to be mine, is to barb the fateful arrow of the king of terrors with an agonizing sharpness!"

CHAPTER VI.

There was a lapse in time,—a wild’ring dream;
 For I was vaguely ill—wild—shadowy,—
 Yet I remember a soft eye did beam
 On me, with glances swift and arrowy,—
 As if afraid to linger near my bed.
 It might a spirit be,—it ne’er did speak;
 But, once I know, a *mortal* tear it shed,
 For it fell hot and burning on my cheek!
 And once by it my fev’rish hand was taken,
 The fingers trembling as they mine enclasped,
 Like aspen-willow in the rude breeze shaken:
 The while a pray’r to Heav’n was sobbing gasped.

M.S. Poem.

WHEN the coach stopped at Charles’s door on the following morning, and he hurried out to receive Annie, on seeing the little carpet-bag which she had brought from Paris, he said, in a tone of reproach, “Why did you not bring all your luggage at once, Annie?”

“That is *all*, Charles, I come a very beggar to you.”

“The more welcome! the more welcome, my sweet Annie!” exclaimed his mother, who had followed her son closely, catching Annie to her bosom. “Oh! a thousand times more welcome; we have plenty for you, thank God!”

“Thank you! oh thank you! dear, *dear* madam! But, my father? where is my father?”

“That *is* the voice of my child!” cried Mr. Fitzmaurice, bursting from the parlour with extended arms, into which Annie fell, with one rapturous, “O my father!”

“O Charles! Charles! I did not bargain for this! You forget an old man’s heart may break for joy, if not for grief!” said the poor father, sobbing like an infant.

“I did intend to prepare you for it, dear sir, but Annie did not give me time.”

“Come in here, grandpapa Fitzmaurice!” lisped a cherub voice, as a lovely laughing face peeped through the parlour door, “Come in to me and Agnes; why are you so sorry?”

“Yes,” said Charles, “let us take the child’s advice. I quite forgot we were standing in the hall, the coachman waiting for his fare too: so absent, so indifferent of observation, do the natural emotions of the heart make us!” Charles led the way, followed by his mother and Annie, clasping each others hands fondly;

while the two children fairly dragged their favourite into the apartment, jealous that any one else should claim a share in him.

As soon as they had in some degree recovered their spirits, and became somewhat more composed, and could gaze on each other, without the blinding tears springing continually to the eyes, a tender scrutiny took place; each being secretly anxious to mark the ravages time, and sorrow, had effected in the other. Annie gazed with a regretful sadness on the few white hairs, and shrunk form of her father; while he almost quailed beneath the mild placid eye of his pale thin child. But the mother's glance was the most mournful of all. Fixing her eyes, with an intensity really agonising, on her beloved son; who, languid in the extreme, was reclining on the sofa, gasping almost for breath; she said, after a violent struggle to choke down the tears, gathering fast into her eyes again; drawing Annie to her warmly, "Oh! my dear child, what a day of rejoicing this might have been to us; if it had not pleased the Almighty, to dash the cup with one drop from the waters of Marah. Oh, that these tears, like the El-vah tree, shown to Moses, could render it sweet! But there is no unmixed satisfaction in this world:—it never was intended that there should. Life, to the most fortunate, must still be a compromise!"

"Dear mother!" said Charles, roused by Annie's sobs, "why do you indulge such gloomy reflections now? You quite infect Annie with your sadness."

"Your hectic cheek,—your sunken eye,—your hollow voice, and wasted frame, forewarn me that there is a mighty sorrow in store for your careworn mother, my precious, precious boy! A stupendous anguish, which will quite overwhelm me!"

"I will not deny," she continued, glancing reproachfully at Mr. Fitzmaurice, whom she perceived was about to speak, "that the seeds of this most awful scourge were not in my poor boy's frame; but, this I will say fearlessly, that they were matured to ripening destruction, by the simoom-blast, the hot sand-blight of his first and only affection."

"Dear madam, I own my guilt there; but, in pity to my self-torturing heart, let the love you bear the daughter, palliate the crimes of the father. I give up my child to you as an atonement; may her affection console you in part, for the one I have been basely instrumental in robbing you of."

"My dear mother, what a gainer you are by such an exchange!" said Charles, with affected cheerfulness, endeavouring to break the gloom, these painful remarks had occasioned, "Besides," he added, "I have heard that love is a great physician, and who knows the miracle my Annie may effect; assisted by hope, and time, and patience, and the benign mercy of heaven? I may recover yet! I

feel better, stronger, and happier, as I gaze on all the dear precious faces around me! I feel a warmth at my heart, to which it has been a stranger, since,—since we were separated! Or, if I do not, I shall die in the blessed consciousness, that she was my wife, although made so in the dark valley of the shadow of death!"

"Papa not die now; papa laugh and be glad!" said the younger child, creeping up to him, and nestling her little head in his lap; whilst the elder one, yet more subdued by the contagious grief she witnessed, but could not comprehend; stood close to Annie, weeping for very sympathy.

"And why should papa laugh and be glad, my darling?" said Charles, fondly stroking the fair-haired child.

"Because mamma has come!" she replied, in a coy whisper, pointing furtively to Annie.

This simple, but affecting, avowal, completely overcame the poor invalid, and he could scarcely falter out, "Annie, do you hear my bird calling to its mother?"

"I do! I do!" replied Annie, rising and straining the infant to her bosom; "and my heart of hearts responds to the sacred call!"

Mr. Fitzmaurice had an innate dread of the subject which formed this melancholy conversation. Like all absolutely worldly-minded men, he had never reflected sufficiently on *death* to contemplate it with that serious and becoming calmness due to it. He thought of it as a far-off terrible something, not to be dwelt upon, and he marvelled how Mrs. Godwin and Annie could speak of it before Charles in the manner they did, fancying the very alarm it must naturally create would accelerate his disorder. He therefore rejoiced when the artlessness and beauty of the babe drew the attention of both his daughter and its grandmother from the painfully engrossing topic of Charles's illness, and some sort of cheerfulness began to pervade the little circle.

The impartially bestowed caresses of the children did much to heal the aggrieved feelings of all, and shed universal peace around.

For months those two devoted women watched with equal assiduity and anxiousness the fluctuations of that variable complaint, so fraught with hope and despair, mutually imparting to each other strength for their labour of love, from their holy reliance in the goodness of God.

Hour after hour, and day after day, found them unwearied still by that bedside, silent as mutes, communing with their own hearts, and praying from its hidden depths those prayers which need neither voice nor language to make them heard by Him to whom they were addressed. Now and then a fond glance which looked the blessing they did not care to speak, or a fervent pressure of the hand, told how their speechless thoughts were occupied.

As the spring advanced, Charles appeared to revive considerably, and it was thought advisable to remove him to the cottage at Hampstead for change of air. Preparations were therefore made as quickly as possible for the removal of the whole party, and in a few days he was quietly installed there.

One evening, when he appeared in unusually good health and spirits, he said, "he felt convinced that there was but one thing wanting to perfect his restoration, and that was his actual union with Annie, for that he was haunted by a perpetual but undefinable dread that it never would take place, and that retarded his recovery; he therefore entreated that she would consent to be his on the morrow. Implore her to comply, my mother, my father, my children! Second the wild yearning of this heart, for the love ye all bear me!"

"Dear Charles! there is no necessity for their entreaties; I am only too willing to become the wife of him I have long, long considered as my husband!"

"Then to-morrow my beloved will make me the happiest of men. I, too, dearest, have long, long considered you as my wife, in proof of which I have left you sole guardian of my children, after my most honoured mother, with an ample fortune for yourself and father.

"But," he continued, with increasing animation, "before I arrange for a *second* marriage it is only fair you should be made acquainted with every particular respecting my *first*, to destroy any latent spark of jealousy.

"Although the recital will not be unattended with pain to us all," he added, more calmly, "I am determined to disguise nothing, cost what it may of sorrow and contrition to reveal the unvarnished truth.

"When I returned to my mother, Annie, frantic at your supposed desertion and treachery, I found a young friend with her,—a former playmate, whom your more lovely image had completely obliterated from my mind, but who, as you will learn in the sequel, had not so forgotten me.

"That night I was seized with a brain fever, and for months, I have been informed since, I vibrated between this world and eternity, as, alas, I am now doing, and have often, often done. During the whole of that tedious illness, Agnes Oglevie assisted to nurse me with the most unremitting solicitude and affection, sharing with my mother all the fatigue and anxiety it occasioned, and charming away her agony of mind by her sweet and cordial tenderness and sympathy.

"A sick room familiarizes and endears. There are subduing associations connected with it of which the susceptible heart of woman makes holy and enduring memories. The gentle and retiring Agnes was sure to be influenced by such a scene: too

timid and self-disparaging to dare to hope anything save from the enfeebling gratitude indisposition begets, she trusted all to the passive and unresisting state in which she beheld me, and ventured her whole happiness on that which a few hours of rude health might utterly destroy.

"She flitted about my room, as if she were a winged spirit; speaking ever in a low fond whisper; walking, if I may so express it, in a whisper; kissing my mother in a whisper: so calmly beautiful was all she said and did.

"In proportion, however, as I improved in health, she drooped and languished; she frequently wept and looked sad, and at last grew reserved and mysterious with me.

"My mother said she had done too much, had exerted herself beyond her strength. But she denied it vehemently—declaring she missed the cares that gave her such an occupation; and that, although she rejoiced at my amended health, still she did not feel so happy as when she helped to nurse me.

"Then, she expressed the most earnest wish to return to her home; but, ere she could execute it, she was stretched on a bed of delirium, beside which my mother and I watched in our anxious turn. And then, in the fitful dreams of fever, she revealed the artless love her maiden bashfulness had concealed even to madness.

"'O Charles!' she exclaimed; 'if you do not pity me, I must die!'

"'You hear the poor child, my son,' said my mother; 'will you not pity her? will you suffer one to die mercilessly, who would have given a thousand lives to spare you a pang? She whom you loved—I fear, love still—is lost to you for ever—is the wife of another; your very regret for her is a crime in the sight of Him who even deems the angels impure. Atone for that offence, O my son! by compassionating the innocent being now before you. How I loved Annie Fitzmaurice—how should have gloried in seeing her your wife, God and my own heart only know—but, that was not to be; console yourself, therefore, for her loss, as alas! you only can, by making others happy. You who have felt how sharp is the thorn of unrequited love, will taste the sweetness of plucking it from the bosom of another! I urge this, because I piously believe, with such a winning creature as Agnes, you may still be comparatively happy.'

"Won by my mother's judicious representations, and the common commiseration man must feel, however preoccupied his heart may be for such a proof of affection, I promised to marry Agnes as soon as she was sufficiently recovered—and I kept my word. Whether she ever penetrated the cause which influenced me, or whether, with the jealous intuition of ardent affection, she discovered that I reciprocated hers too coldly, I know not—but she was not happy. She fretted secretly; she shunned my com-

pany; or, when that hope which never entirely forsakes even the most miserable re-kindled brighter and dearer anticipations, and she would fly to me to pour out the gushing tenderness of her soul—to tell the thousand deliciousnesses which throng the young wife's and mother's bosom—she perceived that she had to rouse me to attention with an effort; and then she would cease to speak; and her eyes would overflow with tears; and she would rise softly and steal away, to shed them unobserved; and I would not seek to detain her, for her sorrow was a reproach to me: and so her young heart withered in her bosom, and she died.

“A few months before which, her only brother was killed in hunting; and as she always protested to her father that I was the best, the most devoted of husbands, he, at his death, left me all his property, on condition that I assumed his name. Hence, the source of my wealth; but I have never been able to enjoy it. My conduct to that poor, uncomplaining, generous thing, haunts me like an unslumbering demon; for, O my Annie! she deserved better treatment at my hands! When too late, I felt it! when she was past kindness, I lavished it prodigally upon her; but the cold ear and the sealed eye could neither hear nor witness my agony of remorse!

“Agnes! look down from Heaven,” he continued, raising his eyes and hands above; “and behold, to appease your injured shade, how religiously I have obeyed your final injunction.—‘Give my babes, O my Charles! a tender mother; and tell her, in the brighter hours of your *dearer* love for her, to cherish them for your sake; to foster them in goodness and virtue, as she hopes to be blessed in her own offspring; to raise all together as one family of love, that they may never feel the blight which has caused me to perish; and—and—that they have an adoring mother to watch over them in heaven, as well as the fond one they cling to on earth. Be happy, as I only can wish you, in the wife of your heart! One kiss of pity will not rob her, give it me to make heaven really so!’

“See! see your children in the arms of such a *mother* as you desired; but, shall I ever have the *wife* you generously prayed I might? does my evil towards you merit such a blessed reward? I fear not! I fear not!”

Charles's voice sank into indistinctness; he still continued to murmur inaudibly, as closing his eyes and folding his hands he sank back on the cushion of the sofa. Annie rose hastily to administer a cordial—she bent over him—raised his beloved head to her bosom—placed the glass to his lips, but they refused their office—Charles was *dead*.

That night, when he thought the whole of the wretched household might have sought a temporary cessation of woe in sleep; when the lamented remains of the universally beloved young man

were watched by the hireling attendant, whom he could dismiss; the conscience-stricken Mr. Fitzmaurice stole on tip-toe to the room where the corpse lay; to weep out the stifling agony of remorse; to implore pardon—mercy—for having been the murderer of him who had saved his own life—the murderer of Agnes—of his own immolated child's husband—perhaps, ere long of her too; and the poor old widowed mother, now bereft indeed—for could those devoted beings survive the direst stroke of all? "Oh! what a piled-up catalogue of crime to bar the gates of heaven against me! Can God forgive so *much*; dare I hope it; dare I ask it!"

On opening the door with noiseless caution, he was awe-struck to behold his daughter kneeling by the bedside, her face buried in it, and clasping Charles's hand in hers. Yes! Annie was the guardian angel of the dead! her fond faithful heart had not abandoned her beloved to the common menial. No! to her belonged the holy office of guarding the hallowed corse to the last!

She was too deeply absorbed in anguish to hear her father's stealthy entrance; or his chokingly ejaculated, "O God!"

Suddenly raising her head in phrenzied wildness, she exclaimed, "Not even for this, will I upbraid my father! not even for *this*! Yet, oh! this might have been spared me; the vial of wrath seemed emptied on my devoted head before! Yet, not for this most terrible murder, will I upbraid my father!"

"Do, Oh do!" he cried, reeling forward, and falling at her feet; "do! or I shall die of compunction, Annie!"

But Annie could not; she could only fling her poor arms round his neck, and weep. Charles *was* dead; there was no use in upbraiding now! no use in ANYTHING!

THE DEATH OF REMBRANDT.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

I had a vision in my sleep. The past it met my eye,
 And other men and other days like spectres flitted by;
 The words I heard, were not the words that I hear spoken now,
 And yet I knew what meant, that language sad and low.

'Twas night; upon an antique bed, within an antique room,
 Where one pale lamp served but to send a damp funereal gloom,
 With trembling limb, with withered cheek, with dim and haggard eye,
 I saw the man of magic art, had laid him down to die.

"Oh waken, sister mine," he cried, "the hand of death is near,
 I cannot leave the hoarded gold that I have deemed so dear;
 For that I've toiled all day, and done my deeds of art,
 For that I've turned to stone, what was a human heart.

"O misery! O woe! say, have I lived for this,
 To go where spirits dwell, and leave behind my bliss;
 Thou knowest, sister, gold, to me, has been a thing so dear,
 'Tis hard! 'tis hard to go, and leave it wasting here.

"I once was young and true, but my heart has turned to gall,
 And *her* memory even now, can no dark thought recall;
 Gold, sparkling gold, is now my god,—sister, lift up that board,
 And, dying, let me gaze upon my precious hoard."

I saw a woman come and hold a flickering lamp,
 And there was yellow gold in its dungeon, dark and damp,
 And an old and shrunken form, to that came tottering near,
 And a dull and faded eye, let fall a feeble tear.

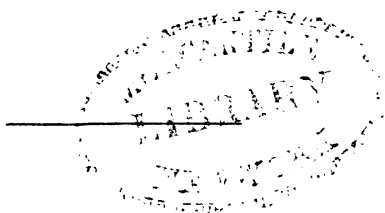
I heard a woman's silver voice thrill in that cheerless room,
 I heard her tell how fair a land there was beyond the tomb;
 How the weary worker here, there finds perpetual rest;
 How the pure and loving here, there sleep on Jesus' breast.

How they who sorrow here, there gain eternal joy,
 For in that world of blessedness nought enters to destroy ;
 How the low and lonely here, there stand erect, sublime,
 As if once more were given earth's freshness in its prime.

I marked how bright a light, shone in that old man's eye,
 How he thought not of his gold, how he trembled not to die.

"I leave" said he "this world with joy, its passion, and its strife,
 Its grief, and care, and toil, its dark and dreary life,
 I leave without a sigh, the gold I gathered here,
 My heart is human now. God bless thee, sister dear.

I see a lovely land where reigns perpetual bliss,
 Where sheds its light a fairer sun, than that which shines on this ;
 Then there, e'en there I fly ; angels, to you I soar,"
 Sudden he ceased to speak,—the last sharp pang was o'er.



MARMADUKE HUTTON ;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.*

IT will be inferred from the hints that had dropped from him at Stephen Harding's during supper, and the abrupt leave-taking that had passed between Walter Mordaunt and his friends, that the former was but little disposed to submit longer to the degradation his uncle continually subjected him to ; had such been the case he would have had ample leisure for reflection, as to what

(* Continued from p. 193.)

course he ought to pursue, in his long and lonely walk home; but being naturally of a firm and resolute temper, and tired of the domestic slavery in which he lived, the young man did determine on the line of conduct he was bent upon observing, and this determination being strengthened by reflection, he forthwith resolved to come to a full and complete understanding with Marmaduke Hutton, and then set forth to seek his fortunes in the world.

Fate for once, less cruel than her wont, seemed bent upon giving him farther opportunities of reflection, for on arriving at the Grange, he learned from the old butler that Mr. Hutton, having caught a slight cold, had retired early to rest, and had issued orders that he should on no account be disturbed.

"And did my uncle leave no message, Richard?" inquired the young man, as he lighted his candle by the dining-room fire, "he was talking, when I left him, of sending for Morris in the morning to have the beeches cut down on the lawn, as they hide the view too much, he fancies; did he say nothing about them?"

"Not a syllable, Mr. Walter; he only said, he supposed you had gone down to Abbey Holme, and would not be home till late; he seemed quite knocked up altogether, and worried in his temper."

"Ah! he's often that, Richard."

"Very often sir,—sometimes I fancy I could almost leave him when he gets in these humours, and then again when I think of the many, many years I've lived here,—it will be eighteen, come Martinmas, Mr. Walter—I rise again and think he'll mend, maybe, if he but give him time."

His auditor smiled, but it was faintly. "If you were a younger man, Richard, would you think in this way?"

"I'm afeard not, Mr. Walter; young blood's hot and aye ready to boil over at an affront, and sorts but badly with an old man's whim whams'; if I was a young man I'd rather seek my fortune in the world, as many a better man has done; God's above all, Mr. Walter, and orders all for the best."

"He does Richard,—you are right, and now you had better go to bed, for I've kept you up far too late," said Walter kindly.

The old man's eyes filled with tears. "If by sitting up till day-dawn could make you look more cheerful, Mr. Walter," said he in a broken voice, "and if I could hear your voice making the house ring as in the old times with scraps of songs, and nonsense, and fun, I'd do it, I would indeed, sir! for it goes quite to one's heart to see you look so mournful, it does, indeed it does."

"Pho! pho! Richard, you annoy yourself unnecessarily," rejoined Walter with an effort to speak gaily, "I ail nothing that I know of."

"The heart may be sick when the body's sound and whole-like, Mr. Walter; I can see that you're fretting about something," urged the old butler stontly, "this is only a dull place for the likes of you, for young folks are nat'rally fond of company, and with the ould gentleman worritting and frittering your temper whenever you come across each other, it's like to make you discontented and restless."

Walter sighed a confirmation of Richard's suppositions,—he was very wretched, and being quite unmanned by the old man's simple hearted sympathy, he sank into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, remained for some minutes without speaking; the convulsive heaving of his chest betraying however, how much he was moved by what had occurred: his fine open features were compressed and livid with the revulsion of his feelings,—his breath came thick and short, and then suddenly ashamed of such an exhibition of weakness, he started up, exclaiming "there, there, my good Richard, I've heard enough,—go to bed, and sleep, if you can, go, go! and seconding this command with a gesture that the old man did not dare to withstand, he pushed the heavy old fashioned table away from the fire, and throwing himself upon a couch in front, sate with his arms folded over his breast, and a dark frown shadowing his stern yet handsome countenance, a prey to the bitterest emotions; these had long lain rankling in his breast, but the occurrences of the last few hours had increased them tenfold, and Walter Mordaunt, recognizing in everything around him, so many dumb instruments of irritation, nursed his growing discontent, and vowed a speedy release from his unbearable thralldom.

It was not enough that this should be speedy,—it should be decisive, and executed in such a manner, as to preclude any future attempts at reconciliation between himself and his present protector, whom he also recognized as his tyrant; it would buoy him up in his hours of loneliness and despair, that he had defied Marmaduke Hutton, and spurned his wealth and station as things of little value in his eyes;—he would leave him with the bitter joy of hurling back his long-endured degradation on himself, it should recoil on the cowardly head of him who planned it, it should be in every one's mouth, and should sow distrust and enmity between the old man and his former friends; his heartless hypocrisy should be unmasked, and his character in all its naked deformity should be exposed to the open daylight of public opinion.

He started as all these resolutions flocked upon him, but there was no one in the room; the household had long before retired to rest, and he was as it were alone with himself in that great ghostly deserted place;—he settled himself again and fell to building castles in the air, unconsciously shaping out odd-looking figures and fiery visages, in the dull, red, fire that was dying in the grate;

the storm had long since worn itself out, and except that at intervals a low dismal wail shook the wide chimney and found an echo in his heart, there was nothing to disturb the current of his thoughts.

These, poor fellow! were gloomy enough,—they scarcely could be otherwise with any one in his situation: the silence and the gloominess of the chamber almost frightened him, and a dull sense of weariness and fatigue took possession of his senses; the fire began to die away, and the dark gloomy furniture of the room, to fade from his eyes; he strove to rouse himself but in vain,—strange figures seemed to pass in review before him, and drowsy voices murmured in his ears; he already fancied he had set out on his travels, and in this belief he fell asleep, and dreamed of little Dinah Linton, who, oddly enough, seemed to be his companion and the sharer in all his trials and triumphs.

The fire had quite burned out when he awoke again; the room felt chilly, and was so dark that he had some difficulty in finding the door; he groped his way out at last, and knowing that it would be a hopeless task to procure a light, stole upstairs, and crept into bed in the dark; his sleep was sweet enough however, for he dreamed of Dinah Linton again.

Blessings on that blithe, winsome, smile, how light it seemed to make his heart! on that joyous voice, that carried him back to the happy days of his jocund boyhood! on those bright eyes, lustrous and sparkling as diamonds, and ten times more bewitching, that lighted up the dark and dreary future of his dreams! God's love in one and all, for the lightness they gave his weary heart,—they came, but in his dreams, but it was something to feel happy even then, to forget Marmaduke Hutton, and the sense of his own degradation, to dream that he could hope even yet, and to awake the happier and the more trustful for such visions.

It was broad daylight when he awoke, with the sunlight streaming bravely through the half-closed curtains almost upon his flushed and heated face; it was late too, and as his door stood ajar he could hear them running to and fro in the house as if something unusual had occurred. Walter thought little of this at first, although the occurrence was an uncommon one; but when he heard bells ringing violently, and caught the sound of strange voices, his curiosity was excited, and dressing himself as hurriedly as he could, he descended the stairs and entered the breakfast parlour, almost overturning the old butler who was running out at the time, with a couple of empty dishes in his hand.

Walter was hastily apologizing for the accident, when the old man by a pantomimic gesture motioned him to go on, his face betraying very evident symptoms of consternation and surprise, which Mordaunt was rather at a loss to reconcile with his usual imperturbable placidity; but he had no time to inquire the mean-

ing of this, and the next moment solved his doubts, when on entering the room he perceived the virgin form of Miss Pestlepolge, in the act of performing the graceful yet embarrassing duties of the breakfast table, to her venerated sire, and old Marmaduke Hutton, whose somewhat ancient and decrepid form was set forth in a fair suit of rusty brown, his angular limbs being encased in knee-breeches and top-boots, and a well-starched, prim, evenly plaited collar, half burying his withered cheeks, in honour of the occasion.

The bashful Miss Pestlepolge blushed through the saffron tint of her complexion, as Walter Mordaunt approached the table; but Marmaduke Hutton having introduced his nephew to her in his own odd, cranky way, that retiring young lady recovered her equanimity in a surprisingly short time, and continued her meal with as much exhibition of appetite and gusto, as if she were all the while occupying her accustomed place in the family circle at home.

She was long, spare, angular and gaunt-looking in person, with a flat bosom and a pair of red bony arms finished off by large ungainly hands; her hair was a snuffy brown, and very much frizzled, especially in front, where it escaped in little knotty curls almost of the colour of her low mean-looking forehead; she had sharp ferrety eyes and a blue pinched up nose, which had probably not yet recovered from the exposure of travelling, being very raw and uncomfortable; her mouth drooped down at the corners, and her lips were sharp and vinegarish looking, probably to match the tart and ill-tempered things that came out of them sometimes, for nature had very scandalously permitted the milk of human kindness implanted in Miss Pestlepolge's breast in childhood, to turn in process of time to butter-milk; and very sour buttermilk, too, it was—thin, acid, and tart,—and Miss Pestlepolge's voice was thin and tart, and acid too. A shrewish voice had Miss Pestlepolge, and a lean heart into the bargain, but as rumour gave Miss Pestlepolge's maternal parent credit for great acerbity and shrewishness of disposition, and manifold powers of aggravating her personal friends and neighbours, by aid of the said shrewishness, the young lady only derived these cardinal virtues by reason of the law of primogeniture; and being far too patriotic in her disposition to permit the family honours to fall into decay, she became by dint of some little training, (though this was not much) a sort of heraldic griffin or wild cat, laying waste the happiness of all and sundry, the heart or hearts into which she managed to get admitted. A lean, angular, bony, stony-hearted young lady, was Miss Pestlepolge, and a lean, gaunt, uncouth, equally stony-hearted rascal was Miss Pestlepolge's sire; and having particularised thus much, we shall leave them both to the reader's imagination, and proceed with our story.

Mr. Pestlepolge eat, and drank, and talked, but it was only to Marmaduke Hutton, who on his part, talked too, in a dry, wheezy, husky voice. Miss Pestlepolge eat, and drank, and distributed coffee and chocolate, as if she had been born to do nothing else all her days and was native to the house; she ogled Walter, too, whenever their eyes met, with maiden bashfulness, but this was not often, for the latter felt a great dislike already to his amiable companion, and was not slow to show it either.

"Walter," said Marmaduke Hutton, when they had risen from table, "Mr. Pestlepolge and his daughter are going to stay some time with us; he is a man I have a great respect for, and for this if not for any more gallant reason, I beg you will pay him, and especially his daughter, every attention in your power."

The subject of this encomium was standing at the fire-place when this was said, apparently too much absorbed in the inspection of a very fine copy of Hobbima to overhear the conversation; Walter merely bowed, and was turning away, when Marmaduke's hand laid heavily on his arm stopped his progress.

"I have a reason, nephew, for requesting this at your hands; you have lived almost from infancy, in my house, and therefore, I need use but little ceremony in acquainting you with my wishes on this head. Miss Pestlepolge will be much in your company, as her father and myself will be usually closetted on important business that has brought him hither,—she is young, and a stranger to the ways of the world."

Mr. Pestlepolge here gave vent to a very dubious cough.

"Miss Pestlepolge, Walter, is a stranger to the ways of the world," continued old Marmaduke Hutton, without lowering his voice, "and singularly unsophisticated in her thoughts. You are young too, and it may happen that an attachment—"

"Really, my dearsir—" broke in Pestlepolge, in a deprecating tone.

"Allow me to go on, my esteemed friend; an attachment, as I was suggesting to my nephew, may ensue; and, for my own part, though they are both young enough, yet—"

"Too young, my dear sir—much too young," cried Mr. Pestlepolge, with virtuous prudence; "Penelope is only nineteen—a mere girl, between you and me—quite a child; and as for my blessed young friend here—" tears started to his eyes, and the virtuous moralist paused with conflicting emotions.

"We are, perhaps, rather too premature to broach such a subject," continued he, as Walter attempted to speak; "it is indiscreet, my dear friend—very indiscreet; and really if I had known you had such an intention, I would—I really could not have brought myself to allow my daughter to pay her long promised visit to her father's most valued friend: it is really very indiscreet, and your generous ardour for the young people's happiness has placed my daughter and self in a very perplexing position."

The reappearance of Miss Pestlepolge at this juncture, fortunately saved Walter from any further disgust for the present; and as it appeared that Mr. Pestlepolge wished to view the grounds, and Miss Pestlepolge wished to fascinate her future spouse more at her leisure, and as a walk furnished the best pretext in the world for such a diversion, the whole party set off at once—Miss Pestlepolge, radiant with humour and beauty, falling to the share of Walter, who, like a victim destined for sacrifice, followed his uncle and his guests in a mood anything but peaceable or contented.

Fortunately for all parties, Marmaduke Hutton could not walk far, and was afraid of the damp as well; so all they could do, was to walk round the grounds, to give their proprietor an opportunity of displaying his improvements, as Mr. Pestlepolge very charitably termed certain alterations intended to change nature's handiwork into monstrosities of art and bad taste.

"As they came back again, the walk, diverging from the nearer approach to the house, led them to the river side, which, swollen by the recent rains, had now assumed a very formidable and even grand appearance; Marmaduke Hutton and his guest were walking on, apparently in earnest conversation; and Miss Pestlepolge, with a view of encouraging the attentions of her companion, and to show the delightful confidence of her nature, ventured very imprudently on a crazy little bridge that formed a communication between the Grange and Stephen Harding's fields, and which, rendered insecure by the rottenness of its supports, very soon gave unmistakeable symptoms of a tendency to break down with the weight of the young lady.

"You will be carried away—come off," cried Walter, perceiving her danger only when too late to remedy it; "the bridge is tottering under you even now."

Miss Pestlepolge did not hear, although she was looking back at the time; but his voice was drowned in the roar of the waters, and even Marmaduke Hutton and his friend were unsuspecting of the tragedy enacting behind them.

"Fool! come back before it is too late," shouted Walter, waving her to return.

Miss Pestlepolge smiled angelically; she evidently misunderstood his gestures; and Walter, losing in his fear of the consequences his own presence of mind, and dislike to the young lady, was half-way across the bridge before he had well considered what was best to be done.

Marmaduke Hutton paused, but did not look back; he was arguing the ties of blood and marriage connections with his friend; the bridge, unable to bear the additional weight of Mordaunt, swayed backed, and Miss Pestlepolge, clinging to Walter's neck, rose the next minute from the bed of the stream, like Venus from the bosom of the ocean after a storm, with dripping locks—a ho-

rifying scream—her peach-coloured little bonnet rivalling the saffron hue of her brow, a draggled and bemuddled scarf almost threatening to cut her waist in two; breathless, frantic, yet not entirely speechless, for her phrenzied exclamations and entreaties for help even smote the ears of Marmaduke Hutton and his friend, who, arriving in a trice at the spot, increased the ludicrousness of the scene by their presence, and the mingled dismay and astonishment both displayed.

“My child! my child! save her; save her!” raved Mr. Pestlepolge.

“Oh, my dear young friend, rescue my Penelope from a watery grave!

“Pray Walter, keep hold,” squeaked Marmaduke Hutton, keeping high up on the bank out of reach of danger; “don’t let go, you villain, or by—”

Walter was landed by this, and Miss Penelope, pale, trembling, and apparently ready to swoon away, was led up the bank by her father, who, clasping her to his heart, entreated blessings on the head of her deliverer in terms which made the young man recoil from him with disgust.

“It is fated, my dear friend,” cried Marmaduke, triumphantly; “they were made for each other, anybody can see that—but our dear child is perishing of cold—run, Walter, and order a warm bath to be got ready immediately—she’ll catch the influenza, ten to one—it’s all fate, my dear sir—run, boy, run, and tell them to get a bed ready in the blue-room, and a fire lighted; the system should always be kept warm after immersion—come, my dear young lady, you must try to walk—you really must,” and the old dotard, with garrulous volubility, turned Walter off on his mission, and then fell to devising remedies for his guest’s accident, seemingly quite ignorant that his nephew had got a ducking too, and was in fact quite lame, which mischance was occasioned by the fairy-like form of Miss Pestlepolge having fallen upon him, on the bridge giving way.

“Lean upon me, my child,” gasped Marmaduke, eagerly; “you really shiver, as if you had the ague; don’t fatigue yourself too much, but keep moving if you can; it will restore the circulation better than anything—that boy really is very long in getting there, I think; how did the accident happen? did you tumble off the bridge, or rush in to save that foolish lad’s life, by perilling your own?—really you are quite heroic! a perfect amazon—but you must not talk;—my dear sir, take your daughter’s arm, and make her come on—it really is a singular occurrence to happen so early in their acquaintance:” and Marmaduke Hutton, talking, and wondering, and urging on his guests to their fullest speed, never stopped his exertions until he had gained the house, and consigned Miss Penelope Pestlepolge to the care of his housekeeper.

"A fire in the blue-chamber, Morriett; bath immediately; air the bed, and get some hot wine whey; Miss Pestlepolge nearly lost in saving my rascal of a nephew from drowning—more than he deserved; plenty of hot drink—an heroic girl!—a perfect amazon—and modest and retiring as a lily—singular! very singular!" and Marmaduke Hutton fussed, and fumed, and babbled himself hoarse, turning the whole house topsy-turvy with contradictory orders, and never once wasting a thought on his own flesh and blood, who was quite as wet as the fair Penelope, and much more badly hurt.

CHAPTER V.

THE amazonian qualities of Miss Pestlepolge did not prevent her being subject to the usual pains and penalties attendant upon her extempore plunge-bath; she had been duly put to bed and drugged with whey and calomel, and heard an eulogium of her heroism passed upon her by Marmaduke Hutton; a doctor from a neighbouring town had been hurriedly sent for, and every thing that could be devised for her salvation had been duly executed. All this was very comfortable to think about; but in the afternoon the young lady very peremptorily determined to get up, as she was quite sure it would do her much more harm to lie quiet than to be walking about, and so up she got, looking very bilious and ill-tempered indeed, and suffered herself to be enthroned in great state in Marmaduke Hutton's dismally dark dining-room, before a great blazing fire, wrapped up in blankets and shawls, with a huge pitcher of mulled wine on a dumb waiter at her elbow; Marmaduke Hutton reading a homily on female heroism, in front; Mr. Pestlepolge trying to look absorbed in Abercrombie's gardening, and Laurie's Interest Tables, the only two books his host ever looked into, at the window; and Walter Mordaunt fidgetting in his chair on the other side of the fireplace, an angry witness of his uncle's foolery and his destined wife's imperious meanness.

"Do you feel chill, my dear young lady?" inquired Marmaduke, his thin sharp face thrust peeringly close to the fair Penelope's; "you really shiver, I think. Stir the fire, Walter."

It almost burned them already with its heat, but he stirred it, nevertheless.

"Pray don't disturb your peace of mind for me, sir," murmured the invalid; "Dr. Quekett says I shall be quite better to-morrow—ugh!"

"What on earth is the matter, ma'am?" stammered Marmaduke, in a fright.

"Nothing! nothing; only a spasm:" and Miss Pestlepolge's shrivelled face became livid in the instant—"now then, it is off again. Really, my dear sir, I grow ashamed of betraying so much weakness."

"Fie on you for thinking so—so heroically as you have behaved; you are an ornament, madam, to your sex."

The ornament to her sex smiled a ghastly smile, and gazed very calmly on the old man's face without speaking; this abashed him, he hardly knew why, and just then Walter rose from his seat.

"Where are you going, boy?" he demanded, in his sharpest tone.

"Down the village, sir; Bess wants a shoe, and Robins is so careless, I dare not trust him without being overlooked; Harding wanted me as well about his clover seed—"

"I cannot have you away at such a time," retorted Marmaduke, more querulously; "if Miss Pestlepolge should take worse—"

Miss Pestlepolge shivered as she disclaimed such an idea, but Marmaduke silenced her immediately by ordering his nephew to sit down again, requesting Mr. Pestlepolge to remember he had done so, which Mr. Pestlepolge did.

"I shall be back in an hour, uncle: Miss Pestlepolge cannot take any harm in so short a time as that, and even if she did, my presence would be useless until Bess is shod."

"Send one of the men with her to Robins's."

"There are none I can trust."

"Then I say, nephew, you shall not go. I insist upon your remaining here, and rather than you shall persist in disobeying me, I will ride Bess myself there. Observe, Mr. Pestlepolge, I command my nephew to obey my orders, and if any harm comes of his acting contrariwise, the fault lies at his door."

Walter's cheek grew purple with indignation at such an insulting speech, and his voice quivered as he said, as calmly as he could, "I must go, sir, to Harding; Bess is too vicious for you to ride her, and as I shall be absent a very short time—"

"You shall not stir, sir. I will ride your horse, sir, now, and whenever I choose. Sit down! sit down! Pestlepolge, ring the bell. Sit down! sit down!" And Marmaduke Hutton, scarcely able to contain his ire, jumped up, and stood on the hearth-rug between his nephew and the fair Penelope, his thin face quivering with passion, and his lips twitching convulsively long after he had ceased to speak.

"At some future day, sir," said his nephew in a low tone, which none but Marmaduke could hear, "I may demand reparation at your hands for such an insult, and until then let it rest." He then sat down very calmly in his chair.

"Ring the bell, Pestlepolge. I will ride this fine animal that none but my equally precious nephew can manage, before dinner. Pray oblige me by ringing the bell."

Pestlepolge obeyed with evident reluctance, and the order was given. The young man at the same moment rose and quitted the room, without speaking a word; he scarcely could have told what he felt or thought, so violent was the struggle that shook his soul. Hatred of his uncle, disgust of Pestlepolge and his daughter, and a determined resolution to rid himself of such hateful tyranny, were paramount and above all: like a hideous phantom amidst all this mental darkness, his uncle's coarse threats and exhibition of patronage and protection rose ever uppermost, goading him on to distraction: he even hated himself for submitting to it all so coolly and calmly as he had done.

That he never could continue to exist in the same house with his uncle and his strange ill-assorted guests, was a fact he could not hide from his own mind: he did not wish that he could, and as he strode on, unwitting where he went, imagination, busy with the future, drove away the past from his mind, and he was already absorbed in dreams of future greatness, when he was startled by a merry laugh, the tones of which seemed familiar to his ear, and on looking up, he perceived Dinah Linton and her graver cousin Lucy, arm in arm, advancing towards him.

Dinah had been laughing; her rosy cheeks were still dimpled with a smile, and her bright arch-looking eyes danced gaily, as she caught a glimpse of Walter's figure approaching. Lucy seemed to be endeavouring to restrain the mirth of her companion, but out it came, nevertheless; it would burst out, do what sweet Lucy Harding would, and Dinah's lips pouted, and her whole merry little face crumpled up with smiles as she cried out,—

"Walter! Walter! can you guess what has happened? Something very droll, very droll indeed. We are to have a wedding before Midsummer comes—do you hear sirrah? a wedding before June! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated her auditor, without moving a muscle.

"Yes, a real thorough-going wedding: the bridegroom is at Burton's house now—such a fine tall fellow, with the air of a grenadier, and the gait of a goose. Now, Lucy, be quiet, I won't hold my tongue," added Dinah, as her cousin tried to prevent her saying more by putting her hand to the tell-tale mouth, "we are to have a wedding before Midsummer, sir,—guess who?"

Walter could not guess—he really had not heard of any one being about to change—no young man like a grenadier, at least."

"Oh you dont know the hero at all, sir—never saw him in your life—never heard of him."

"Fie, Dinah!"

"Fie, Lucy! it is the truth," retorted Dinah, gaily; "he is such a proper young man—so precise and particular, weighs every word before he utters it, thinks and walks by rule, eats his meals by weight, and for the life of me I believe would help Mrs. Harding to knit her eternal lamb's-wool hose if he were asked. Now come, sir, can you not guess who it is, eh?"

Walter was farther out of his depths than ever; if he had never either seen or heard of this redoubtable wooer, how could he be expected to name him? He perhaps might have more good fortune with the lady, he said, smiling gravely.

Dinah's fairy form quivered with delight: every one in the parish knew the bride—every one must, she said; every one had guessed, and yet nobody seemed to know who it really was after all. The bridegroom himself didn't—he had come to the place with the resolution of marrying some one from it—who it would be he had not yet decided, but some one they all knew it would be, that was all.

Despite all his own troubles, Walter laughed heartily at Dinah's explanations, and began to guess every young lady he could remember, beginning with herself and ending with Miss Pestlepolge.

"Miss Pestlepolge! and who was she?" and both Dinah and Lucy became full of curiosity as they repeated her name.

"A young lady now on a visit at the Grange," said Walter, in explanation.

"On a visit to Marmaduke Hutton?"

"Yes."

"A young lady?"

"Yes, young;" and Walter laughed as he repeated it.

"Is she pretty?" demanded Dinah, eying herself coquettishly in the rippling brook by which they were walking.

"That I cannot decide. She has not the dainty form nor merry laugh of my friend Dinah. Miss Pestlepolge is in fact a rather grave young lady."

"Is she tall or graceful?" and again the dainty little form surveyed itself in the mirror.

"She is tall—too tall for my taste," rejoined Walter, gravely.

"Heigho! wonders never will cease! Barbara and Dick Burton have extended their hospitality to a great, uncouth, grotesque-looking vagabond who may have come from Lapland for aught we know to the contrary; and my old friend Marmaduke Hutton at the very same moment opens his door—oh monstrous! to a female adventurer, young and lovely as an angel. Now Walter, confess that a great moral revolution must have taken place before this could have occurred. Barbara Burton's guest and the incognito

of the Grange are destined for each other, I say : that is, unless"—and Dinah looked up into his face with most provoking composure, her eye sparkled as she said it—"unless Miss Pestlepolge is already engaged to Walter Mordaunt."

Something there was—he scarcely knew why it should be so—that grated on the young man's ears, as Dinah's cheery voice said the last words with the same coolness as the rest : he felt a sudden sinking of the heart, a dizziness of sight, and his lips quivered as he said, "Nay, nay ; our unknown friends are evidently destined for each other. I will not be so cruel as to deprive Barbara's guest of his bride. But are you serious, Dinah?"

"Serious sir! in what?" retorted Dinah, pouting her dewy lip.

"In saying that Barbara has received a guest such as you have described :—I am beginning to grow sceptical."

"And so do I :—I already suspect Miss Pestlepolge to be a fiction of your brain, Walter,—it is not the first ——"

"I really speak the truth."

"And so do I,—eh, Lucy?"

"Certainly, Dinah," rejoined Lucy, gravely ; "Barbara has a visitor at this present moment ; who or what he is none of us know.—Dinah caught a glimpse of him this morning, she says, when she went to the mill to visit Barbara, who is very mysterious on the subject—very mysterious indeed."

"And what does Dick say of his guest?"

"He has not been heard of the whole day :—he must have gone to Hereford on business, I suspect," continued Lucy, gravely.

"What a fool it is," laughed Dinah ; "Lucy pouts and cries because Dick did not say good bye before he went.—I'd never mind him, if I was her ;—there's never a man in England I'd shed a tear for, if he were to go off and emigrate for ever, and I knew all the while he'd never come back,—I never would."

The old pang again :—Walter felt his cheek grow white, but he did not dare to speak, and Dinah went on :—

"And to fret for that !—for what ?—why, because Mr. Richard Burton sees fit to go to Hereford, for the entire space of one day, for his own dronish business !—for one whole day, Miss Lucy ! without saying 'Good bye ; I'll be back by night !'—no, no : I'd never do it ; I'd hang myself out of sheer spite first, that I would ; and that I will tell the first man that dares to fancy I'd cry for him, were he as tall as Barbara's grenadier, and fifty times as handsome."

"You don't know even that he's tall or ugly, Dinah !" cried Lucy, laughing in her turn ; "you never saw Barbara's guest."

"Yes, I did :—I saw the top of his head as I peeped over the window-sill, and caught a glimpse of his boot as Barbara slammed the door to, as I went in there !—don't you think I have good

grounds for fancying him to be tall and clumsy-looking:—he could'nt be otherwise, or he'd never suit Barbara Burton."

"But he is not going to marry Barbara, is he?"

"How should we know?—Very likely indeed that he may; for Barbara looked cross and spiteful enough for such a supposition, and she has arrived at a marriageable age by this time, or never will: Barbara is older than Dick, and he thinks himself old enough to take a wife!" and the mischievous coquette glanced wickedly to Lucy as she spoke.

Lucy smiled, and shook her head; Dinah went on,—“and now that we have settled Barbara's guest, let us hear something of Marmaduke Hutton's:—is she an orphan, or what?”

“Oh, no; her father accompanies her.”

“Oh, ho! an antique miniature of herself, I presume,—old, ugly, withered, and a hunchback; a dry, snarling voice, and the manners of a bear:—is this not like him?”

“Not exactly, though generally it is.”

“What pleasant company for the old man and yourself these long dark nights; we shall grow quite desolate and stupid for want of you,—because, of course your time will be entirely engrossed by your friends:—but we detain you, Walter.”

“Here comes Stephen,” said Lucy, gently; “Now, Dinah, be quiet, or you will get a lecture.”

“Quiet! I'd sooner go to the treadmill:—now mark how I will tease him with Barbara's guest, and Miss Pestlepolge;” and Dinah, assuming a demure look, awaited Stephen's approach.

“Dinah, if you say one word, I'll leave you,” said Lucy, gravely; “Stephen's mind is full of business, I can see.”

“And Stephen's mind has no business to be filled with any such nonsense; he shall hear what I have to say, or be scolded for his temerity,” retorted Dinah, decisively, as Stephen, with a riding-whip in his hand, joined them.

“I am glad I have fallen in with you all,” he commenced, as he pulled off his hat, with mock gravity, to Dinah; “next Tuesday is mother's birthday,—the gala day of the year to us, Lucy,—and so I am deputed to beg you, Walter, to come,—the whole parish, nearly, will be there. Dinah here!—ah, Dinah has this year to be the belle of the night!—Faith, Die, though I say it myself, you'll queen it bravely among all our Hebe's and Juno's.—I'm on my road now to invite the more distant of our friends, and as you are probably at liberty, Walter, —”

“Walter is not at liberty, Stephen,” cried Dinah, bursting with impatience; “Walter is fast bound in the chains of love.”

“Dinah, are you crazed this morning?” demanded Stephen, with great gravity.

“Nonsense;—Walter is engaged,—a young lady, sir,—a young lady demands his time to be spent in her society,—a young lady,

rosy as the morning, and lovely as Venus;—Walter is, in fact, going to be married very soon.”

“Come away, Stephen, before you make Dinah perjure herself any more,” said his friend, catching hold of his arm; “do you hear?—come away!—Dinah is only quizzing us both; I will explain all!” and Walter Mordaunt dragged Stephen along with him, waving his hand to the two cousins, as they stood watching their progress from the rising ground on which they were standing.

“Now tell me all, if there is anything in all this mystery Dinah has been enshrouding you in,” said Stephen, after they had leaped the stream, and were walking swiftly along on the other side; who is this young lady she mixes you up with?”

“That is a question I can scarcely answer: this morning, on going down to breakfast, I found that my uncle had a couple of guests to entertain,—an old man and his daughter; who they are, I do not know, but their appearance does not prepossess me in their favour. There is something at once sinister and knavish in the old man’s looks, I’m convinced he is a villain at the bottom; and as for the young lady, she is as long, and scraggy, and disagreeable looking as you can imagine.”

“You are satirical, my dear fellow.”

“No, I am not: but you shall judge for yourself. Of course my uncle will be included in your party?—and though he has never accepted one for many years, he will do so now, on account of his guests, and they will come.”

“Well! I suppose we must have them; it may give us an insight of their characters, if nothing more: but do you not know for what reason they have come down here?—has Mr. Hutton never hinted anything to you about them?”

“Not a word. He does not confide any thing to me under any circumstances. If his schemes are laid with the expectation that I will bear a part in them he is grossly deceived—that is all.”

“What do you mean?”

“Simply that he will reckon without his host, as far as I am concerned,” said Walter, emphatically.

Stephen frowned, and grasped his whip tighter as he listened: “Has the mad fancy of yesterday not died away, Walter?”

“No, it gathers strength; but we will quit that subject,” and the young man walked on for some time without speaking, his features twitched with a convulsive movement, and his colour came and went rapidly, and when he spoke again, his first words showed the direction his thoughts had taken.

“I may sink, or I may rise; the first no man can do very deep in this country if his mind and hands are unshackled—a bold heart can carry some men through much. I have been well

school'd at any rate for adversity; I can bear neglect—I have borne it, and will try to endure poverty if there is need."

"My dear Walter, you are beside yourself," said Stephen in a choking voice; "be patient, and all will be well."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, patience is for cowards. I will try what it is to earn one's own bread and to eat it too; it must be sweet, even if it is only a black crust. How you loiter, Stephen." And as if to shame his friend, he strode on manfully, with a flushed cheek and a towering carriage that Stephen could not fail to notice.

Walter was very handsome; he was in the first bloom of manhood: tall and well-shaped, with a slight, well-knit figure, full of vigour and grace, dark sparkling eyes, a fine open brow, regular features, the determined yet ingenuous expression of which betrayed the bent of his character, a small head, well set on his shoulders, covered with a profusion of short curly hair as black as jet, a clear voice, and a spirit at once daring and contemplative. The excitement of the conversation had brought a bright flush into his face which added to the brightness of his fine eyes and the clearness of his complexion; his dark shooting coat and loose-fitting trousers gave full scope to the ease and agility of his movements, his elastic step and graceful carriage heightened his appearance, and even Miss Pestlepolge might have seen somewhat to admire in him, could her flinty heart have given admission to such an impression. Walter was two-and-twenty, hopeful and sanguine as most men are at his age, with quick impulses, an open heart, a generous disposition, and great sweetness of temper: his intentions were good, but too often his mind suffered itself to be led away by the feelings of the moment, and not a little portion of his hours of reflection were spent in lamenting the irremediable evils caused by his impetuosity and thoughtlessness. In good hands such a being might have been rendered capable of achieving the possession of the most splendid position genius and virtue can claim; as it was, he felt himself like a gay argosy freighted with the most precious merchandise, drifting over sunken reefs that every minute threaten to make shipwreck of his dearest hopes and dreams.

"Do not attempt to mar my fondest expectations by prophesying their speedy failure, Stephen," said he, after a long silence; "why should I fear the result? I am young, able and willing to work, and carry a good conscience about with me that will bear me up under the heaviest adversity. At the worst I can but return."

"That is what I most dread," rejoined Stephen, sadly: "if you should fail, Walter, I fear your proud heart would perpetually banish you from your friends; you could not bear to be the first informant of your own ill-fortune. If you must go, only promise—promise me, my dear fellow, to let me know; write, if you will not come back. We have been as brothers, Wat, from childhood, be as a brother still, and use my means as unscrupulously as you

would your own :—promise me this, and I can let you leave us, if not contented, at least with less painful forebodings.”

Walter grasped his hand cordially, and muttered something that Stephen’s ear could not catch.

“You promise, Wat?”

Again the hand was pressed—this time more tightly still, and the two young men walked on for a good mile or more in silence : each seemed to dread the renewal of a subject so fraught with painful anticipation ; and so the calls were made, and the invitations given and accepted, without any more conversation on either side. Walter’s manner soon grew more gay and hearty, as old faces and old tongues turned up at every house they stopped at. He was at all times easily aroused from solemn reflections, and none surmised the change that would shortly take place in the aspect of his worldly fortunes. Stephen, however, did not regain his hilarity, and, although his cordiality was as great as ever, more than one old friend wondered at the shortness and abruptness of his answers, and the hurried manner of his leave-taking. Every invitation was however, accepted, so that as discreet historians we may for a space bid adieu to Stephen’s sorrow, and return to our old acquaintance, Dick Burton, once more.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a momentous affair for Dick Burton to go to Hereford, albeit his visit was made every month to attend the market, inseparably connected as such a duty was with glorious jollifications and unheard of carousals with bluff, round-faced, sleek, substantial brother millers, every one of whom bore undeniable testimony in their own persons to the feeding properties of their own Norfolk whites and Essex reds, sharps and mastin. A high and mighty season of jollity it was, and Dick’s whole bodily appearance, from his little roguish twinkling eyes down to the point of his shining boots, on these occasions was radiant with delight and mirth.

There was an old inn close by the market-place where they all assembled. It had been built centuries ago, when old Queen Bess was a girl, and was of necessity therefore a great rambling wine-bibbing sort of place, with huge quaint looking gables, and little odd-fashioned lattices with star-shaped panes, that looked as if they had caught the hue of the many blazing fires that had shone through them

upon the cold black night without; it had a great rambling staircase and countless galleries, all very slippery and bright, and a huge common room, with black oak rafters, wainscoted from top to bottom, the recesses of the pannellings being hung with portraits of redoubtable statesmen in magnificent cauliflower wigs and faded crimson robes, and gold chains, with here and there a well bronzed admiral in blue, with his pigtail and sword almost jumping out of the oval frame, all in a dingy state of preservation; there was a long settle dodging up in the snuggest corner, big enough to hold a baker's dozen, with every man of them as large as Daniel Lambert, and in its front stood a bright mahogany table, with here and there a round mark of wet glasses which made it look more jovial still, and better tables were sprinkled about the recesses, more for show than use, for nobody ever dreamed of using them, if the great settle on one side of the table or the benches on the other could accommodate them; there was a great wide chimney with a glorious fire blazing on the hearth, the bare glow of which made the old admirals blink and blossom on the walls as bravely as if they had been but painted yesterday and hadn't got their varnish dry yet. Around this hearth every night were gathered the choice spirits whom the old city and the surrounding district had collected together for the transaction of business, or, as was more frequently the case, for the discussion of the Granby's ale and spirituous liquors, fiery debates on trade and agriculture, and all the numberless amusements only to be found and met with in old inns and such disreputable and dissipated places. The very atmosphere was redolent with savoury smells and odours, as if it revelled in the certainty of making one's mouth water, and was accustomed to make an unwary guest rush madly to the bell and ring for the waiter to bring up a steaming bowl of soup, juicy rashers of bacon, and the daintiest of all delicious tarts, in little round dishes, flanked by a flagon of Granby ale foaming over the top. Rare stingo was that same Granby ale, and none knew that better than Dick Burton, who used to brag of it so provokingly at times to Barbara, and throw out such ridiculous hints of its superiority to her own home-brewed, that that fair damsel used to blaze up outrageously on the instant, and almost make the house too hot to hold the burly miller, but Dick was very aggravating, and that Barbara always made him acknowledge most humbly before she would consent to a cessation of hostilities, and forgive what had occurred.

It was growing dark, for the days had not taken up much yet, and the Granby's common room was already beginning to thin; those who had far to go were already half way home, but some half-dozen or more of the most jovial of its frequenters still loitered about the fire. They had ordered a steaming bowl of punch as a wind-up, and were sipping the first glass, the racy

flavour of which made them more hilarious and noisy than ever ; Dick Burton had been chairman, but now all distinction was laid aside, and he with the rest occupied the long high-backed settle, which had been wheeled closer to the fire, its back being turned towards the door, the draught from which, when opened, it screened, on account of its height.

"We've a long ride before us, lads," cried a tough brawny fellow of forty or thereabouts, "a long ride and a cold one, so let's fill up and get a good start of the punch. Here's your health, Mary, my dear."

This was addressed to a rosy, neat-handed girl, who had that moment entered the room, and who acted as barmaid in the inn.

"Now Mr. Cherry, be quiet, you really *will* always be on with your jokes," said Mary, giving her gay cap a toss.

"Really, Mary, you are very short, to-night. I was just going to say that the punch was as bright and sparkling as your eyes," retorted Mr. Cherry, gallantly.

"No! no! Mary's eyes are a thousand times brighter," rejoined a rough voice; "shame! shame! Cherry: you wrong Mary, sir."

Every one laughed, and Mary laughed too, as she made her escape, all blushes and agitation, to the bar. Cherry lighted his pipe afresh, and buttoned up his coat.

"Are *you* on the move?" demanded an old man with a bald head, "you live three miles nearer than I do, and I wont stir this hour to come. Nonsense; sit down again and finish the bowl."

"It's ten o'clock, Marks, and our road's only lonely at night. Come, let's have a stirrup cup, my lads,," and Cherry got on his feet.

"Sit down, again, it's early yet, far too early to go home," cried three or four in a breath, "now, Cherry, do wait half an hour longer, and we will all go together."

"I promised my mistress last time I'd be home by eleven," persisted Cherry, balancing his glass in his hand; "it will take me a good hour to ride home, and I don't wish to break my word."

"Bah! who cares for a woman? here sit your ways down, for out of this house you dont stir till we all go." And down sat Cherry very contentedly, and the glasses were poured again, and the song went round, and fast and furious rang the mirth, and presently the door opened, and a stout, broad, red-faced man with a riding whip in his hand, and his legs cased in drab overalls, entered the room.

"A glass of mulled port and a sandwich, Mary—send John—or wait, tell him I want the brown cob to go to Mr. Hutton's; a cold night, gentlemen,"—and here he bowed to the company; "how do you do, Burton; I am going your way, and shall be glad of your company, if you will set out directly—time and the doctor wait for no man; ha! ha! heard of the accident, eh?"

"Accident? what accident?" cried half-a-dozen in a breath—Cherry's voice being most audible: "what accident, doctor?"

"Marmaduke Hutton thrown from his horse and nearly killed—a very bad case—very bad—" and here the sandwiches and the mulled port came in, and the doctor began to eat, talking at every bite he put into his mouth—for Dr. Quakett was an inveterate talker, and could not keep his tongue quiet for a moment.

"Marmaduke Hutton nearly killed," repeated Dick Burton, gazing at the imperturbable doctor; "are you sure of it, sir."

"Sure as that I'm on my way there now—or will be, rather, in five minutes, please God and Jack Harring; there's no mistake about the thing at all: the old gentleman is'n't used to riding, and so, as a natural consequence, when he mounted Mr. Walter's mare the vicious beast flung him, and Marmaduke Hutton was picked up and carried home with a broken leg, or something of the sort: at any rate he's very badly hurt—but—."

"The cob's at the door, sir," cried Jack Harring, thrusting in a very shaggy head.

"Very well, Jack; I'm ready—come Burton," and buttoning himself up to the chin, and resuming his whip, the doctor bade the company good night, and strode for the door, followed by Dick and Cherry, whose road happened to lie in the same direction for a few miles as that of his brother miller.

The night was very dark, and threatened for rain; there was a moon, but the trembling masses of grey cloud by which it was surrounded so often rocked across it, that the little light it afforded scarcely seemed to show our travellers the road they journeyed—add to this, Cherry's horse was a wild young thing that had been but imperfectly broken in to begin with, and cared no more for bit and bridle than if one had been the stalk of a tobacco-pipe and the other a twist of rotten tow, and its rider not over steady in his saddle, and the reader will readily believe that they progressed much slower than either the doctor or Dick Burton could have wished—the one being anxious to reach his patient and the other to get home by his usual time: Dick loved to be punctual, and didn't care a rush about Barbara's sourness—terrible as it was.

They got on very well for a time, but there was a ford to be crossed, and even Cherry himself felt rather squeamish at the thought of encountering it; the river was very much flooded, and was both deep and rapid, but it was half-a-dozen miles out of their way to the bridge, and the ford landed them just below Harring's house, where Dick always called on coming from market to discuss the news, so that none of them dreamed for a moment of getting across in any other manner.

The doctor was the first to reach the bank, but he waited till his companions came up.

"The river is very much out, gentlemen; but I suppose we must venture across, notwithstanding."

"Oh, certainly; we have no time to go round," rejoined Dick, thinking, notwithstanding his independence, of Barbara, as he spoke.

"My mare's rather shy of the—the water," hiccupped Cherry; "so suppose you go first, doctor."

"Agreed," and the doctor spurred on his horse, and was presently breast-high in the flood before he had left the bank a couple of yards behind; Cherry's horse plunged, and reared, and all but fell on its haunches, but its rider plunged his spurs into its flank, and with a wild snort and trembling limbs it dashed wildly in, and then stood stock till, as if out-braving its rider, who, as if paralysed by its audacity, remained in drunken dignity, gazing stolidly before him until aroused by a sharp cut from Burton's whip, which had the effect of making him return the compliment on the sides of his own beast, which, maddened by pain and fright, curvetted and pranced until it got into the current of the stream, where it paid its owner the compliment of throwing him off, and thus released from its dead weight it swam bravely to the opposite side, and then clambering up the bank began to help itself very quietly to Stephen Harding's young corn-shoots.

Poor Cherry! he grew wonderfully sober on the instant he felt himself struggling for his life with the resistless element, but not all his sobriety could aid him now; he felt the water bubbling, and seething, and foaming around him, swathing his heated limbs, blinding his eyes, creeping through his matted hair, rushing over neck, and face, and chest, as he was hurried madly on; now he was borne breathless upon the current, with a prayer trembling on his lips, and anon the relentless waves dragged him down half-a-dozen fathoms or more to the bottom; and then up he rose again, until he caught a glimpse of the ghostly trunk of a tree and the end of a barn in the moonlight; and on swept the waters again, howling and roaring around him, sounding like thunder in his ears, and then he felt a dizziness creep over him, his senses seemed to leave him, his heart grew cold and heavy as lead, his eyes grew dim, he attempted to cry out, but his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth; he fancied himself passing by trunks of trees, which he attempted to clutch and could not; and was only conscious of something grasping him by the leg as he grew insensible; and in swept the stream once more, bubble chasing bubble, and wave shouting to wave; and Cherry, death-like and senseless was brought to land; and Dick Burton, giving himself a shake, placed him upon his own horse, which was strangely enough covered with a sheet of foam, and looked very much heated, and leading it by the bridle, himself took a short cut through the field, and in five minutes was warming himself and assisting to strip his insensible

friend before a blazing fire, aided in the latter by a neat, rosy, cheery-looking lass of fifteen; whilst an old woman, who looked seventy at the least, was hastily preparing her own camp-bed for the reception of her half-drowned guest, who by this time began to give symptoms of returning animation by a few hearty hiccups and an occasional grunt, both being in a highly satisfactory degree typical of his sobriety and so forth.

"For God's sake be quick, Nelly," cried Dick, nervously; "the poor wretch is almost dead, I'm afraid; here, Martha, get something warm for him to drink—make some weak tea, if you've nothing else; is the bed ready, Nelly."

"Goodness, Mr. Richard, you are so impatient-like," urged the old woman, giving the bed a final inflection of the warming-pan; "there now, its a'most hot enough to roast him," and so saying, she made a precipitate retreat from the room, followed by her grand-daughter; and the burly miller having managed to place his friend in the bed, began to rub his hair with a coarse roller towel, in the midst of which Cherry jumped up, and, staring wildly about him, demanded in a drowsy tone where he was.

"At Nelly Simpson's, to be sure," returned Dick, throwing away the towel and seizing the tea-pot as he spoke: "you've had a very narrow escape, and may thank your stars you're alive to ask the question now, my lad."

As Cherry had a confused notion that the stars Dick alluded to were those he saw dancing before his eyes at that moment, he was very much mystified to know what his friend was driving at; the bed whirled round too, in a very strange manner, and as he lay staring from his pillow at the opposite wall, the dresser with its bright rows of plates and burnished saucepans whirled round too, just as it would do in a pantomime: he felt very queer and squeamish: but, fortunately, Dick brought him some hot tea; and after that he began to grow drowsy, and presently fell asleep, holding hard on to the bed-post for fear it should turn round too, and throw him out.

Dick then began to think of returning home, and with this intention he called the old woman into the room again, and, after laying strict charge upon her not to disturb her guest as long as he slept, and to have more hot tea and dry toast ready for him when he awoke, promised to ride over in the morning and inquire how he was going on; and then, wishing himself fairly at home and in his own bed, our burly miller led his cob out of the stable, and mounting his back managed to cross the ford in safety; and then struck out into a hard gallop, with the faint hope of recovering some portion of his lost time thereby.

Dick Burton had a brave, sturdy heart in his breast, but his heart, brave as it was, sunk rather, as the appalling fact struck upon his mind that it must be at least two o'clock in the morning.

Barbara, however, could not be sitting up; he had never been later than twelve, and Barbara had always been going to bed when he come home at that time, though she generally contrived to pop out of her own room just for a moment, to let off the froth of her indignation upon him: no, Barbara certainly could not be sitting up; she never could, would, or ought to dream of doing any such thing: Barbara was very short-tempered, and very aggravating sometimes, but she had always too much respect for appearances to do any such thing: Barbara would be quietly snoring in bed! for Barbara did snore sometimes—yes, Barbara did snore—especially when Dick stayed late at Harding's—Barbara slept heavily then, for she dreamed of Dick and Lucy, and she snored probably to frighten Dick from marrying—it could be for nothing else: Barbara would be sound asleep now, and Dick hoped she would be snoring.

Old Surouch sprang from his kennel, and leaped and frisked about the cob's legs as Dick rode into the yard; Dick glanced up at the window, which looked very dim and dark in the moonlight. "No! Barbara had certainly gone to bed!" and with this comfortable discovery he led the horse into the stable, littered some fresh straw down for him, and gave him an extra feed of corn, and then with a very bold swagger went into the kitchen, pulled off his boots, and groped his way in the dark, without his slippers, to the foot of the stairs, and—

"No, it couldn't be; Barbara *must* be in bed; that couldn't be her snoring; it must be the wind in the chimney—or the staircase windows rattling—or—or fifty things—it couldn't be Barbara."

Dick went up a step or two, and listened.—Yes, it was only the wind—Barbara *was* in bed—she never would have sate up, and that Dick had thought all along; she always preferred the discussion of late hours for the morning—she was fresh then, and had Dick at an advantage, for the miller was then, if ever in the four-and-twenty hours, rather drowsy, and Barbara used to begin to scold for the mere pleasure of having something to say. Dick had now got his hand on the door—there was the sound again.—Nonsense! it never could be Barbara—it was the wind, sure enough; so he opened the door, and crept in—"Ha!"

Dick glanced at the candle—which had a very long snuff, and looked as if it too had been enjoying itself rather too freely, and had consequently got very tipsy by this time—it gave very little light, and in fact the whole room was in a state of semi-darkness; but no sooner did his ear catch the appalling ejaculation, than his eye at once caught the figure of the chaste Barbara, sitting bolt upright in a chair at the head of the table, with a very large, dowdy night-cap hanging over her eyes, her sharp peevish lips contracted into a horrible grimace—which made Dick's blood run cold in his veins, her arms folded over her breast, her knees stuck upon a level with the table,

and Dick's supper, set forth on a single plate covered over with a napkin, at her side: Barbara was grimly surveying the lugubrious-looking candle with a most ominous expression of features, and it was quite evident, from the attitude she had assumed and the grim silence she persisted in maintaining, that she had primed herself up for an explosion, and that it only wanted one word from the dissipated, late-hour keeping Richard to set her in a blaze.

Dick lighted his candle and snuffed that which Barbara had been burning, and then as some peaceable men will do, said in a mollifying tone "really Barbara I wish you would not sit up in this way for me."

Barbara didn't offer to say a word, but only changed the position of her arms.

"I'm so uncertain in coming home from market."

"I don't wish you to speak to me," retorted Barbara, venomously.

"Now, Barbara, pray don't get on in that way,—you've sate up far too late, for no good at all."

Barbara gave a wrathful titter.

"If it was for any good, sister, I'd not say anything."

"Any good, forsooth! humph! here have I been sitting, five mortal hours, that your house, Richard Burton, might not be robbed,—five mortal hours, sirrah,—I sent Susan to bed, at eleven, and it's four now if it's a minute."

"It's barely two, Barbara."

"Be kind enough not to contradict me," retorted Barbara in a vinegarish tone, "I say it is four o'clock."

"Now, Barbara, look at my watch,—there, it wants ten minutes to two," and Dick triumphantly produced his chronometer.

"I won't believe fifty watches if you had 'em,—I know your ways Richard, too well to trust anything you say or do,—you've put your watch back, or that Cherry has done it for you,—a fine fellow to be drinking with, indeed,—to let him or the likes of him run up a score for you to pay, at the Granly!—a pretty fool he'll think you! Cherry knows what a fool he's got to deal with, and he takes advantage of it,—don't talk to me if you please,—I know your ways too well for that,—leave the door on the latch indeed,—no, I won't leave the door unlocked,—neither for you nor your drunken companions, Richard,—people might break in, and then what would become of Susan and me, a pretty tale you would have to hear on coming home, to find Susan and me tied in our night-clothes to the bed-posts, and the house rifled from attic to cellar, and fairly turned out o' windows,—no, Richard, I won't leave the door unlocked, and I will sit up, even if you don't come home till daylight, it's almost daylight now, ha! there's the sun shining through the window,—he doesn't sit drinking all night with Cherrys, smoking, and swilling spirits, and ruining health and

purse with such spendthrifts—no, Richard, I won't go to bed till you come home, and I will sit up, even if you do come home so tipsy that you can scarcely stand, and smelling of tobacco-smoke fit to knock any body down."

"I'm not tipsy, Barbara, and I don't smoke," retorted Dick.

"You are tipsy and you do smoke, Richard, don't tell me you don't smoke,—haven't I got a nose think you,—your clothes reek as if a whole hogshead of tobacco had been burnt over them, you do smoke, Richard, and though you may deny it ever so, I won't believe you, and I won't leave the door on the latch, and I won't go to bed till you come home, if you rave and fume ever so."

"There's no danger of any one coming," rejoined Dick, stoutly, "nobody hereabouts ever heard of a house be'en broken into."

"Don't tell me about nobody coming," cried Barbara with a basilisk glance, "didn't I read in the John Bull last week of a horrid burglary and murder, committed in the dead of night not twenty miles from Hereford, by two ruffians who broke into the house, and killed the mistress and maid, whilst the husband was away. I remember they had crape over their faces, and forgot to carry their crowbars away with them, and that found them out,—I daresay, if the truth was known, the fellow of a husband was bouzing and drinking with his pot companions, not over a hundred yards from the scene of the dreadful murder itself, at the time."

"No, I distinctly remember he was in the north," rejoined Dick.

"Ha! that was only what the newspapers said,—they always say something of that kind to get the men out of a scrape,—lords of the creation indeed! pretty lords of the creation, forsooth! here was two poor women murdered by two wretches, and all because their drunken lord of the creation must sit at the tavern, amongst a pack of nasty, filthy, beggarly, drunken, tobacco-smoking, spendthrift debauchees,—no, Richard, I won't go to bed and leave the door on the latch, and I will sit up,—ha! what do you say?"

"Barbara, I'm master here," said Dick decisively, "and master I will be,—so go to bed, and let me hear no more of this nonsense."

"Master are you, a pretty master you make, coming in at all hours and expecting folks to sit up for you till sunrise, a pretty master you'll make, Richard."

"I didn't want you to sit up."

"You say you don't, but I know you do, didn't I once go to bed, when I had the influenza, and you stopped out late, and didn't you look six ways for Sunday, the next morning, at me for it,—didn't you do that, and didn't you growl and grumble like a savage, for months after. But I'll tell you what it is,

Richard,—you've got tired of me, and you want Lucy Harding here instead, and I won't stop,—I—I—I won't, Richard,—I never yet was in a place where I—I—I wasn't welcome, I wont (Barbara was beginning to sob,)—won't stop to be made a tool of in this way,—I won't! I won't."

"Barbara, pray don't be ridiculous," said Dick, who beheld with dismay the turn affairs were taking, "I don't want Lucy Harding."

"Yes, you do, Richard, you've got tired of me," and the tears began to course each other down Barbara's colourless cheeks. "I've taken care of your house too long and been too anxious to save everything. I believe if I had been extravagant and let everything go to rack and ruin, you'd have liked me better for it, I'm sure you would, Richard, for its just your nature, you always did act in that ungrateful manner, and to me, too! to me! oh! oh! oh! Richard, but I won't stop! I'll go in the morning! I'll call Susan this moment, and have my boxes packed at once,—that I will,—but perhaps you won't let Susan help me,—oh! oh! I'll call her, however,—now Richard don't you try to stop me,—I will go and call Susan, and I won't stop here one moment longer.—I always kept your house respectably and economically, but you may take Lucy Harding, and see if she'll keep it any better, or half so well—now Richard I won't be held," and Barbara's struggles grew quite violent. "If you don't let go, I'll cry murder,—you may take Lucy Harding, and see if she'll let you stay out half the night, and go on like a brute to her, when you do come home,—oh! oh! yes, you may take Lucy and see if she'll sit up for you as I've done,—and there's your supper too, waiting on the table,—if it had a tongue, Richard, it would reprove you in a fine way for coming home at such hours."

Dick thought one tongue was enough, but he didn't say so.

"I know what you're thinking, Richard," rejoined Barbara, sitting down in her chair again, "you're thinking about Lucy Harding being mistress here! ha! I knew you were, so you needn't go to deny it,—yes, you were, but we'll see whether even fine Madam Lucy will permit such goings on, when she's mistress here,—I know she wont, for she's as good as told me so fifty times, when we've been talking it over,—yes, you'll find out when you get Lucy, that for all her fair face, she has a crafty heart. Now don't go to be lifting up your arm as if you would knock me down, nor look so black in the face,—you'll find Lucy will be mistress here if you ever give her the right,—she'll have everything her own way, and then we'll see if you go roystering and bouzing about the country half the night with a pack of graceless tavern-haunters, bringing disgrace on the fair name you own, and wasting your substance and your credit too.

"Yes, Lucy will be mistress here, and she'll defy you to turn her
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out as you want to do to me, but I won't stay to be turned out. I'll have everything packed first thing in the morning,—that I will, and so now, as you have come, at five o'clock in the morning, half tipsy and with your clothes reeking with tobacco-smoke fit to knock any body down, and in a humour to kill your own sister, I'll bid you good night, Richard,—mind, I begin to pack first thing in the morning,—and here's Uncle Matthew here,—pretty ideas he'll have of his fine nephew's morals.—I'm sure he'll have heard you come in, coming home from market at five o'clock in the morning! I'll go back with him, that I will, for I won't stay here to be kicked out, even for fine Miss Lucy, no I won't," and Barbara, not able to utter another word, for passion, bounced out of the room, and went up stairs, making a very great clatter at Uncle Matthew's door on purpose to waken the old gentleman, leaving Dick very much stunned, but not at all frightened by her revelations, which with slight variations had been her regular morning hymn for half a dozen years.

Matters looked very little brighter in the morning,—Uncle Matthew had been wakened by Barbara's coming to bed, and consequently he came down to the breakfast-table with a very bad head-ache; he had his most peevish voice too, for Uncle Matthew's voice suited itself to the humours of its master, and could be gay, solemn, or querulous, as the fit ruled him, and on this occasion the old gentleman was very peevish indeed, and as there was no one up but his niece, they had all the conversation to themselves for the half-hour that preceded Dick's appearance; Barbara, as will be readily supposed, did not spare the latter, and in fact she made out such an appalling statement of the miller's extravagance and dissipation, that the testy old gentleman in a very short time began to look upon his erring nephew in the light of a profligate Gorgon, devoid of all sense of decency whatever; and as Dick did look very sleepy, and rather shabby, when he made his appearance before his venerable kinsman, the latter at once set it down in his own mind, that Barbara had rather softened down than otherwise, Dick's transgressions, and his indignation was proportionally increased thereby.

"Good morning, Uncle,—I am glad to see you looking so well," and Dick held out his hand.

"Humph,—glad are you,—I'm not well, sir," growled Uncle Matthew, in his most peevish voice, drawing in his arm.

"I am sorry to hear it, sir,—you have caught a little cold perhaps on your journey," Uncle Matthew always caught cold in moving from one house to another.

"Hem! no, sir, I've not caught cold,—at least very slightly,—hum! I believe I had my rest disturbed," and Uncle Matthew's little green eyes peered malevolently over his spectacles at his

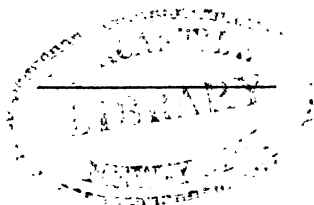
reprobate relative, "I believe I had my rest disturbed last night, sir; my niece tells me she had to sit up for one of the men, or something of the kind,—hum!" and the old gentleman's chin began to poke amongst the breakfast things for the cold ham.

"Barbara sate up for me, Uncle," said Dick colouring: "it was market-day yesterday, and I didn't get home till late, I'm very sorry, however, that it disturbed you."

"Humph! you're sorry eh? I don't know that,—queer time to come home from market,—two o'clock in the morning, maybe, four," and the old man gazed suspiciously on the burly form of his nephew. "I hear he's going to be married too,—some babyish chit, I'll be bound,—all the men marry chits now-a-days,—nobody dreams of marrying women now. There's niece Barbara—a woman—don't get married though, hum! four o'clock in the morning to come from market, at; woke me with the lumbago—won't stop though for fifty such—give orders for the gig to be got out again—fancied I'd stay a month—wouldn't stay half an hour longer, humph!" and Uncle Matthew having wound his resolution up to a most energetic pitch, pushed his chair away from the table, and after sitting for a couple of minutes apparently absorbed in thought, rose, and prepared to quit the room.

"I will be disengaged in five minutes, Uncle," said Dick, who had overheard Uncle Matthew's soliloquy, and suspected he was the innocent subject of it,—*"two minutes,—only wait two minutes."*

"Two minutes, sir! for what? didn't I say I was going, wouldn't stay two seconds in such a house?" growled the old gentleman, flinging back his wig and staring savagely at his host, "No, sir, I am going again, ha! ha! a flying visit, never mind, I'll stay longer next time, (if he ever catches me again within his doors, I'll give him leave to keep me a twelvemonth) bye!" and, so muttering, without noticing Dick's efforts to detain him, the testy Uncle Matthew hurried out of the room, and Dick in a few minutes heard the wheels of the old yellow gig crunching over the gravel, as his eccentric relative, and his fat cob, Sweetlips, once more turned their backs on his devoted domicile.



LAYS OF FAMINE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

I never thought that I should look,
 Beloved, upon thy face,
 And joy the dull, cold shade of death
 In its sweet lines to trace.
 I never thought, with breaking heart,
 To watch thee, in thy prime,
 Droop day by day, with none to help,
 Whilst there was help in time.
 Acushla machree ! mavourneen !

Thou wilt come back, thou wilt come back—
 As thou wert wont to be ;
 O God ! the days of better hope
 Are not too far to see !
 When young, and gay, and beautiful,
 I called thee mine with pride ;
 Nor envied all the pomp and wealth
 Of all the world beside.
 Acushla machree ! mavourneen !

They're like a dream, those happy days
 That we've together known ;
 A leaden weight lies on my heart—
 My brain seems turned to stone.
 By fits I rave, by fits I sink
 In cold inanity ;
 Yet never lose the consciousness
 Of all I've lost in thee,
 Acushla machree ! mavourneen !

O why didst thou so patiently
 Waste on from day to day ?
 Why did no murmur pass the lip,
 Whence life has passed away ?

I think I could have better borne
The grief I'm doomed to bear,
Did not thy calm, sweet looks, alone
Come back 'mid my despair,
Acushla machree ! mavourneen !

My wife ! my wife ! my gentle one !
I've seen what none may see ;
And to the hope of life again
Look up with spirit free.
I've seen thee, famine-stricken, pine,
And die without a groan ;
And I would gladly die, to be
Once more with thee, mine own !
Acushla machree ! mavourneen !

II.

Sing me again that lay, mother,
It reminds me of the past,—
When flowers sprang in my way, mother,
And I thought that they would last.
It makes the heavy hours pass on—
I've learned to wish that hours were gone—
And we need seek to chase, mother,
The gloom around us cast.

The nights and days are long, mother,
They are drear alike, and cold ;
There is something, surely, wrong, mother,
In the times we now behold.
They are not like the times we've seen,—
We are not now what we have been,—
Look I like that glad thing, mother,
Your fair pet of old ?

I cannot bear to look, mother,
On my father where he stands ;
And I find it hard to brook, mother,
Such harshness at his hands.

Lays of Famine.

For oh ! how kind he used to be
In the bright days we've ceased to see,—
In those days so like some dream, mother,
Of other lands.

My heart is very full, mother,
When I look into your face ;
And my very brain grows dull, mother,
As its pallid hues I trace.
I would that I could earn my bread,—
I would that I could lift my head—
With the glad hope to bring, mother,
Some light in your place !

Ne'er sorrow thus for me, mother,
'Tis not hunger, now, I feel ;
But 'tis dark—I scarce can see, mother,
And my senses seem to reel !
Nay, take not, now, your hand away—
I am standing on the brink of day ;
There are angels waiting round, mother,
Your heart's wealth to steal.

I shall never look again, mother,
In the eyes I've loved so well ;
And oh ! my greatest pain, mother,
Is the heart-grief none may tell !
Would we together now might go,
Leaving a world of pain and woe ;
But 'tis not for long we part, mother,
Not long—fare thee well !

VIOLET.

THIS is the tale she told to me—and singular as the event related may appear, yet be not unbelieving;—but remember that no fiction can ever equal reality. Thus spake the ancient woman:—

“My hairs are white—my years are numbered—and with the words of truth only upon my lips, dare I leave this world of woe. It is a simple narrative that I would fain impress on your memory and imagination; many years have passed by since the circumstances happened, but all is vividly before me now, and my heart (cold and weary as long pilgrimage hath made it) must ache when I recall the actors and scenes in that inexplicable passage of my life.

“How well do I remember the soft summer evening when I drew nigh the home of the relatives with whom I was to sojourn for a length of time, and one of whom I had never seen. The long lane, winding through rich woods and verdant fields; the stream, meandering like a silver thread through the green valley, and lost amid the hills; the ivied tower of the ancient church, and the homestead in the distance, now to be *my* home; the golden sunset;—all—all this—do I faithfully remember. This homestead was a gentleman’s abode, though an unpretending one: thousands such there are in our blessed land, with their tiny lawns and pretty shrubberies, rich in all the graces of a refined but humble home. The relative whom I had not seen, was my cousin’s wife; and with himself I had ever held slight intercourse: but I remembered him as a gentlemanly, pleasant personage; and as such, the impression of course was a good one. Years had produced but little change; and I found him immersed in the occupations and pastimes of the country, as happy an individual as it ever has been my lot to encounter. I had heard of his marriage with the lovely Maude,—and that they had no family; therefore my surprise was great, on beholding very slight and faded remains of beauty in his still young wife, and on also finding a little girl who called her *mother*: a mortal child assuredly, but more like one of heaven’s own bright angels than aught I ever could have conceived in my wildest dreams of sculpture, painting, or poetry.

“Violet—so the child was called—was an adopted one: I never heard her history, only that she was an orphan, and had no ties of blood to claim their sympathy. We read of mother’s love—we

see it in all its exclusive devotedness, but the love of Maude, for that sweet child of her adoption, was a something even beyond this—spiritual—unearthly: I was going to say, none ever felt what she did; it seemed a concentration of past and present memories all thrown on this one innocent being.

“Violet was a fair child, fair and white as alabaster; of a perfect form; and with dark silken hair, curling in locks of softest beauty adown her shoulders: dark eyes—very dark; the depth—the softness—the intelligence—and celestial purity of those eyes may never be described by me. I once said in my foolishness of speech, that I could imagine a departed happy spirit sometimes took up its abode in that child’s form, and gazed on mortals through her eyes: when I thus spake, Maude turned on me a sad look, as if memory was too—*too* busy.

“A presentiment gained possession of my mind as I watched this lovely child: I watched her sporting among the flowers—how well she loved them; and the song of the birds at the evening hour, ere she and they went to rest, ever fell sadly on her tender spirit;—gentle little Violet! Her laugh rang clear and joyously, as a peal of silver rejoicing bells, when chasing the brilliant butterflies, they ever escaped,—and she clapped her tiny hands in glee;—winning little Violet! But when she knelt in simple prayer to her dear Redeemer, *then* it was, this presentiment clung to my soul; I could not shake it off; it was a foreknowledge of her early death.

“Her knowledge of all the beautiful Bible stories suited to her young years, her comprehension of her Saviour’s love, her own intense love for these blessed truths; her gentle, affectionate, unselfish disposition, warned me, that the angels soon would claim their own. Alas! and alas! for poor Maude, I often found myself saying.

“Every night that young child’s sweet voice was raised in hymns of praise to God; and then *the mother* sang her adopted one to sleep; songs of Heaven she breathed; and then for hours she would watch—and gaze—and gaze, on the child in wrapt devotion. Often on the still, starry night, I have *felt* that good angels were hovering nigh to comfort the watcher, and to bless the sleeping innocent.

“Maude never spoke to me of that child; she had little to say to any one: there seemed a barrier betwixt us of reserve and sadness on her part, though she was all kindness in every attention it was within her reach to bestow. She communed with her own spirit, and was still! That spirit was a tender and a holy one: and when the loving Violet called her *mother*, and all her full gushing affection was poured forth in those encircling arms, I scarce marvelled at her idolatry, though my woman’s nature taught me to look deeper than the surface—to look for hidden and mysterious links.

"An old woman hath a quaint way of gossiping; I have not much more to tell, so may be permitted to tell it in mine own way.

* * * * *

"The child had sickened and drooped rapidly, and we watched over her night and day; I say *we*, for I shared with Maude her unceasing watch: *she* never complained; never sank under her sufferings, though her frame was a feeble and delicate one. I had yet to learn another page of the sublimity of human character.

"Well; it was on a holy, star-lit summer night; in the depth of that still night; we had watched the calm and quiet slumber of that precious child for some hours, it continued apparently refreshing and unbroken, we could scarcely hear her gentle, regular respiration. I took Maude's unresisting hand and led her into the adjoining room, which communicated with the sick chamber, the door of which we left wide open; in this room there was a large window, also thrown wide open, for it was a sultry night; and the night air came sweetly refreshing on our care-worn brows; and the view of the spangled heavens, soothed our weary spirits. Thus we sat, hand in hand—not a sound—not a breath escaped us: listening and motionless thus we sat, thus we were for a space: when suddenly a rushing sound as of innumerable wings, wafting the richest odours, pervading each sense to oppressive faintness with mysterious fragrance, swept by us in a whirlwind of gentle violence, from the open door of the child's room, across to the opposite casement; whilst sounds far wilder, sweeter, and more unearthly than of thousand Æolian harps, far, far distant—yet seemingly close by—thrilled each living sense and nerve, and then died away—faintly sighing in the still midnight air—farther and farther off—and all was still as death. *Still as death.*

"Maude knew the child's spirit had departed; no need to speak. She knew the angels of heaven had flown past her in countless shining throngs, with their golden harps, rejoicing, and bearing with them the disembodied happy spirit. She gave me one long look—and the memory of that look has never left me—never can: in it I learnt a broken heart's fearful story.

"Peace be with her: she hath long been re-united to the beloved dead: and in that ancient church in the green valley, where winds the silver stream, may be seen some marble tablets bearing inscriptions to the memory of the departed."

C. A. M. W.

PERFUMES.

At summer eve the dusky amber air,
 Deepening to crimson round about the west,
 Beareth rich odours from the dim parterre,
 That rise when winds, and birds, and insects rest.
 Each perfume hath a language of its own,
 And whispers to the sense in spirit tone.
 The apple-scented eglantine breathes joy,
 The joy of Paradise that doth not cloy.
 The o'er-sweet woodbine, with its honeyed breath,
 Like earthly bliss, lureth the soul to death.
 Jessamine, delicate of hue and scent,
 Tells of those starry hopes that ay are lent
 To sons of song, cheering affliction's day,
 The lily flingeth incense up alway;
 Like fervent love to God from purest hearts,
 Fair clematis, like charity, imparts
 A blessing unto every passer by.
 Small mignonette doth emblem modesty,
 That careth not to court the gazer's eye,
 Geranium proud telleth of noble birth.
 Sweet lavender is unadorned worth.
 The pale syringa, like a treacherous friend,
 Its subtle flattery through the sense doth send.
 The bright carnation, with its passionate glow,
 Doth love of self and love of glory show.
 The rose, like genius, sings its own sweet lay,
 "All forms of beauty change and pass away,
 But its pure essence knoweth not decay."
 But stronger than all odours of the hour,
 Cometh the fragrance of the hawthorn flower.
 Its rich, warm breath filleth the eager sense,
 Asserting over all pre-eminence;—
 Surely 'tis love's own perfume, wherein meet
 His tenderness and strength—his bitter and his sweet.

J. M. W.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties : illustrated by Female Examples. By G. L. CRAIK, M.A., the Editor, and partly the Author of "The Pictorial History of England." Charles Cox, 12, King William Street, Strand.

THIS work forms two volumes of the series called "Knight's Monthly Volume for all Readers." The low price and unpretending form of this series is apt to deceive the generality of book-buyers, who may naturally enough suppose that each *shilling volume* must be some catch-penny compilation, intended only to amuse, or, if pretending to be instructive and original, containing many errors and much plagiarism. This is far from being the case. All the works yet brought out in this series are really valuable books, and would not be dear at five or six times their price. Some of them are full of learning and research enough to grace a folio; others are clever and spirited, and full of acute critical observation. The works contributed by the author of the book we are about to notice, unite the merits of these two classes.

Mr. Craik's "History of English Literature," his account of "Spenser and his Poetry," and his three volumes on "Bacon and his Writings," are worthy of the minute attention of the scholar, though they are intended for the general reader, also. His "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," published originally by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and to which he did not put his name, has been a very popular book, and has been attributed to various persons. The work before us is a continuation of it.

The vast amount of this author's learning and information, some of which escapes from him in every sentence he writes, has had the effect of hiding, and indeed sometimes stifling, his natural ease and vivacity of style. Like "a proper man, and tall," of agile step and pliant sinews, in the days of chivalry, his motions are impeded or rendered somewhat ungraceful, at times, by the weight of his armour. Still, in spite of this learned coat of mail, Mr. Craik is never dull or slow, and the quick just thought, the poetic feeling, and the playful humour, are almost always seen moving beneath it. His criticism is subtle, yet far from fantastic or wire-drawn; his feelings are refined and just; he is full of hearty admiration of excellence of any kind; his opinions seem to be the result of mature thought, acting upon knowledge and experience;

he has a fair and many-sided judgment in social and moral questions, and is more free from prejudice than most learned men, because he is wise as well as learned.

Of the book under review we may say that it is by far the lightest and most generally interesting that Mr. Craik has yet published. Every woman who reads English should have it : no woman, we are sure, can read it without pleasure and profit. To every woman of sense it will be the more agreeable and the more profitable, that it is the work of a man who does not speak of her sex in terms of flattery or of condescension, but who has evidently, from this book which he has written about them, a high feeling towards all women. He does not declaim loudly in favour of the intellectual or moral greatness of women, but he *shows* that many women have been morally and intellectually great. Instead of laughing at, or denouncing as injurious, the common arguments about the *rights* of woman (which arguments it is clear he considers very unwise), he sets about explaining the *duties* of woman, as regards their intellectual culture. His opinions on this subject are, it seems to us, based on truth and reason. He believes that it is of the utmost importance that women should be as well educated, intellectually, as men. His views on this matter are enlarged, without being extravagant, and show a moderation and want of prejudice which are not common. In proof of this we quote the following passages from the introduction to the book before us.

"Whatever has been done by the one sex in the acquisition of knowledge in the face of extraordinary difficulties, may, generally speaking, be done by the other. If there have been literary shepherds and shoemakers, there may be literary shop-women and milkmaids. If a blind man has cultivated a talent for poetry, it is nothing wonderful that a blind woman should do the same. The examples that are wanted for women are of a different kind. Every instance of the pursuit of knowledge by a woman, in *any* circumstances, is an instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Her sex alone raises a host of difficulties to obstruct her in such an enterprise. Every woman who has greatly distinguished herself by the cultivation of her intellectual faculties is an example and a marvel. Not, surely, however, that such ought necessarily to be the case. We are no preachers of either the rights or the wrongs of women, holding, for one thing, that it is not by logic and rhetoric that much or almost anything is to be done, to alter in any respect the social position which women actually occupy. This can only be done by themselves, and in other ways than by declaiming and wrangling about the changes which may be thought to be desirable.

"The place that woman shall occupy in the social system, the rights she shall enjoy, the power and influence she shall exercise, will henceforth depend upon herself, upon the use that she makes

of the faculties and of the nature that God has given her. Even if men had any wish to control her in regard to that matter, the power of doing so is gone or going fast. What yet remains of it is certainly neither kept up nor applied generally, in any spirit of aversion to, or jealousy of, intellectual cultivation in woman. If in any rank of life fathers do not usually give so good an education to their daughters as to their sons, it is principally because the institutions of the country do not afford the same facilities in the one case as in the other. But that difference cannot long continue. The claims of the one sex, not to the same education, but to as good an education as the other, are no longer disputed by any body; and both our establishments and our habits will gradually mould themselves into conformity with the universal conviction. Then, to dispute about the rights of men and women will be like disputing about the rights of the right hand and the left."

Dr. Franklin has, if we remember rightly, written a clever letter, purporting to be from the left hand, in which that member claims its right to be educated as well as the other hand, and asserts that if thus educated it would be in all respects like the right hand. This, we suppose, no one will be inclined to assert in the case of educating woman. Woman must always have physical functions differing from those of men, and consequently intellectual and moral ones. Our author goes on thus:—

"For in this way only will be really brought about the so much talked-of equality of the sexes. So long as women are generally under-educated in comparison with men, there can be no equality between them. When it has become the custom for the one sex to be as well educated as the other, then there will exist only that inequality, or difference, rather, between them, which the Creator has established for the wisest purposes, and to destroy which, we must believe, would be alike injurious to both. Man and woman are fitted the one for the other as much by their difference as by their similarity. The parts which they have to act, the spheres in which they have to move, are as distinct in some respects as they are identical in others. Of all false social philosophies, that is the blindest and shallowest which overlooks or denies this, and would seek to improve the character and elevate the condition of women by making them, as far as possible, exchange their own proper character for that of the other sex. Whatever dispute there may be, as to whether the male or female nature be the higher, morally or intellectually, there can be no doubt in any unperverted understanding, about the superiority of either to any mixture of the two. An *effeminate* man and a *masculine* woman are among the strongest images that the mind can call up of the unsuitable and repulsive."

We have met with advocates of the rights of woman, who are, by no means, of the author's opinion on this point. They say,

"How much better would it be if men would become more like women, and women more like men!" Others, again, we have heard say, "A masculine woman always means a superior woman." And in many cases when the term "masculine" is applied to a woman by an ignorant or foolish person of either sex, it implies, simply, that the woman spoken of is intellectually or morally his or her superior. A silly, weak woman will call a sensible, strong-minded one, "masculine," and a rough, coarse fellow will call a man of gentlemanly, refined manners, "effeminate." Protesting, then, against the abuse of these words, which is very common, common enough to mislead many readers, we agree entirely with Mr. Craik in his opinion. We can see nothing admirable in any unnatural addition or alteration, and should not admire a painted lily, or a daw covered with plumage borrowed from the jay.

Our author proceeds thus :—

"But to make a woman learned; some will say, is to make her masculine. Is the capacity for the acquisition of knowledge, then, possessed by men only? This is really the whole question. If women, as well as men, are born with faculties which fit them for intellectual improvement, and for occupying themselves with literary or scientific studies, it is difficult to understand how such studies can be regarded as essentially unfeminine. As far as can be inferred from the intimations of nature, they are no more unfeminine than they are unmasculine. Circumstances may often make it inexpedient or impracticable, in particular cases, for women to give up a large portion of their time to such pursuits; and so they may and do in the case of many men. But where it is otherwise, the study of science and literature would seem to be generally as suitable an occupation for the one sex as for the other."

No one can deny, we think, that what has just been quoted is perfectly rational, or that the following is equally so.—

"Let the most unfavourable supposition be made, that in every kind of intellectual pursuit the most soaring female genius will be outflown and overtopped by the highest efforts of the other sex; it would not follow that women should wholly abandon intellectual pursuits to men. It might as reasonably be proposed to exclude all men from such pursuits, except those of the first order of mental power. The pursuit of knowledge, whether by men or women, is not a race, in which those only succeed who outrun all the rest; it is not of the nature of a race at all. Those who make the least or the slowest progress, have their reward, as well as those who make the greatest; nor is the fortune of any one individual in any degree affected by that of another. Some get more, some less, all something, each according to his or her own powers and exertions. But, whatever may be the case with the highest genius in the two sexes, it is, at least, unquestionable, that the intellectual powers and capacities of many men are surpassed by those of many women.

If there be no region of literature, science, and art, where female genius has distinctly asserted its supremacy, neither, perhaps, is there any, from poetry to mathematics, in which it has not already greatly distinguished itself. This it has done against all sorts of disadvantages and discouragements: in the face of opinion and prejudice: in despite of means and facilities, on the whole, very inferior to those which the other sex has enjoyed. Who shall venture to assert, that much more may not be done by women when they shall have been generally placed in circumstances equally favourable with those of men?

"It may be admitted that there are some departments of intellectual enterprise in which men, partly from their characteristic mental and moral qualities, partly from other causes, will probably always be able to maintain their superiority. Their power of following a complex process of reasoning, appears to be naturally greater than that of women; their judgment is less apt to be biased by feeling; while at the same time their imagination, though less excitable, seems to be both stronger and more passionate. Their minds, too, like their bodies, are more capable of long continued exertion; they are moreover, thrown by circumstances, and the life they necessarily lead, much more than women can ever generally be, in the way of receiving materials for thought, as well as impulse and inspiration, from all that goes on in the outer world of human movement, activity, and contest. On the other hand the instinct of women is truer, their perception quicker, their sense of the appropriate and the becoming usually more correct and delicate. Whatever they do, they do for the most part both with more ease and with more grace than men. And, inasmuch as they are women and not men, they must give a variety of character, which it would not otherwise possess, to any literature of which their contributions form part.

"A rational being, whether man or woman, whose faculties remain through life unexercised and unimproved, can hardly be said to fulfil the end of his or her creation. Nature, indeed, is so exuberantly rich, that much of what is produced in all its departments can be allowed to run to waste, and still there is no want. But that is no reason why anything should be suffered to perish which can be preserved and turned to account; least of all, the most precious of all things,—mind. The nearer society advances towards perfection, the less waste will there be, any where, and especially here. Among the lower animals, to whom the succession of generations brings no improvement, every individual, generally speaking, that comes into existence, attains the completest use that circumstances permit, of all the faculties and capacities with which it is endowed; progressive man will not have reached his highest point of civilization till the same affirmation may be made with regard to every individual of the human

species. This view may perhaps be considered to furnish the best measure of civilisation."

We are, as yet, very far apparently from this highest point of civilisation. The improved education of women will be one very powerful agent in bringing about this desirable state of things. Let woman be *well educated*, and then is she not *emancipated* in the true sense of the word? The following is very true.—

"If there were as many learned women as there are learned men, the former would no more seem prodigies, either in their own eyes or in those of other people, than the latter. Superior learning and mental cultivation, indeed, have not universally produced real superiority of character, either in women or men. But that is only to say that knowledge alone will not do every thing. Nobody has ever pretended that it will. Yet although it will not of itself convert folly into wisdom, either in man or woman, we believe it to be, at least, equally little chargeable with ever having made any one of either sex a fool, who would not have been rather more of one without it. Even of the remarkably learned women who have illustrated various countries and ages, the vast majority will be found to have been in all other things as well as in erudition, the ornaments and glories of their sex."

In concluding his introduction our author says—

"It cannot be that that instruction and exercise of the mental faculties which is universally acknowledged to refine the one sex, should have the opposite effect upon the other: that if it be true of man, it should not be true of woman also, that

*"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."*

After this introduction, the reader will not expect Mr. Craik to enter into the vexed question of the rights of woman; and, to our taste, the book is far more interesting than it would have been if he had done so, and infinitely more to the purpose. For, if the object of the book be to prove that the pursuit of knowledge by a woman will tend to make her better *as a woman*, than she would be if she were to remain ignorant, it will be attained more satisfactorily by giving incontrovertible facts concerning the womanly excellence of the most learned women who have already lived, than by speculating upon what women may by possibility achieve if they be placed hereafter in such and such circumstances, which position is claimed as a *right*, but has never yet been attained by them. All conclusions deduced from mere speculation, however sound such speculation may appear, must be far less weighty in this argument than one or two results of experience.

The historic method of "teaching by examples," is well practised in this work. Mr. Craik begins by giving a summary account

of the male and female authors who have written on the equality and superiority of women compared with men. Among these he mentions *Modesta Pozzo*, or *Modeste Dupuis*, a learned Italian lady, in the sixteenth century; and *Marie de Romien*, a French lady of the same period; Lucrezia Marinella, the authoress of a work entitled, "*La Nobilità e l'Eccellenza delle Donne con Difetti e Mancamenti Degli Huomini*," (The Nobility and Excellence of Women, with the Imperfections and Defects of Men;) Marie de Gournay, the adopted daughter of Montague, who wrote a short dissertation, called "*De l'Egalité des Hommes et des Femmes*;" and Cornelius Agrippa,—astrologer, soothsayer, cheat!—who wrote the "*Declamatio de Nobilitate et Præcellentia Fæminei Sexus*," (Declamation on the Nobility and Pre-eminence of the Female Sex,) to obtain favour with the Princess Margaret of Austria. This book was published in 1529. Besides these, we have a sort of foretaste of St. Simonianism in a work by William Postellus, whom Mr. Craik calls a "learned lunatic." This work is entitled, "*De orbis Terræ Concordia, &c.*" (Respecting the Concord of the whole Earth and the last Nativity of the Mediator,) "in which he announces himself to be the mediator of women, and declares Christ to be only that of men!!"

Our author then gives some account of several learned women, who have distinguished themselves in classical learning and theological and philosophical speculation. What he reports of them, will surprise those among his readers who do not know that in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, Italy, the most learned and civilized country in Europe, produced many women who carried off prizes in the mathematics, the dead languages, logic, and rhetoric, at the most learned universities, and, (what is still more in favour of the freedom of the Italians from jealousy of female intellectual acquirements,) many of these women occupied professor's chairs. There was Laura Cereta, a professor (at Brescia, we believe,) for seven years; and Dorothea Bucca, upon whom the degree of Doctor was conferred, at Bologna, and who was appointed to a professors' chair in the university of that city, which she filled, for many years, with great honour. There was Fedele Cassandra, a Venetian, and the wife of a physician, who disputed publicly with the most distinguished doctors of the time, in philosophy and theology; made Latin orations; lectured at the University of Padua, to crowded audiences (of *scholars*, not *mechanics*, be it remembered); was very skilful in music; and, who lived to the age of a hundred and two. From which last fact, it appears, that learning, and hard intellectual work, did not shorten her days. Elena Cornaro, another Venetian, who died at the early age of thirty-eight, was mistress of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and, is said to "have written them all with as much facility as if each had been her native tongue." French, Spanish, and Romaic, she also knew

well. Mathematics and music, philosophy and theology, she studied successfully, and was created a Mistress of Arts, by the University of Padua. This woman was famed for her piety and amiability, as well as for her extraordinary learning.

Among the most distinguished Cartesian philosophers, Mr. Craik mentions Elizabeth of Bohemia, the eldest daughter of the Elector Palatine Frederic V. and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our own James I. To this high-born lady, Des Cartes dedicated his "*Principia Philosophiæ*." Therein "he declares that he can assert with confidence of her Highness, that she possesses both a genius the most perspicacious, and the utmost solicitude for the attainment of truth. Neither the avocations of the palace," he goes on to say, "nor the customary education, which condemns young women to ignorance, have been able to prevent you from investigating all goods, arts, and sciences. Of all of them you have, in an extraordinarily short space of time, acquired a profound and accurate knowledge. But for myself I have a peculiar and still greater proof of the incomparable perspicacity of your judgment, in this fact, that you are the only person I have ever yet found, by whom the treatises already published by me have all been perfectly understood. For, to most other readers, even the most ingenious and learned, they seem very obscure. It is almost always the case, that those who are versed in metaphysics, turn away with disgust from any geometrical speculations, and those that have applied themselves to geometry, do not comprehend what I have written respecting the 'Primary Philosophy;' yours, alone, I have found to be an understanding to which all things are clear, and therefore I rightly style it incomparable."—He then eulogizes in equally strong terms the beauty of her moral nature, especially that wonderful benignity and mildness, blended with majesty, which shone in all her actions, and which, harrassed, as she had been, by the perpetual persecutions of fortune, had never been perverted nor impaired. This quality, he concludes by avowing, had so won his heart, that he did not more desire to have the name and reputation of a philosopher, than he did to be known to all men as the most devoted admirer of her Highness."

Perhaps no woman ever had more distinguished praise than that.

After speaking cursorily of one or two more learned women, our author comes to that strange, odd, grand, old Duchess, Margaret, of Newcastle. She seems to be a favourite with him; although not in that thorough-going, unqualified way that she was with Charles Lamb. Her printed works fill a dozen folios. Mr. Craik gives some very interesting extracts from some of these works, which we are sorry our space will not enable us to quote, for the amusement of the reader. Without having any claim to erudition or original genius, the Duchess was a remarkable woman in many ways; and not least remarkable for her indefatigable love of writing

down all she thought, and for her never-failing love and respect for her husband;—who, by the way, could not be a fool, as Horace Walpole seems to suppose. A fool could not have retained the respect of such a woman as the Duchess. He may have been a dull man, but he could not have been a fool;—although he was, probably, pompous enough for one.

Passing over what is said of Lady Pakington, (the supposed authoress of “*The Whole Duty of Man*,”) and several other learned religious ladies, we come to Miss, or *Mrs.* Mary Astell,—the friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—the Madonella of the Tatler, and one of the earliest and most energetic English writers in favour of what Mary Woolstonecraft has proclaimed, in later days, as the doctrine of the Rights of Woman. She wrote much upon religious and social subjects, which the world has willingly let die; but, in spite of their death, she was undoubtedly a very remarkable person. The account of Mrs. Cockburn, whose maiden name was Trotter, is interesting for various reasons. She “was the authoress of three tragedies and a comedy, all both printed and acted before she was twenty-two years old.” She studied metaphysics, and entered into theological controversy; writing a defence of Locke’s “*Essay on the Human Understanding*,” which gained her the admiration and esteem of that philosopher. Soon after this, she married, and had to struggle with poverty, and domestic cares and troubles of all kinds, for twenty years; during which time she may be said, not only to have abstained from writing, but scarcely to have taken a book into her hand. And, again, she solaced herself in old age by writing metaphysical and theological works of great celebrity in their day.

Our author then proceeds to female literary personages, who are better known to fame. Madame de Staël, of whose genius we need say nothing. The mother of Madame de Staël is also a very interesting personage; not the less so for having been the object of Gibbon’s first love, and for having been so easily given up by him. The cool way in which Gibbon excuses his desertion of her, thirty years afterwards, is somewhat amusing:—

“After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate (his father having objected to the match). I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Cressy (the lady’s father) soon after died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behaviour.”

Now, in after years, when Madame Necker saw, as Carlyle ex-

presses it, "the young de Staël romping round the knees of the Decline and Fall" what did she think of her former lover?—of the man who having once felt, or fancied he felt love for her, never came near her when she was a poor teacher in Geneva, but who visited her *salons* regularly when she was the wife of the prime minister of France? Why, probably she thought in *this* respect there was a great difference in the sexes, and that if "the Decline and Fall" had been a woman he would have acted otherwise.

Of the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu, Mr Craik says:—

"Of all our English female writers Lady Mary has perhaps the most robust intellect, the one endowed with most of masculine vigour, yet remaining still essentially, and in all its qualities, that of a woman. In her, and, perhaps, in her alone, instinct and intuition assume the certainty and comprehensiveness of reasoning. Yet she writes with as much liveliness as if she could not reason at all. If we are ever to have any more letters equal to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, there is no pen from which we should sooner expect them than from that of her grand-daughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, still surviving among us, at the age of ninety, who is understood to have all her life kept up an active correspondence with an extensive circle of friends, and who, ten years ago surprised and delighted the world with a detailed memoir of Lady Mary, written with all the freshness and vivacity of twenty-five, and in all respects worthy of Lady Mary herself."

In the writing of history, women, it seems, have done nothing; but in collecting the materials from which history is made, they have been very active. In fact, women are the best writers of memoirs and sketches of persons and events that come under their own observation. They are quick and shrewd observers: a clever woman almost always penetrates the motives of actions, when the actions themselves are within her comprehension; and it may be said, generally, that women discover intuitively *le dessous des cartes*. Therefore, the lively sketches and personal recollections of women who have been placed in elevated or extended spheres of observation are very important to the historic writer. Among these, Mr. Craik enumerates those of "Christina of Pisa, Louisa of Savoy, Margaret of Valois, Marie de Longueville, Duchess of Nemours, Madame de Motteville, Mlle. de Montpensier, Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Caylus, Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, Madame Campan, Madame de Lapineau, Madame de Laroche-jacquelin, and our own Mrs. Hutchinson."

In oratory, many women have distinguished themselves; and in law and medicine some have attained considerable eminence. The most distinguished female names in *science* belong, as our author informs us, to the eighteenth century. At the head of these may be placed la Marquise du Châtelet, Voltaire's "*Sublime Emilie*." This lady, who studied mathematics and metaphysics with great

success, and was a good Latin scholar, has left behind her indubitable records of the strength and cultivation of her intellectual powers. Among these we may mention her translation of Newton's "*Principia*," published in Paris in 1759. It does not appear that this lady was any the less charming as a *femme de haute Société* because she was *savante*, and lived in intimacy with many learned men. But we honestly confess that Madame du Châtelet has never been a great favourite with us; Madame Lepante, the astronomer, the friend and fellow-labourer of Lalande and Clairant, is a more interesting personage than Madame du Châtelet;—but more interesting perhaps than either of these ladies, and of higher scientific genius and acquirements, was the celebrated Maria Agnesi, the Milanese, born in 1718. The facts recorded of her wonderful capacity and acquirements at an early age cannot be detailed here, but we may mention a work she has left, which will remain as a proof to all ages of the extraordinary scientific genius of this young and every way amiable woman, this is her "*Justizioni Analitiche ad uso della gioventu Italiana*." This has lately been described by Professor de Morgan as "A well-matured treatise on algebra, and the differential and integral calculus, inferior to none of its day, in knowledge and arrangement, and showing marks of great learning and some originality;" it was also quoted by the French mathematician Bossut in a course of mathematics which he published in 1775, as the best treatise he could present to his readers on the elements of the differential and integral calculus; and a complete English translation of the work was made by the Rev. John Calson, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

After speaking of Maria Bassi, and this learned Italian lady, and of Caroline Herschel, Mr. Craik proceeds to the female classical scholars, and gives very interesting accounts of Madame Dacier and Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus;—both of whom were as admirable in the discharge of their domestic duties and womanly offices as if they had never learned Greek; and Mr. Craik, we fancy, is inclined to think with us that their knowledge was a help, rather than a hindrance to them in the performance of those duties. Of the beautiful, learned, and every way charming Elizabeth Smith, we have a delightful little biography in this book. Her character is as touchable and loveable as her acquirements are remarkable; and the most determined hater of learned women would have been won to look favourably upon this matchless creature.

The last part of the work contains very pleasing biographies of Elizabeth Hamilton, Hannah More, Mrs. Grant of Lagan, Mrs. Brunton, and various other women who have made a figure in the *belles lettres*. We have already exceeded the limits of our article, or we could quote much from this portion of the work. Mr. Craik's observations in conclusion, are particularly worthy the con-

sideration of intellectual women, as coming from a learned and large-minded man who does not flatter women, but speaks to and of them, as if he considered them rational beings, fitted for intercourse with cultivated men. We cannot close our observations on this interesting book better, than by quoting the following passage from the last chapter :—

"As for the adaptation to study, and the conquests of intellect, of the female mind in particular, one thing by which, as commonly perhaps as by any other, it is distinguished *for the worse* from that of the other sex, is its inferior appreciation of the importance of minute accuracy. Milton has made Adam, with some quaintness of effect, qualify his impassioned description of our first mother, by admitting, that, highly endowed as she was in mind, as well as in form, she was yet, although "in outward show elaborate, of inward less *exact*;" and the word may have been chosen with more meaning and point than is at first quite apparent. The very quickness of her understanding, betrays a woman in regard to this matter. She catches rapidly such a general conception and comprehension of a subject, as may suffice very well for many ordinary purposes, for talking and writing about it both fluently and amusingly, or, even to a certain extent, instructively, or for getting a considerable amount of practical advantage in various ways out of her acquaintance with it. Such being found to be the case, anything more is apt to appear superfluous and useless. A more exact knowledge is even despised as something pedantic. But pedantry lies in the unnecessary or unseasonable display of exact knowledge, never in the exactness itself. Women should understand more perfectly or more generally than they do, that for all the higher purposes of study, knowledge cannot be too exact or minute. There is nothing that can be learned with regard to any subject of study, for which a use will not be found somewhere or other in the further prosecution of the study, or an ignorance or indistinct conception of which will not in a greater or less degree obscure or vitiate the view that the mind takes of something that follows. The true student, knowing this, reverences accuracy and completeness of knowledge for its own sake, and without reference to any distinct utility which it may seem to have in the particular case; he believes that such utility is always inherent in it, whether it may be at once discernible or no."

* * * * *

"One thing, for instance, that even clever and otherwise well-informed women who write books are apt to be very careless about, is whatever has anything to do with dates or periods of time; one would think that they regarded dates as nothing more than customary formalities, or ornamental flourishes carrying little or no meaning."

"Nearly connected, too, with carelessness as to facts, of what-

ever kind they may be, is an inadequate feeling of what a serious, earnest thing, all real study is—what close and persisting attention it demands.” * * * * “Women are apt to take up one part of a great subject with too little thought of, or reference to the other parts of it; and to satisfy themselves too easily with the interest they may feel in so much of it as they are immediately engaged upon, without taking the requisite pains to combine their knowledge so as to obtain a mastery over the whole.”

We believe all women who are competent judges in such a matter, will admit the truth of these remarks.

J. M. W.

SONG.

Oh ! what dost thou seek
 In this wide, busy world ?
 And what does thy heart love the best ?
 It is beauty I seek
 In this wide, busy world,
 And love that my heart loves the best.

Oh ! where wilt thou go
 For the beauty that's best ?
 And where for the love that is true ?
 I will come unto thee
 For the beauty that's best ;
 To thee for the love that is true.

And how dost thou know
 That my beauty is best ?
 And how that my love is the true ?
 I have looked in thy soul—
 'Tis more fair than thy face :
 Such souls give no love but the true.

J. M. W.

SIR MONK MOYLE.*

BY J. LUMLEY SHAFTO.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Jack, ever jovial, ever gay,
 To appetite a slave,
 Still games and drinks his life away,
 And laughs to see *me* grave :
 ’Tis thus that we two disagree ;
 So different is our whim,
 My brother gaily laughs at me,
 While I could weep for him.”

“ THAT Fanny Moyle is a devilish fine girl !” said Captain Digby, as he sat smoking a cigar after dinner, to his brother, Sir Carrol ;
 “ don’t you think so ?”

“ There is no doubt about that, Jack : and I think her sister a very charming creature.”

“ Yes, she’s very well ; but the other’s the girl for my money.”

“ The girl for *your* money, eh ?—don’t you rather mean that you are the man for *her’s* ?”

“ Ah ! perhaps that’s rather nearer the mark, Carrol. But as for the money, the young lady will have enough, both for herself and her husband ; and so long as they have it between them, it does not matter, you know, on which side it comes. She and her sister are the co-heiresses, I believe, of their grandfather, Sir Monk Moyle ; and they will likewise divide the estate here in Ireland, which adjoins your own. It would be very pleasant for me to settle myself down in that way, close beside you. That would be taking fortune by storm,—no bad move, I think, for a soldier like me, with nothing to depend upon, but his captain’s pay. What do you think of it ?”

“ Why, I think you are a little too fast in this, as you are in

* Continued from p. 212.

most things. Before you could storm either Dame Fortune, or the lady's fortune, which I am very much afraid, Jack, divides your admiration with her; you forget that you would have to lay a regular siege to the young lady herself: and it is not every siege, either military or matrimonial, that ends at last in a capitulation."

"Well, we'll drop both the siege and the storm then, and everything warlike; but 'happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing.' Seriously, though, I should like to canvass for Fanny Moyle, as the M.P.'s say."

"The *would-be* M.P.'s, you mean, Jack. It is only the candidates that canvass, and they very often fail to get in."

"Ah! there you are again! You don't give a poor devil much encouragement, at any rate, to try to mend his fortune."

"But suppose you should have a rival, Jack, in your friend, O'Sullivan. I don't know whether you observed anything particular, when we met them yesterday, coming from Conciliation Hall, and he introduced us to the young ladies."

"Egad! now that you mention it, Carrol, I certainly did remark, that he uttered the words, 'My cousin, Miss Moyle,' in the regular off-hand way; but when he turned to the younger, and said, 'Miss Fanny Moyle,' it was *sotto voce*, and with a sort of dropping of the eyelids; and whenever a man drops his eyelids in a case like that, I always conclude that he's casting a sheep's eye under them."

"Ah! you judge of others by yourself, Jack. That's very natural, though not always quite correct. I really did not remark all these little minutiae, which fell under your critical observation; but I drew *my* inference from a certain undefinable something in O'Sullivan's manner to the younger sister, as we walked with them to the door of their hotel."

"Well, even if it be as you suppose, that won't signify much, if that be *all*. We know nothing yet about the reciprocity. As my friend, O'Sullivan, is an Irishman, like myself, *that* may be all on *one* side. I don't see that I need despair just yet."

"Certainly not," said Sir Carrol, smiling good-humouredly; "more particularly as the young lady was never blessed with a sight of *your* sweet person before yesterday."

"Faith, Carrol! you may joke as you please about it, but that won't deter me. She's a devilish fine girl, I repeat it; and even if O'Sullivan be after her himself, that's no reason why I should not start for the same prize: 'a fair field, and no favour,' is my motto; and let him that wins her, wear her. I really think I shall propose for her; that is, after a proper interval, and a due degree of attention, and all that."

"Well, you've impudence enough for the trial, any way, Jack."

"Egad! that's a younger brother's only portion. Well, 'faint heart never won fair lady.' Mine's never faint, but when the cash runs low, and I don't know in what quarter to look for the reviving cordial."

"Ah, Jack! that sort of faintness comes upon you now so frequently, that the application of the stimulus you require becomes both expensive and difficult."

"It all arises from inanition, pure inanition, Carrol; that's my disorder. I really can see no remedy for it, but one—no permanent cure, I mean,—and that is, a handsome girl, like Fanny Moyle, with a handsome fortune. All the rest are mere palliatives."

"The remedy you propose is agreeable enough, certainly. It is not every disease that can be cured by such a pleasant medicine. You'll make no wry faces in swallowing that."

"Why, when a man prescribes for himself, he would be a fool to swallow anything nauseous. And don't you see, Carrol, that the medicine is not a whit more pleasant than efficacious. That's the beauty of it."

"Yes, it certainly combines both points. The *miscuit utile dulci* is not always either easy, or even practicable. If you can accomplish this in other cases, I think you ought to take out your diploma from the Royal College."

"I'm glad, at any rate, that you give me credit for both understanding my own case, and the pleasantest as well as the most effectual mode of cure. My medicine will be quite a *placebo* to the palate, as our regimental doctor designates a mighty agreeable sort of draught, which he tells me he sometimes concocts for mere fanciful patients, who *must* and *will* have something, and really require nothing; but unlike that, as *my* disorder is anything but fanciful, it will carry health and vigor instantaneously, as it were, through my whole system."

"Ah! through your financial system, Jack, acting upon the pocket, instead of the stomach."

"Precisely so, for that's the seat of my disease: and let me tell you, Carrol, that the symptoms become every day more and more painful and alarming. It won't do to tamper with them any longer, I feel that."

"Well, if your case be urgent, you have not been slow in hitting upon a very delightful remedy; that is, if it prove attainable. It would almost tempt a man to get sick, for the mere pleasure of getting well again."

"Oh, I know what I'm about, depend upon it. I am not going to sacrifice myself for mere mercenary considerations. That won't do for me at all. Now, there was poor Tom Halloran, a devilish good fellow, and all that; but very much afflicted with *my* dis-

order, as most good fellows are; and what did the simpleton do, but marry an old woman! She had thirty thousand pounds, it's true, but with it she had (as the old song says),

'A gimlet eye and a mouth awry,
And was cursedly warp'd in the back.' "

"A complete symbol, then," said Sir Carrol, laughing, "of what you just now called 'Irish reciprocity;' a something all on one side."

"No, not that, either; for her eye turned one way, her mouth twisted the other, and her back (the most impartial point about her, but too ambitious withal), inclined to neither side, but went right up, above her shoulders. By heavens! I never was so astonished in my life, as when Tom introduced me to his bride. I was obliged to look first at the ground, then at the ceiling, and then at the ground again. I was divided, in fact, between a painful inclination both to laugh and cry."

"Well, I admire your self-control, Jack, if you contrived to avoid both."

"Why, you know, brother, though I'm a wild, rattling fellow, and too fast by half (I acknowledge it), I cannot bear, any more than yourself, to mock at the blemishes or defects of any one. In the first place, though I don't pretend to much religion, I think it a downright affront to the Creator, who has fashioned us all as he thought fit; and next, it always appears to me to be not merely selfish and unfeeling, but unmanly,—all qualities which I thoroughly despise and detest, as the devil hates holy water."

"More than *that*, I hope, Jack; for I very much doubt whether the devil *does* hate holy water. According to *our* views of religion, and the grand essentials which the Scriptures point out, for our preservation here, and our salvation hereafter, he has no reason at all to hate it. Rather the contrary, perhaps."

"How so, Carrol?"

"Why, if a thief, watching us at night, should see us put sticks or straws across the door, instead of drawing out the iron bolt, I should think that such vain precautions would please him not a little."

"But I suppose that our Roman Catholic friends would say that they resort to the iron bolt as well."

"That is just the question. But even granting it to be so, then why not *trust* to the bolt? Why add mere sticks or straws? That can hardly make 'assurance doubly sure.' But a truce to the subject, brother. It is one not to be entered upon lightly, nor settled in an hour."

"I'm not very partial to it, I confess: *it's quite out of my line*. I have frequently remarked, though, that it seldom leads to any

good, and very often to the contrary. But to return to the point we were discussing. I hope you understand me, Carrol. I am not selfish enough, nor yet weak enough, to sacrifice myself in the matrimonial way for mere money."

"No, I hope not, Jack. A man may recover himself after many slips, but a false step of that kind cannot easily be repaired."

"I think not, indeed. Believe me, brother, I would not marry a woman that I could not both love and respect, if she had the wealth of the Indies. And as to Fanny Moyle, unless both her face and her manners very much belie her, I think I could do both. No, no; poor as I am—"

"She is really a sweet creature, I admit it;" interrupted Sir Carrol, eagerly. "But go on, Jack," (clapping his hand on his brother's shoulder) "you speak like your father's son."

"By all that's sacred, then," continued the captain with increasing energy: "poor as I am, I would sooner strip this embroidered coat from my back, and take to honest labour, than marry any woman, to make both her and myself miserable. He must be a mean despicable fellow, that can do that for money."

"Ah, Jack!" said Sir Carrol, taking his brother's hand, and pressing it cordially; "your heart's in the right place, I know: and it will always give me pleasure to prove to you, that so is mine. But there are one or two points which, for your own sake, I should like to see altered. I should wish to see your character shine out in its true light; in short, that you should do yourself justice."

"I know all that, Carrol, right well; for you have not only often said it, but proved it. But you are not to understand what I just now said, as applying exactly to poor Tom Halloran. I don't mean that. Tom's a good fellow in his way; but, *entre nous*, he's not very bright, that's certain. I could safely warrant him, as the jockey did the blind horse: 'It's not his fault, at all, at all: it's his misfortune.'"

"Ah! that makes a great difference, of course. And perhaps your friend Tom may not exactly possess *your* personal advantages, eh? The man that aspires to youth, beauty, and fortune, certainly ought to have something to offer in exchange."

"Why, as to personal advantages, I don't know much about that:" and the captain's eye, although, (handsome as he unquestionably was,) he was by no means a vain man, glanced at an opposite mirror, and his hand went involuntarily up to his chin, which he stroked two or three times very complacently. "Tom is by no means an ill-looking fellow, though; and he might have done much better for himself. But there is certainly a little corner of his cranium, which approximates closely to that phenomenon in nature, that some deny altogether, a perfect vacuum."

"I think that's likely enough, Jack. But no one would look for such a corner as that in yours."

"No, no; I'm wide awake, as you may suppose, by my turning my thoughts to such a girl as Fanny Moyle. That does not imply any thing of a vacuum, I should think. Egad! Carrol! if I should carry my point with her, it will be mighty pleasant to become both a landed proprietor, and your next neighbour at Castle Digby."

"Very pleasant, indeed; but carry the point first."

"Oh, of course! that's understood. And then how delightful, to hand her, after the interesting ceremony, into a handsome chariot and four, jump in after her, and whisk her off somewhere, to spend the honey-moon!"

"Extremely delightful!" said Sir Carrol, smiling; "but there is a good deal to be done before it comes to that. You are giving the reins to fancy, quite in the style of the 'Arabian Nights,' and she seems to be running away with you at full gallop. Why, Jack, you seem quite to forget that you had not even seen the young lady, four and twenty hours ago."

"No, that's very true: but I shall endeavour to make up for lost time, by working all the harder, now that I *have* seen her. Let me see," added the captain, rattling on, in spite of his brother's hint; "I think Paris must be our first destination. I should like uncommonly to visit Paris again. It's a splendid place to—"

"Paris!" interrupted Sir Carrol, quickly, as some painful recollections arose to his mind, of a former visit which his brother had paid to it, and some youthful follies into which he had fallen. "But I should suppose the lady would be consulted in such a case, and possibly some other place might be more agreeable to *her*. Remember, Jack, that whenever you marry, there will be another to be considered, beside yourself."

"Oh, of course! I am quite aware of all that. But Paris is a delightful place though to reside in, at least for a few weeks."

"Why should you go there again?" continued the baronet, surveying his brother with a mournful seriousness; "to spend your money at *rouge et noir*?"

"Well! *rouge et noir* is better than *bonnet rouge*, at any rate. It's the safer game of the two, is it not?"

"Yes, there's no doubt about that: better lose your money than your head, but far better still to hazard neither."

"Pooh! heads are not so easily lost now-a-days. A man may stand up for liberty, and keep his head safe upon his shoulders."

"Ah, Jack! that sort of liberty that you are so fond of eulogising is nothing better than a showy, well-dressed courtesan, and generally woos her lovers to their ultimate ruin. I do, wish, brother, that you could tame your volatile spirits, and allow your mind to look a little deeper than the mere surface of things:

'Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
Those who would seek for pearls must dive below.' "

"Let me only be sure of the pearls," said the incorrigible captain, "and down I'll dive instant. But I tell you what, brother!" throwing away the remnant of his cigar, and resting his folded arms upon the table: "I tell you what: when a man wants money, the thermometer of his patriotism runs down to the freezing point. The bountiful smiles of Dame Fortune have a magical effect in making a man love his country. But when he owes nothing to her but his poverty—"

"But suppose a different case," interrupted Sir Carrol, seriously. "Suppose a man's poverty the effect of his own folly and extravagance."

"How sir!" said the captain, sharply. "Am I to be called foolish and extravagant, because I have a mind above my fortune? Think of the figure a man cuts in a dragoon regiment, without money. How can a young fellow of any spirit bear to be thought either mean, or as poor as a church mouse?—almost afraid to put his hand in his pocket, to give a sous to a beggar."

"A hard case indeed, Jack! I grant it," said the baronet, in a conciliating tone.

"Well, brother," continued the captain, starting up, and pacing the room with rapid strides: "it's all very well to talk of a man's extravagance, who has nothing but his pay to look to; but trust me, it drives a man to do what he would not, when he sees himself obliged to play Jerry Sneak, running away from society like a dog with his tail between his legs, because he cannot live in it like a gentleman."

"You should never want the means, while I have them, Jack, of living like a *gentleman*: that is precisely how I should wish to see you live. But let me ask you,—not impertinently, but as a friend, a brother, an elder brother,—do you, when you *have* money, spend it like a gentleman? Don't be offended, Jack: but do you live as our father would have wished to see a son of *his* live?"

Captain Digby sighed, and remained silent.

"Are gaming, drinking, and other vices of this luxurious and licentious age, gentlemanly habits? Can you hope to win such a prize as Fanny Moyle, with no better credentials to her hand than these? Oh, my dear brother! be wise in time: listen to the voice of a true friend. Change but your dangerous habits of life; discard your dissipated associates; and my purse, like my heart, shall be open to all your wants."

Captain Digby's heart was touched. The mention of his father had carried him back at once to a time, when he felt that his moral nature was better than it was now. The magic of that name

had called up a crowd of early images, still dear to memory; and a host of good resolutions, all too much neglected: and the last words of his brother caused an involuntary tear to start to his eye, as he said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Ah Carrol! my dear fellow! I know that you are my only *real* friend: I know *that* well. I feel that your advice is perfectly correct; and what is more, I intend to try hard whether I cannot follow it."

"Do that, dear Jack; only do that," said Sir Carrol, with an affectionate earnestness in his tone and manner; "and you will make me one of the happiest men living. I have no uneasiness, no anxiety in the world at present, thank God! about any thing but yourself. But *your* prospects and *your* welfare are *very, very* dear to me."

While he was yet speaking, the baronet drew a sheet of paper from the portfolio, which lay upon the table, and commenced writing a few lines. When he had finished, he rose, approached his brother, who was still pacing the room with agitated steps; and taking his hand, placed in it a cheque upon his banker's, for two hundred pounds, at the same time saying:—"There, my dear fellow! let that remove your difficulties for the present; and be assured of the real delight I feel, in having it in my power to remove them."

The captain's arms rose involuntarily to his brother's neck, his head drooped and rested upon his shoulder, and the gay, bold, dashing, dragoon officer, sobbed there audibly for the space of half a minute, before he had the power to check himself. When nature had thus had her way, Sir Carrol took his brother's hand, and after pressing it warmly, drew him a step in the direction of the seat which he had just before occupied, and then quietly resumed his own.

After a brief pause, the baronet said, "you dine with your friend O'Reilly to-morrow, don't you, Jack?"

"Yes, I engaged myself to meet O'Sullivan, on his return to Ireland, and a few other friends. I think you promised him *your* company, too, Carrol; did you not?"

"Why yes, I did partly promise; but I hardly know what to say about it. Who is likely to be there, have you any idea? I don't suppose that I know any of them; and I am not fond of forming new acquaintances indiscriminately, as you are aware."

"Well, but *I* shall be there, and you know *me*: and you know O'Reilly, of course, the founder of the feast. He's a *real* good fellow: one, I mean, that you yourself think so. And then there will be O'Sullivan, and he is a man after your own heart. I am very anxious that you should know more of *him*; more particularly as he will be a good deal down at Castle Cormack; and it's

pleasant, you know, to be neighbourly in the country, especially where neighbours are few."

"You are right, Jack. Independently of the last consideration, Captain O'Sullivan, from all that I have heard of him, is a man that I should like to know. I'll make up my mind at once, to join the party. If you will look in here on your way to-morrow at five o'clock, I shall be ready to go with you. Do you think Sir Monk Moyle will be there?"

"No, I don't suppose he will. It's not exactly the sort of thing for *him*."

"How, Jack? If that be so, I'm afraid it's hardly the sort of thing for *me*."

"Oh! that's quite another question, Carrol. I only mean that the party will be chiefly young men, like ourselves, and almost entirely military. Sir Monk was in the army in his younger days; but he quitted it early, to reside upon his family estate, and he is now quite the old country gentleman. From all that I have heard O'Sullivan say, he would not like to be put out of his regular quiet habits."

"I have heard a good deal about Sir Monk, myself, from his connection with Castle Cormack, in our own immediate neighbourhood: and report speaks most favourably of him. Many fine traits of character have travelled from Wales to Ireland, by agents and others, who have come over from time to time on matters of business."

"But you should hear my friend O'Sullivan talk about the old baronet, if you would know more about his real character. I don't think that O'Sullivan could love and respect him more, if he were his own father."

"That's very delightful! were it not for Sir Monk's own sake, I could almost wish that he had had no Welsh estate, that so he might have been constantly resident at Castle Cormack. Poor Ireland has much more need of such a man, than Wales. The pleasure and advantage of having a neighbour like Sir Monk, though great, are with me a secondary because a purely personal consideration. He would have been carrying out projects for the real and permanent benefit of the tenants and dependants on that estate; and far more efficiently, I dare say, than I have been able to do on mine. What an advantage I should have had, in arranging my plans in conjunction with Sir Monk, and in profiting by his experience."

"I know that's your hobby, Carrol; and I wish with all my heart, that every landed proprietor was like you. Poor old Ireland would be a very different country, I believe, from what she now is. I don't pretend to be much either of a political economist, or a philosopher: *that's out of my line*. But I do happen to know that two and two make four: and I think that a great many happy and

prosperous portions of a country, only add and multiply them often enough, would go far to make up one happy and prosperous whole. That's how *I* spell it out."

"And you spell uncommonly well, Jack, for a beginner:" rejoined Sir Carrol, his eye sparkling with pleasure. "If your lot had not been cast in the army, I believe you would have become an accomplished scholar in *my* line. The fact is, that by far the greater part of what is called *political economy* is a pack of heartless humbug and mystification, calculated only to make wise men laugh, and good men weep. It is founded, like state policy, far too much on what is, or rather what is blunderingly thought to be, expedient, and far too little on what is right or just. The just and the expedient, contrary to the maxims of our modern philosophers and politicians, ought always to be considered as convertible terms. Truth in all her relations and bearings, public as well as private, is a much more simple thing than such sophists as these are disposed to admit: and what is only temporarily expedient, without being permanently right and just, is never true."

"Ah Carrol! I know that you have studied all these things well, which, of course, I don't pretend to: and what is more, you are carrying them out upon your own estate, to a practical result, which seems to have promoted the comfort and happiness of scores of poor families. I was surprised and delighted, at the change I saw, when I went round amongst them, the last time I visited you. But how is it, can you tell me, Carrol, that the Castle Cormack estate belongs to the Misses Moyle, and not to my friend O'Sullivan?"

"Oh! it was in this way: did you never hear the story?"

"I *have* heard some strange romance about it," said the captain, "but I never could rightly understand it."

"Well, it was in this way:" continued the baronet. "The castle belonged many years ago, before our time, to an old maiden lady, Miss Cormack, an aunt of the half-blood to Major O'Sullivan, the captain's father. She took offence, as rich old maiden ladies are apt to do, at something the major said, or did, once, when he was on a visit to her. By the bye, I think he happened to tread upon a pet lap-dog, or a tom-cat, I forget which; and on being rather sharply reproved by the old lady, for his carelessness, he failed to express sufficient contrition. The consequence was, that she sent for her lawyer that very day, and altered her will."

"Then it seems that in kicking the tom-cat, the major kicked down his own fortune in a moment, without being aware of it."

"He did indeed: for she left the estate to the major's sister, who married Mr. Moyle, Sir Monk's only son; and a legacy of five
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thousand pounds, which she had originally intended for Mrs. Moyle, was all she bequeathed to the major."

"That was a hard blow for him, any how."

"So hard, that it was said he never thoroughly recovered his spirits afterwards. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. After Miss Cormack died, no will at all could be found, and it was thought the estate would escheat to the crown, for want of heirs, as the half-blood could not inherit. The lawyer declared that he had drawn a new will up, at the time the old one was destroyed; and at last it was found in a rather remarkable way. An elderly woman, Katty Shea, who lived close to the castle, and had been a good deal employed there during the old lady's last illness, said that she had dreamed a dream, and she thought she could throw some light upon the mystery of its disappearance. No attention was paid to her at first, till she declared that she had dreamt the same dream a second and a third time. This coming to the major's ears, he questioned her upon the subject. She told him as much as she thought fit; and then stipulated that if her dream should prove correct, so as to be the means of discovering the will, she should have a certain sum of money, I think it was a hundred pounds."

"Well, and what was the result? Did she find the will?"

"You shall hear. Katty went to the castle on the following morning, and all its inmates were on the tiptoe of expectation. Accompanied by the major, and one of the men-servants, she went up a winding staircase, along two or three remote galleries, and at last stopped at the door of a room which had been shut up for years. That, she said, was the place she had dreamed of: and as no key could be found, and there was no locksmith at hand, the major put his shoulder to the door, and burst it in. The chamber, on entering it, appeared to be quite empty; but in a sort of dressing room which communicated with it, in a deep recess under the window, they found an antique oak chest; on lifting up the lid of which, a few old useless parchments were discovered, and under these the missing will. The wonder was, how it had come there, as this was a room of which the key had been lost for many years, that part of the building having been long uninhabited, and neither Miss Cormack, nor any one else, was ever known to enter the chamber."

"It's an odd kind of story, Carrol: I don't know what to make of it. The old woman's dream must have been, of course, all nonsense; and yet, how could she point out the room where the will was? and how the devil did it get there?"

"Ah! that's the question. Some of the ignorant peasantry said she was a witch, and had conveyed it there herself through the key-hole. But others, more learned in *diablerie*, alleged that

if a witch could pass through a key-hole, (which they did not at all dispute,) a will could not. These, therefore, like all hair splitters, and drawers of fine distinctions, instead of arriving at any solution, natural or super-natural, only ended by rendering the mystery more profound."

"And pray, what was the upshot of it all?" inquired Captain Digby.

"Why, briefly, this. Mrs. Moyle got the estate, and Major O'Sullivan the five thousand pounds: and as for Katty Shea, she got her hundred pounds, and was ducked by her neighbours the same night, in a horse-pond."

"Which was a gratuitous, though not a very agreeable addition," said the captain, "to what she had bargained for."

"It was so;" rejoined Sir Carrol: "but she took the bad with the good, and made the best she could of the two. She is now a very old woman, upwards of eighty, and lives entirely alone. The country people in general regard her as a witch, and avoid meeting her, if they can, particularly about nightfall."

"Poor soul!" the hundred pounds has been a hard bargain for her then, in the long run."

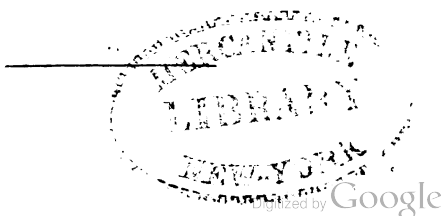
"Very hard indeed, Jack! she would have been a thousand times better without it. But that is the way in which Castle Cormack passed from old Major O'Sullivan."

"Well, good night, Carrol!" said Captain Digby, rising, and putting on his helmet. "I shall be sure to call for you to-morrow at five."

"Do, Jack! and so good bye for the present, and God bless you!" and here the two brothers shook each other cordially by the hand, and parted.

That night, Captain Digby, on retiring to rest, and putting away the cheque, which relieved him, at once, from a load of difficulties and anxieties, said the first prayer that had passed his lips for several weeks, and solemnly vowed to act worthy of such a brother's love. Whether he repeated the prayer, and kept the vow, remains to be seen in the sequel.

(To be continued.)



THE WEDDING-RING.

(Written to illustrate a Picture by J. Holmes, in the Exhibition of the
Society of British Artists.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

I marvel not, sweet lady, that so deep a feeling lies
Within the serious aspect of thy softly beaming eyes ;
I marvel not to see thee thus reflectively behold
The open casket, that reveals the ring of shining gold.

Thou may'st not, when this slender ring is on thy finger placed,
Discard it at the light behest of fashion or of taste ;
But daily must thou wear it, as a token and a sign
Of the vows which thou hast plighted at a consecrated shrine.

I marvel not thou tremblest at a prospect yet untried,
Some doubts will ever mingle with the gladness of the bride
Who gives her future fortunes to the power of one alone,
Sinking her pleasures, hopes, and griefs, for ever with his own.

Oh, lady ! should thy loved one prove neglectful or unkind,
Of harsh and rugged bearing, or of cold and common mind,
How wilt thou gaze upon this ring in sorrow and in pain,
As a symbol and memento of thy close and ceaseless chain.

Yet hold—on themes so mournful it befits me not to dwell :
Thy musing look, the earnest eyes, methinks, assure me well
That thy heart has not been yielded in a spirit vain and light,
That no gay and trivial worldling has found favour in thy sight.

If well I judge, if watchful friends thy cautious choice approve,
If in thy bosom true esteem is blent with tender love ;
If in the faith of thy betrothed thou safely can'st confide,
Revere him as a monitor, and trust him as a guide,

If he pour on thee the treasures of affection's countless store,
Yet, while he loves thee, ever loves his God and Father more ;
If such, indeed, thy suitor be, oh, cast thy fears away,
Nor let a sad foreboding cloud thy coming bridal day,

No longer living for thyself, how soon shalt thou confess
Divided joys are multiplied, divided sorrows less ;
Dream not of thralldom—thou shalt feel, from selfish ties when freed,
The intercourse of loving hearts is liberty indeed.

Such, gentle lady, be thy lot—thy brief misgivings past,
Oh may each day of wedded life be happier than the last ;
Or, if earth's trials *must* be thine, may love ne'er fail to bring
Balm to thy heart, while gazing on thy sacred marriage ring.

A DAY AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

BY THE EDITOR.

EVERY one knows—for a fine holiday is a thing welcomed as a special boon by our hard-working fellow-countrymen—in how bright and cheering a manner the sun looked down on the plains and hills of England on Good Friday, in the year 1846. It chanced that we were on that day, like Alfred Tennyson, at Coventry, though, unlike him, we were not waiting for the train ; when the thought struck us that we would do a very poetical, though now-a-days a very common-place thing,—we would visit the spot rendered sacred by Shakspeare's name and fame. We were the more impelled to this determination by the thought, that as man and boy, we had let some five-and-twenty summers go by without performing so meritorious a deed—an act the more culpable, as, like the ladies in the Vicar of Wakefield, we often dissert at some length on Shakspeare ;—we have, of course, given no little time to

his study; we have, as in duty bound, read Coleridge, reviewed Ulrici, and listened to Macready; we have formed the most beautiful and ingenious theories with respect to the works of the immortal bard, and when the present race of Shakspearian critics shall have passed away, we, like the sun emerging from the fog, shall gild and enlighten what is now unmeaning and obscure, while Young England, awe-stricken and reverent, shall listen at our feet and bless the stars that presided at our birth.

Well, on Good Friday we were off, in one of the luxurious carriages the railway system has introduced, on our way to Leamington. Two friends were with us; one was going to preach, the other to worship, in a temple made with hands. We rejoiced to think, how mild and beautiful was the spirit of our religion, that allowed us to wander forth—to worship with a nobler companionship, and in a fairer temple. At Leamington we left them, and made the best of our way to Warwick; where we just had time to look down upon that noble pile that forms the most matchless specimen of feudal splendour that has been left to this money-making and cotton-spinning time. The spectator, standing on the bridge over the Avon, and looking at the grey and venerable castle, cannot but be carried back to the time when Richard Nevil—the brave and haughty king-maker—there kept his court. It seems but as yesterday, that the gay and graceless Edward IV., and his crafty brother, and their gay courtiers, feasted and frolicked within the walls that are now silent and hoar with age. But up comes the coach for Stratford, and now we're away for classic ground.

Now a difficulty besets us,—we must confess it, and yet we acknowledge that our confession fills us with shame,—the Avon seemed to us but a small, muddy stream, and the town through which it flows is but an ordinary country town. We put up at the inn at which the coach stopped, and having, as in duty bound, given notice to the landlady that we should be particularly gratified by her having a rump-steak and etceteras well cooked against our return, we started off on our pilgrimage. The first building that attracted us was the town hall, a building of no great architectural pretensions, but which the traveller looks at for a moment, because on the outside there is a niche in which is placed a statue of Shakspeare, presented by David Garrick; in the large room of the same building—a room much given to balls, for which our informant, the woman that lives on the premises, avers that Stratford is far-famed—is a portrait of Garrick, by Gainsborough; and another of Shakspeare, by Wilson. We then asked for the place in which Shakspeare lived and died. The house alas! was razed to the ground by a reverend Goth, Francis Gastrell, whose name we trust will be held in eternal execration. We then went

to the church that received the bard's mortal remains. Mr. James Thorne says, it is a structure of large size and unusual beauty; and he is quite correct. You approach the church through a pleasing avenue of lime trees. The interior has recently been restored, and restored so that the spectator, for a wonder, does not regret the restoration. On your left, as you stand with your face towards the communion table, there is *the* monument which has been gazed at so many ages in an earnest manner, by strange and admiring eyes. It was executed by Gerard Johnson, a native of Holland, and when first put up was coloured so as to represent life. Malone, however, not contented with editing Shakspeare's works, and thus doing him as grievous an injury as it was in his power to do him, must needs scrape all the paint off and daub it over with an unmeaning coat of white. The monument in its original state presented this appearance—"The eyes were of a light hazel. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown, without sleeves. The cover part of the cushion was of crimson colour, the upper part green with silver tassels." A few feet from the wall is his remains, with the simple inscription, as well known. By his side, lie Anne Hathaway his wife. Near him, sleeps his daughter, Mrs. Hall; who is said to have had her father's wish. In the same part of the church also, are deposited the Combe family: on a respectable monument, lies at full length the effigy of Sir John Combe, our poet's friend.

We entered the old church, at which we gave a hasty glance, and looked at the books in which the visitor enters his name, one of which is the property of the parish parson, and the other, of the parish clerk. The last worthy bears the not inappropriate name of Kite. From the church we hastened to Shotterbury, by the same path, probably, along which Shakspeare would speed, on a calm summer evening, to woo Anne Hathaway. What if she were older than he? Many a ripe maiden of mature years we have seen towards whom we could easily imagine the love of a young heart might yearn. The truth is, love does not stand for trifles. Anne Hathaway was beloved by Shakspeare, and a fine, high-souled, peasant-girl she was, we dare say, as she was waiting for Will in that old rude cottage which yet remains, with a bed that was there in Shakspeare's time, and the very self-same bench on which the poet and his love would sit. If Shakspeare had not been a real-hearted man, he would never have gone to that cottage for a wife; had he been a snob or a flunkey, he would have waited, as snobs and flunkeys do now, till he could have been genteel and respectable, and kept his "Jeames;" but he had faith in God and kept the commandments, and all honour be given him for that. We could have lingered long at Shotterbury, everything there seemed so genuine; the woman who showed us over the place said her great

grandmother was the last of the Hathaway's, and we believed every thing she said.

But we had to visit the place of Shakspeare's birth, the old, miserable, deserted butcher's shop, in Henley-street, and for which, poor as it is, £5,000 have been offered to the woman that lives in it. It is said Brother Jonathan will buy the house, and turn a penny by it as a show. We don't believe it. It will have lost its charm, removed from all the hallowed associations by which it is surrounded here. Amongst the drab-coloured men of Pennsylvania, away from the very spot where it now stands, it would be as much out of place as some old-fashioned country-house with its low windows, and honeysuckles, and velvet lawn, planted in the middle of Manchester. The Americans have too much respect for Shakspeare, to do such a deed, nor would any Englishman permit it.

We were in *the* room; we knew it by instinct—the window—the walls, dark with a million autographs, seemed to us as familiar as if we had looked at them every day. We could have spent more time in such a place. Many were the gifted names that we looked on there. Scott and Lockhart had been there, and signed, as was right, their names together. In the same way we saw the signatures of Charles Dickens, Catherine ditto, and their common friend Foster. It seems Dr. Lardner and the Countess Guiccioli had visited the place together. There were nobs, too, in abundance—King William, the King of Saxony, Queen Adelaide, Countess of Nesselrode, and the Grand Duchess of Russia. Americans—Porter and Willis, to wit.

Washington Irving had written, not merely his name, but the following, which we take the liberty of putting into print:—

“Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died in vain to find we try;
Useless the search—for an immortal, he,
And those who are immortal never die.”

Mrs. C. Baron Wilson has also subjoined the following to her signature:—

“Bard of the deathless rhyme,
Bard of the song that ne'er grows old,
Thy lays were for all time,
Their lyric fire can ne'er grow old;
Quenchless the light that sprang from thee,
Thou master-spell of poesy!”

We print one more specimen. Daniel Maclise had been there, in, we presume, a cold, damp, unpleasant day, and thus vents himself:—

“Stratford-on-Avon! Well, I must
 See Shakspeare’s house. His tomb and bust
 I’ve seen, and just maligned Malone,
 Who once whitewashed his bust of stone,
 And couldn’t let his works alone.
 Just now I’m rather in a pet;
 I’ve sketched his house, and got quite wet;
 And now I sit, turn o’er, and look
 The countless names writ in this book;
 And try to think, with all my might,
 That I’ve also a right to write.
 But hold! I fear t’ increase my crime
 By giving as reason doggerel *rhyme*.”

These are not the only poetic ebullitions. Some dreadful things have been perpetrated in that room. In that good woman’s book we saw more effusions—effusions, we mean, with more poetry and less good sense—than anything we have seen in young ladies’ albums. It would be a kindness to print at full length the Christian names and surnames, the very parishes and streets, the ages and business of the wretched individuals—for we cannot call them men and women, who annually resort to that room and insult, not Shakspeare and genius, but Lindley Murray and common sense, by their mongrel versifications. Possibly the world’s laugh might compel them to the observance of a natural, becoming, asinine decency.

They profess to show “relics” at another house, but we felt no inclination to see them. The loving mother who took care of us till we fancied we could take care of ourselves, and accordingly left her side for London temptations and cares, was a zealous collector of “relics,” and in consequence we have been sceptical about relics ever since. What we have seen we felt was authentic, and we had seen enough. In conclusion, we must mention one thing which pleased us much. While we were in the room, we spent some time there looking at the autographs of the great and good, who had come there actuated by one common feeling with ourselves; a common day-labourer and his wife came to the same spot, impelled by the same desire. This was real fame. To the birthplace of the poet of all humanity—the man who, better than all other men, understood the workings of man’s universal heart, how it is urged by passion or desire—had come the rude unlettered peasant. To him, Shakspeare had presented a development of man, worth seeing, worth venerating. If the class, the least educated in English society, can be lifted beyond themselves, Shakspeare will not have lived and written in vain.

But the day, glorious as it had been, was hastening away. We hurried to our inn—we had some small gossip with an ancient man that lamented much railways and modern reform—we ate our

beefsteak as if we feasted with the gods themselves—we drank the memory of the immortal bard in, O Bass, thy immortal ale; ale which the kindly Laman Blanchard loved—which Angelo Titmarsh drank beneath those mysterious pyramids from which, Buonaparte told his soldiers, forty centuries looked down—ale which, next to Shakspeare, would make England's memory long live fresh and fragrant, were London a desert waste, or were the sea to sweep in silence and majesty, where now our tight little island rides exulting o'er the waves. We had just time to get on the coach and see from a distance the chimneys of Charlecote, when the scene changed, and night and Leamington brought us back from our day-dream of romance.

PICTURES OF THE AMERICANS BY THEMSELVES.

No. III.

THE SCEPTIC IN LOVE.

A STORY FOR COQUETTES.

BY EPES SARGENT.

CHAPTER II.

THE calamitous circumstances of poor Smith's death were soon forgotten in the fashionable world, to which they had communicated a momentary shock. Two years rolled away; and the season, of 184— commenced in all its gaiety and glory. Josephine had now reached the plenitude of her fascinations and power as a belle. She was more beautiful than ever; and apparently more indomitable. Of the many suitors who sighed at her feet, it was evident that she cared just about as much for one as for another.

The dancing at one of Mrs. R.'s brilliant assemblages was beginning to flag. Josephine, wearied and oppressed by a slight headache, had retired to one of the embrasures of the windows, and seated herself upon an ottoman. Two or three new-fledged dandies were bending over her, making tender inquiries after her health, and striving to engage her attention, while she, with a sort of froward indifference, was motioning them away, when suddenly some object in the adjoining room appeared to engage her attention.

"Tell me, Flutterwell, who is that gentleman, who seems but to have just arrived, if we may judge from the manner in which our hostess greets him?" asked Josephine.

Flutterwell detached his quizzing-glass from his white vest, rubbed it with his handkerchief, and deliberately adjusting it to his eyes, after a pause, replied: "Never saw him before in my born days—'pon my word can't inform you—but if you have any particular object in knowing, I'll inquire, shall I?"

"Do just as you please," said Josephine, petulantly.

"Now, really, Miss De Valville—'pon my word—you cut me to the heart when you—aw—look at me in that killing—may I say killing?—manner. But just to show you how much I am your slave, I'll go and make inquiries into the biography of the individual, who seems to have attracted your notice, happy dog!"

And so saying, Mr. Flutterwell walked out of the room as if he were picking his way over eggshells, which he was reluctant to break. In five minutes he returned. But in the mean time the object of his inquiries had entered the room where Josephine was seated. She seemed to be regarding him with an earnestness of admiration, which drew upon her the remarks of several of her own sex. But on seeing Flutterwell returning, she withdrew her glance, and seemed to relapse into her former mode of indifference.

"He is unmarried, to begin with," said Flutterwell. "His name is Smith—he is from the north—and a lieutenant in the army—served with renown in the Florida war—was accounted the bravest man in the ranks—escaped from a fight with half a dozen Indians, in which he killed them all with his own hand—in short, he comes here on some government mission, to inquire into the state of our frontier fortifications. There! I've told you the best I know of the man; and now I'll tell you the worst. He is a Yankee—he doesn't play billiards—he is shy of the ladies—he reads books—and, what is most disgusting of all, he doesn't know how to waltz."

Josephine rose, and taking Flutterwell's arm, sauntered into the adjoining apartment. The lieutenant had preceded her there.

At the dozen balls which succeeded Mrs. R.'s in rapid succession, Josephine invariably met the lieutenant. He seemed to have made the acquaintance of all the principal ladies in society, but as yet had not sought an introduction to her who had fondly regarded

herself as deserving to be the paramount object of attraction. She was piqued and mortified at his apparent indifference; and when finally he made her acquaintance, it seemed more the result of accident than of inclination on his part. They met at the house of a mutual friend during a morning call; and, without consulting either party, the lady of the house introduced the lieutenant. Another ball took place that night; and he could not do more than ask the honor of Josephine's hand in the dance.

We will not describe in detail the progress of that acquaintance, which was destined to have so powerful a bearing upon the happiness of our heroine. We need only remark, that the lieutenant was always respectful, though cold; and, that in proportion to his frigidity, the enamoured Josephine appeared to betray more and more the depth and fervor of an attachment, which began now to be a matter of public observation and comment. It is said that love cannot exist without hope. Josephine proved that there could be an exception to the rule. A word of common place courtesy, a distant bow, or an icy, melancholy smile from the lieutenant, were enough to feed the fatal passion, on which she now brooded with an intensity of which no one had believed her nature capable. She lost all taste for society and amusement, except so far as it might afford her the means of being in the society of the man for whom she was ready to make any sacrifice.

The spring was drawing near; and the lieutenant, having brought to a satisfactory conclusion the public business on which he had been engaged, was making preparations to leave New Orleans, to join his friends at the north. A letter announcing the illness of a favourite sister, suddenly determined him to quit the city the next morning. Ordering his attendant at the hotel to see that all his trunks were packed, he took a carriage, and drove round to bid farewell to the many acquaintances from whom he had received attentions. He hesitated as he entered the street where Josephine resided; but suddenly recollecting that an unanswered note of invitation from her to a small family party lay upon his mantel-piece, he resolved to call and decline it in person. It was the hour of morning calls; and several ladies and gentlemen were assembled in her spacious and richly-furnished drawing-room. As Josephine caught sight of the noble figure of the lieutenant, as he was ushered by the servant into the apartment, she stopped short in the midst of a conversation in which she was engaged, and, with sparkling eyes and a smile of triumph lighting up all her features, rose, and hastily advanced to greet him. The lieutenant received her proffered hand with that frigid politeness which was habitual in his manner towards her. How different was the cordiality of look and tone with which he turned to greet Miss H——, one of the ladies present! But, if others noticed the change, Josephine was blind to it.

After interchanging a few of those conventional common-places, which the lieutenant could utter as gracefully as any one, he rose and approached Josephine, who was vainly trying to *appear* to be listening to the fulsome flattery of a newly-imported *exquisite*, whom one of the ladies had brought to see her for the first time.

"I am sorry I shall not be able to be present at your little gathering to-morrow evening," said the lieutenant.

"Why so?"

"I leave New Orleans for New York, to-morrow morning."

At this announcement, sudden and unexpected, Josephine's perturbation was strikingly apparent. The colour fled from her cheeks. Her heart beat and rose so as to choke her utterance. It was some moments before she could regain her composure sufficiently to say, with an unsuccessful attempt to disguise her emotion:—

"But one day's delay can make no difference to you. Indeed, you must attend my party. I shall not let you off."

"News I have just received of the illness of one of my sisters, will compel me to deny myself the pleasure of remaining on any pretext. Indeed, Miss De Valville and ladies, I must bid you good-by."

"But—but you will return next winter?" said Josephine, with an attempt to command her voice and to force a smile, the sound and sight of which were almost painful to the spectators.

"I see no present prospect of returning for many years—if ever—but need I say, that if duty shall ever lead me back, inclination will most heartily welcome its guidance. Good morning, ladies!"

The lieutenant bowed and withdrew. Josephine made a movement towards the bell-rope, that she might give her customary signal to the servant to open the street-door for the departing guest, but her strength failed her, and swinging round, she sank into the arm-chair, upon the back of which she had been leaning.

The evening had set in before the lieutenant found himself in his own apartment at the hotel. He had still many preparations to make and some important letters to write; and it was with the determination of completing his arrangements with all possible dispatch, that he took his seat at his writing-table. He had hardly dipped his pen into the ink when a note was brought to him. The superscription was in a delicate female hand. It was a message from Josephine, requesting him to let her see him that evening if it was only for five minutes. The lieutenant bit his lips.

"Tell the bearer of this note to wait for my reply," said he to the negro in attendance.

He then expeditiously penned a reply, in which he briefly stated, that it would be impossible for him to comply with Miss De Valville's summons, but that he would be very happy to fulfil any commission she might honour him with.

Having dismissed his attendant with this reply, he applied himself to the epistolary task before him; but he had not been engaged long in writing, when a knock at his door gave signal of another interruption.

"Well, what is it, Horace?" he asked, somewhat petulantly.

"Two women want to see you, massa," replied Horace. "One is a white lady, and th' other a coloured lady. Wheugh!"

"It must be some mistake. However, show them in," said the lieutenant.

And the females were ushered in by Horace, who seemed disposed to tarry to see the result of the interview.

The taller of the females, however, who was veiled, pointed to the door until he took the hint, and quitted the room. Then throwing back her veil she disclosed the features of Josephine De Valville.

The lieutenant rose and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"And can you not divine the motive that has brought me here?" asked Josephine in a tone at once of humiliation and tenderness.

The lieutenant looked inquiringly at the colored girl, by whom she was accompanied.

"She is a deaf mute," said Josephine; "and so devoted to me, that I fear not to trust her with the dearest secrets of my heart."

"I pray you to be seated, Miss De Valville," said the lieutenant.

Josephine complied; and then placing both hands before her eyes, she remained silent, and with heaving bosom seemed to be struggling with an agony of tears. The colored girl knelt by her side, and affectionately tried to look into her face; but, on a wave of her mistress's hand, she betook herself to a distant corner of the room, and stood there immovable as a statue.

"You need no explanation of this visit," at length Josephine faltered forth—"my tears, my anguish proclaim all."

"Proceed, Miss De Valville," said the lieutenant, with an iron-hearted deliberation of tone and a freezing manner.

"O sir, be merciful—be merciful!" she exclaimed, in a voice choked by sobs—"and do not compel me to humiliate myself further."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the lieutenant, with an air of innocent inquiry.

"Listen to me, then," she said, curbing her emotion by a violent effort of the will. "Young as I am, I have been nearly ten years a spoiled child of society. I have had suitor after suitor kneel at my feet and, woo me with the earnestness of desperation. But never, I affirm to you, was my heart even for a moment touched by the faintest thrill of emotion akin to love, until—"

"Until what, Miss De Valville?"

"Until I saw you—listened to you—loved you, as never woman loved before. Is it manly in you to extort from me such a con-

fession?" And thus saying, Josephine bent her head and wept passionately.

"Have I solicited your confidence, madam?" asked the lieutenant, with a haughty coldness.

Lifting her head abruptly, Josephine looked him in the face, and continued:—

"Have you not been aware, long since, of the infatuation which has possessed me, and which you have fed by your presence and your attentions, distant as they always were? Tell me, have you not been aware of this?"

"Yes."

"And you still had the cruelty to encourage the fatal passion, which you saw enveloping in its inextricable folds my very soul!—You knew this—and you would not seasonably protect me from your presence!"

"I would not."

"Alas, sir, common humanity—"

"Humanity!" exclaimed the lieutenant springing to his feet, and bending on her a glance which made her cower—"Humanity! Josephine De Valville, profane not that word by your utterance! I have heard your story—now listen to mine. I had a brother—a younger brother—the pride, the joy of my father's household—how dearly I loved him I will not say, for you have not the heart to comprehend me. He visited this city, and daily wrote me a journal of his adventures, his plans and purposes, his hopes and fears. At length he wrote me that he was in love. He confided to me a description of every look the loved one gave him, of every word she uttered. 'She *must* love him,' I exclaimed as I read. He thought so too; and, emboldened by my acquiescence in his conviction, he sought an explanation—declared his passion, and was laughed at, for what the lady had the heartlessness to call his presumption? Frenzied with disappointment at finding himself deceived, betrayed, the wealth of his affection wasted,—he committed suicide,—the news killed his mother, brought a premature old age upon his father, and desolated the happiest household in the village of his birth. You, you, Josephine de Valville, were the heedless creator of all this misery!"

With a groan, Josephine sank despairingly upon the floor. "Forgive, forgive!" she murmured: "I knew not you were brothers."

"Revenge has come to me unsought for," resumed the lieutenant. "It was through no deliberate design that I crossed your path. No one can accuse me of seeking to gain your affections. I have never overstepped the limits of frigid respect in my intercourse."

"True, most true!" sobbed Josephine. "It was in my madness that I accused you. Your conduct has been generous, noble,

and the opposite of mine. But forgive me,—say, that you forgive me!”

“I do, Miss de Valville, most unreservedly. Rise, I beseech you; and now that you have found that you yourself have a heart, let me hope that you will manifest some consideration hereafter for the hearts of others.”

“O fear not I shall again put myself in the way of temptation,” sighed Josephine; “But make this allowance for me, sir, when you recall this unhappy meeting: remember that I was bred a sceptic in love, and never believed in it, till I felt too painfully its power. Enough. You have forgiven me. I have but one favour more to ask,—it is, that you forget me.”

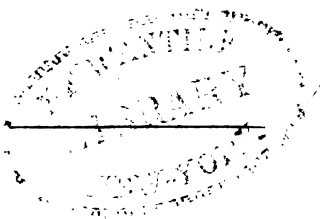
The lieutenant bowed; and Josephine beckoning her attendant to her side, leaned upon her for support. Then nerving herself for the effort, she murmured, “Farewell, sir,” and turned to depart.

“Farewell, Miss de Valville,” returned the lieutenant. “We part in kindness, do we not? Trust me, if I have ever harboured a thought of rancour towards you, it is effaced from my heart. I wish you all happiness.”

“Happiness!” sighed Josephine, in a tone of bitter incredulity. “But why would I thus resist my fate? Once more, sir, farewell!”

And dropping the veil over her face, she leaned upon the shoulder of the slave, and with a crushed and humbled spirit quitted the room.

The lieutenant paced the floor for a couple of minutes after she had gone, and then simply muttering to himself, “She will get over it soon,” he resumed the labours upon which he had been engaged. He left New Orleans the next morning, for the north. The ensuing summer he married Miss O’N——, to whom he had been for some years attached. Soon after the news of his union reached New Orleans, Josephine de Valville was the inmate of a convent. She has since taken the black veil.



LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Religious Parties in England, their Principles, History, and present Duties. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Second Edition. London: Ward and Co.

THERE are some books which, occasioned by a temporary necessity, do in reality teach truths applicable to all times. Of such a character is this work, from the able pen of the present editor of the "British and Foreign Quarterly Review." Dr. Vaughan's name is widely and deservedly known; he has the reputation of being a man of great learning, industry and talent, and what is yet more rare, of being,—in these days of passion and partizanship,—a moderate man. We have read his treatise with great interest. It is calculated to have a beneficial effect,—to create a more catholic frame of mind—to mitigate the asperity generated by the constant collision of sect with sect—to teach men to set a higher value on that charity which an apostle has said "is the bond of perfectness."

Dr. Vaughan's work consists of a preface, and also a dedication to the Bishop of London—from which we would willingly quote, did space permit—and four chapters. Of these, the first is devoted to a consideration of the principles which have occasioned the great discussions of religious parties in England; the second is headed, religious parties in the past; the third, religious parties at present; and the fourth is occupied with the present duties of religious parties towards each other. We must present our readers with one or two extracts. With respect to the antiquity of the principle contended for by dissenting churches, our author thus speaks—

"But the opponents of our views have indulged of late in an unwonted boldness of assertion on subjects of this nature. They have affected to pity the ignorance of those dissenting authors who contend that independency is discoverable in ecclesiastical antiquity, and have professed to be much concerned at the credulity of dissenters generally in receiving with so little hesitation, what they have affirmed by their oracles on this subject. Nothing, it is said, can be more ill-founded than any such pretension. But we venture to observe that this manner of writing on such a topic, is not very ingenuous, and by no means such as we should expect from any man of learning. We must not suppose the persons adverted to, ignorant of the fact, that if congregationalists err in this respect, they err in company with some of the best informed writers on ecclesiastical history that Europe has produced within

the last two centuries. During that period, not a few men of this high character have declared the government prevailing in the primitive church to have been essentially what congregationalists affirm it to have been. Our leading principle—in which nearly all the rest may be said to have their origin—is the strict *independence* of our churches. On this point, the learned Mosheim, a Lutheran, affords the following testimony—"Although all the churches were in the first age of Christianity united together in one common bond of faith and love, and were in every respect ready to promote the welfare of each other, yet with regard to government and internal economy, every individual church considered itself as an independent community, none of them ever looking in these respects beyond the circle of its own members for assistance, or recognizing any sort of external influence or authority. Neither in the New Testament, nor in any ancient document whatever, do we find anything recorded from whence it might be inferred that any of the minor churches were at all dependant on, or looked for direction to those of greater magnitude and consequence; on the contrary, several things occur therein which put it out of all doubt that every one of them enjoyed the same rights. A greater reverence was undoubtedly entertained during the first ages, for such of the churches as had been long under the immediate instruction of any of the apostles. And if any one thing be certain, I am persuaded this is,—that those churches never possessed the power of governing or controlling the rest.* Gibbon, speaking of the primitive churches, says,—‘The societies which were instituted in the cities of the Roman empire were united only by the ties of faith and charity; independence and equality formed the basis of their internal constitution.’† The Lord Chancellor King, in his learned work on the constitution of the church, assures us that in primitive times, ‘every particular church had power to exercise discipline on her own members without the concurrency of other churches.’‡ And Dr. Barrow, a divine whom the church of England may well be proud to mention as one of the most learned and honourable of her sons, has stated that in the early days of Christianity ‘every church was settled apart under its own bishop and presbyters, so as independently and separately to manage its own concerns; each was governed by its own head, and had its own laws.’|| Richard Baxter, reviewing the controversies of his age on points of this nature, writes—‘I saw a commendable care of serious holiness and

* Commentaries on the Affairs of the Christians, i. 266, 267.

† The Decline and Fall, ii. 324, 325.

‡ Inquiry into the Constitution of the Primitive Church, 136, 138. It is said that Lord King lived to confess himself in error on this subject; but I have never met with any good authority for that saying. The date of the last edition of his work during his life-time is, with me, evidence to the contrary.

|| Vols. 1662.

discipline in most of the independent churches, and I found some episcopal men (as Bishop Usher himself did voluntarily profess his judgment to me) did hold that every bishop was independent as to synods, and that synods were not proper governors of the particular bishops, but only for their concord.*

“Now it may be that all these learned persons, and others of the same class who have spoken to the same effect, are mistaken, and that congregationalists in thinking with them on this point, and in acting on this conviction, are both theoretically and practically in error. But while the testimony of such highly competent parties—testimony so manifestly unbiassed and above suspicion—is before us, it surely can be no proof of disgraceful ignorance in matters of ecclesiastical antiquity, to have erred thus in relation to this subject. And be it remembered, that the testimony thus borne to the fact of the *independence* of the primitive churches, is not at all more decisive than might be adduced from similar sources in favour of other leading principles of congregationalism. Surely it must be no mean weight of evidence which has led such men to embark the credit of their scholarship on the avowal of such opinions, and that not only without any sinister inducements, but in most cases at the cost of consistency.

“If argument must be offered in support of things as they are, let it be said, as every sober churchman is in fact content to say, that supposing the first churches to have been independent, it is clear the worship and polity of the church were so left as to be subject to change according to circumstances in future times; but never let it be said that the practice of congregationalism is a novelty, little more than two centuries old; and, above all, let not this be said in that haughty, dogmatizing temper, which no well-informed modest man can encounter without astonishment and indignation. Independency is not to be put down by bold assertions, however much they may injure truth or decency. It has done more than maintain its ground when assailed by weapons from which there was much more to apprehend. It is not said by the congregationalists that all the churches of the first three centuries were strictly independent; it is merely said that the system of independency is that which prevailed in primitive times, and that the departures from it afterwards were unauthorized and injurious, and by no means so early or so general as is sometimes represented.”

We would gladly lengthen our extracts did space permit; necessity is laid upon us, and we must stop. Dr. Vaughan has our heartiest thanks for his volume; it is one that reflects honour upon his name—one specially adapted to these times—one which all churchmen and dissenters alike will do well to read.

The Pre-Adamite Earth. Contributions to Theological Science. By J. Harris, D.D., Author of the "*Great Teacher*," etc. Second Thousand. London: Ward and Co.

SUCH is the modest name Dr. Harris has given to the attempt he has made to clear some of those mysteries by which the Divine plan is shrouded from our view. His aim is one difficult and high—not to be attempted with thoughtlessness—not to be attempted for any good purpose but by "a scholar, and a ripe and good one." It is seldom that theological publications are equal to the increasing intelligence of the age—they too generally bear upon them the impress of times gone by. They are, many of them, couched in a language that has now lost much of its power. We doubt not the good intention of their authors; but we do doubt their power to elevate—to improve and instruct. We question whether people are made much wiser or better by the perusal of ill-written, meagre performances, in which natural facts, and scriptural texts, and moral observations are blended most delightfully in one confused and chaotic whole. We do think it high time that such writers and such treatises should be "put down."

To this class the work of Dr. Harris does in no respect belong. It is intended to be the first of a series, each complete in itself, in which the principles or laws, hereafter adduced, and applied to the successive ages of the pre-adamite earth, will be seen in their historical development as applied to the individual man, to the family, to the matron, to the Son of God, as "the second Adam," the Lord from heaven; to the church, which he has founded; to the revelation, which he has completed; and to the future prospects of humanity. Such is the extensive scheme of which we have here the first volume. It consists of five parts. The first part "contains those primary truths which Divine revelation appears to place at the foundation of all the objective manifestations of Deity; the second presents the laws, or general principles, which are regarded as logically resulting from the preceding truths; and the third, fourth, and fifth parts are occupied with the exemplification and verification of these laws in the inorganic, the vegetable, and animal of the pre-Adamite earth, respectively." We can give no idea of this work by any extracts we can make. The chain of reasoning is too consecutive and complete. Such as we have stated is its character and aim. We trust that the remaining volumes will shortly appear; that they will be welcome to the studious and intelligent, we make no doubt. Should they be as convincing and satisfactory as the one now published, Dr. Harris will have contributed to the standard literature of our country a work worthy of the day when there were giants in the land. Dr. Harris's name has long been familiar to us; but we have risen from the perusal of this his last work with a higher opinion of our author than we ever entertained before. There are times when men of talent, and learning, and zeal, like our author, may do the State some service.

A STORMY SKY.

BY C. C.


 PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

IMAGINE one of those narrow, coquettish, apartments, cleverly contrived, and most ingeniously distributed, in a space, which would have hardly sufficed, a hundred years ago, for a middle sized drawing-room, arranged like a "*nécessaire de voyage*," in which nothing is wanting, and where each article has its marked place. An antechamber, that is, "*une entrée*," between two doors, a dining-room, with the chairs drawn closely round the table, and the seats underneath, so as to permit a free circulation; a drawing-room, for which those pretty, upright, yet dumb-sounded pianos were made, and a bed-chamber, where two persons are admitted, on the condition of taking up the room of only one.

In this apartment, resided Madame de Louvet. She had just finished dressing, her *toilette de campagne* was remarkable for its lady-like simplicity and freshness. Amélie appeared pensive, her countenance betrayed something of irresolution and sadness, as she stopped for a moment opposite the mirror, that reflected her elegant shape in its full height.

Did she look upon this reflection of herself, with discontent? did not her white muslin dress set off her beauty to advantage? what could she be sorrowful about? what could she wish for? a sweeter face was not to be seen, nor a more graceful figure, hands

of dazzling whiteness, tapered fingers, and a foot, whose least beauty was its smallness.

Nevertheless, her pre-occupation was so deep,—that her tears flowed fast and full, regardless of the presence of her maid, who after having put up every thing very neatly, still loitered about the room, affecting to dust, that which there was no dust upon,—at length, Madame de Louvet turned round, and said “What are you waiting for, Justine?”

“I wish to ask Madame something.”

“What is it?”

“Madame is going to St. Germain to-day?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Madame will not return until this evening, and may not want me.”

“I understand:—you wish to go out.”

“Yes, madame, it is to-day, Sunday, and the servants of the Premier are going on a party to Versailles, they invited me to go, and——”

“And you accepted their invitation, for I perceive you are already attired in your best.”

“I took time by the forelock, in case madame were so kind as to allow me to go.”

“Yes, yes, as soon as I am gone.”

“Oh! but——”

“But what?”

“They are to set off in a quarter of an hour.”

“There, you may go now, for I do not want you.”

“Thank you, thank you, madame, I shall be back here in time to undress you.”

“Very well.”

Justine left the chamber, and Amélie after looking at the clock, which marked only ten, passed into the drawing-room and sank again into deep thought, whilst she mechanically settled the folds of her dress, smoothed down the luxuriant tresses of her jet black hair, and fastened on her bracelet,—Justine entered to say she was going.”

“Very well,” replied Madame de Louvet.

“As madame is going out the last, will she be so good as to close the door well, and to double lock it?”

“Yes, I will; be so kind, Justine, as to see to the windows, for the weather seems very uncertain; if a storm should come, the drawing-room would be all in a flood.”

“I shall not neglect it, madame;—shall I tell *le portier* to show up any one who may inquire for you?”

“Certainly, for M. Dallais’ first clerk, old M. Cambet, is coming to accompany me to St. Germain.”

“I suppose I may go now, and I hope madame will amuse her-

self also." The young, gay, light-hearted Justine, went off,—a melancholy smile glided over Amélie's lips at Justine's recommendation! Amélie sat down alone, and cast another melancholy look upon her new dress. She had been fourteen months a widow, and this was her *first* white parure, since that dreadful event.

At full length, and immediately before her, was the picture of a man, who might have attained his fiftieth year; she raised her eyes, and gazing on this almost living resemblance, which, at that moment, seemed more impressive than ever, Amélie exclaimed, "you were a noble friend, and a good husband to me, M. de Louvet. You met me an orphan, brought up by the bounty of an aunt, who thinking only of the rank she held in society, when she bestowed on me a brilliant education, forgot that the fortune she enjoyed would vanish at her death, and that, accustomed as I was to wealth and society, I should ill bear the humiliation of haughty poverty, and the forgetfulness of those, among whom a name is insignificant, when it is a lonely woman who bears it. But you, M. de Louvet, kind and generous, spared me the pangs of my dreadful fate, by offering me your humble fortune, and your honourable name, and amidst the glittering crowd, which my youth attracted, the voice of your paternal reason rose higher than that of adulation, and I dashed away the cup of pleasure, to listen on to you. Well did you reward me, for so doing, by the uninterrupted calm I enjoyed during the two years I so happily spent with you; when death separated us! you then secured to your widow, all that the revolution had left you of a large fortune. I am grateful, M. de Louvet, exceedingly grateful for such kindness, and this outward mourning, I am about to leave off, shall still be worn in my heart, where your remembrance has sunk deep! not, like that of a husband, forgotten when replaced by another, but, like that of a benefactor, of a beloved father whose memory can never be erased. Forgive me, then, if to-day I follow the advice of the friend you confided me to, if yielding to his entreaties, I consent to an interview with the man he wishes me to marry.

"Your honest friend spoke to me as you would have done; he made me understand, that if you had sheltered me from want, you had not from calumny, whilst I was young and handsome,—nor from solitude, when I should no longer be either one or the other; had I been blessed with a child, I would not have changed your name for worlds; a woman whose soul is in her child, that child is a protection for her; but I am without children, without a guide, assailed and wooed on all sides, watched by the malignant, who lend their venom to my words, and misinterpret my most innocent actions. The step I am going to take, is neither through forgetfulness, nor ingratitude towards you, my good and noble husband, and though they tell me, that the man selected for me is in every

respect like you, high minded, generous, and indulgent; yet he never will be to me what you were.

"After having deplored your loss, I shall deplore that of your name, which will be a second painful separation,—and renew the pangs of the first. Forgive me, for thus consenting to it; my intentions are honourable, are they not? and you will not be displeased with your wife, your child, your *Amélie*."

Madame de Louvet, subdued by her emotion, had gently fallen upon her knees before the picture; her tears, that were neither mingled with remorse nor despair, bathed her soft and beautiful face, she seemed to be waiting for an answer from that canvass, on which her anxious gaze was rivetted, when a loud ring at the bell tore her from her preoccupation; she rose hastily, wiped away her tears, and looked in the glass, to assure herself that no one could perceive she had been crying. The sensation she had just experienced, though deep, was calm, and of a serene nature; nothing externally could therefore betray *Amélie*, and she quietly awaited the expected arrival, but no one entered. A second ring at the bell recalled to her mind, that she was alone in her apartment; she went and opened the door. A young man, with a timid, respectful, bow, inquired for Madame de Louvet.

"It is I, sir."

He then handed her an unsealed letter, which Madame de Louvet took, and read what follows.

"MADAME,

"Letters of the greatest importance to M. Dallais, oblige me to remain in Paris, until three o'clock, at least; I am, therefore, necessitated to renounce the honour of accompanying you to Saint Germain, and I have sent you, though reluctantly, a substitute, in my friend M. Anselme Féron, who is going thither to communicate the letters I received, to M. Dallais; he will be delighted to be your cavalier, and will undoubtedly fulfil this mission much better than an old "*loup de bureau*" like me, ever awkward out of my chair, and away from my books.

I am respectfully,

MADAME,

Your very humble, very obedient,
And very affectionate servant,
P. P.

LOUIS CAMBET."

Amélie recognized M. Cambet's well known hand-writing, and his signature, for he was in the habit of sending her every three months the account of the funds she had placed in M. Dallais's

commercial establishment and bank,—but forgetting, this time, that he was writing for himself, and not upon business,—had still signed the famous “P. P.” (*par procuration*,) which attested to the commercial world, at large, the unlimited confidence his employer placed in him.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING perused the letter, Amélie looked at the young man; she recollected having seen several times at the banker's soirées; it even occurred to her, that he had been remarkably assiduous in the quadrilles, when she figured, though he had not danced with her; and not until then, did she perceive that M. Anselme Féron, whose name she had just learned, was handsome and “distingué,” in his appearance, his fine countenance, to which soft black eyes and long lashes, gave a peculiar expression of gracefulness and melancholy sweetness; which, contrasted with his broad lofty brow, and the rich development of his manly figure, was delectable to behold.

His high bearing, and strong marked features, gave him the appearance of being about thirty; his down-cast, timid eyes, that of eighteen,—the man himself was about twenty-five. He had stopped at the door, whilst Madame de Louvet was reading M. Cambet's letter:—she looked up and said:—

“I beg you will excuse me for having caused you to wait, and to ring twice, but I am alone, my servant is gone out, and I had utterly forgotten it.”

M. Féron bowed respectfully, and followed Madame de Louvet to the drawing-room, where she motioned him to a chair. She immediately proceeded to her chamber, for her shawl and bonnet, but her gloves were hardly on, when tokens of an approaching storm became more and more visible. The sullen mass of clouds was rapidly broken, the vapours hurried fast, and down fell the black rain in torrents. Amélie entered the room, where she had left M. Féron, who was at the window, looking upon the Boulevards.

"Impossible to go out in such weather," said she.

"In as much so," replied M. Féron, (rather embarrassed) "that not one single coach has been left on the stand,—and we are far from the railroad."

"That would not have been an obstacle, I am fond of exercise, but not in such weather."

"If that be the case, it will only be a short delay, the storm is too violent to continue long, and we shall be able to venture, in about twenty minutes."

"Then let us wait."

The young man bowed assent.

"Pray take a seat, sir."

Anselme sat down on one side of the room, with his cane and hat in his hand, and Madame de Louvet on the other, wrapped up in a mantelet of black lace, both ready to start at the first signal, and probably little desirous of getting into conversation. Anselme traced with the end of his cane, the capricious drawings on the carpet,—Amélie having nothing better to do, turned over and over the silken folds of her parasol, under the ivory ring which contained them. Amélie being in her own house, felt it her duty to break this continued and tedious silence.

"You know M. Dallais's villa?" said she, to M. Féron.

"Yes, madame, he has been kind enough to give me invitations for every Sunday."

"It is undoubtedly a very beautiful habitation."

"Admirable, madame."

"M. Dallais is so rich!"

"He is also a man of taste, it is not so much the magnificence of the house that pleases me, as the perfect arrangement of every thing in it; one would rather suppose it belonged to a rich artist, than to a banker."

"You are fond of arts?"

"I cultivate them in a leisure moment, madame, when the occupations of the bureau are over."

Silence ensued. . . . An idea occurring to Madame de Louvet, she determined to follow it up,—and said:—

"As you go every Sunday to M. Dallais, you are, *sans doute*, acquainted with the persons he generally receives in the country?"

"They are the same that compose his society in Paris."

"Ah! does he not see the residents of Saint Germain?"

"Very few, unless it be M. and Madame Dawby, old '*ennuyeux*,' whose son is employed at the bank with me."

"Ah! is that all?"

"There is also a M. de Fortis."

"M. de Fortis," repeated Amélie, "what sort of a man is he?—he is not a young man, is he?"

"No, indeed, madam; for he is about fifty, though still green, and takes great care of himself."

"Do you mean to say that he is one of those superannuated coquettish men, who follow up the fashions of youth?"

"Decidedly not; I merely think him a good sort of man, but he has many odd ways."

"I suppose you mean ridiculous."

"I could not use so harsh a term in speaking of an old man."

"An old man! why sir," said Amélie, intentionally, "a man of *fifty* is not an old man."

Anselme quickly eyed M. de Louvet's picture, and smilingly replied, "if M. de Fortis's age does not render him an old man, his habits may. He rides regularly at the same hour; goes to bed at ten; eats with discretion for fear of indigestion; and chooses that which cannot excite him: notes down every moment the degree of the temperature of his apartment, in order to maintain the same heat, that it may be neither too warm nor too cold; he only thinks of leaving off his wadded coat when we are complaining of our "*coutil*" trousers; he puts on a silk cap as soon as he enters a cool dining-room; and in winter he sits so far as possible from the fire, lest the blood should get to his head."

"Well," replied Amélie, rather vexed, "you have portrayed a most ridiculous man to me."

"No, madam; for what you may call ridiculous, is protected by piercing wit, and the keenest perception I ever met with."

"Ah! *un homme d'esprit!*"

"Yes, madam, transcendently so; void of political opinions, or literary infatuation, without faith in passions, M. de Fortis is a man who judges severely, nay, I should say heartlessly, of all persons and all things. Armed with the cold experience of life, which seems to have spoiled him of every illusion, he couches his remarks in words which become deadly weapons; woe unto him by whom he is attacked, for he is merciless. The slightest observation made by him becomes a very amusing anecdote. Thus, last Sunday, having met an elderly lady, still good looking, walking in the park accompanied by a very young man, he asked us our opinion. 'The mother and son,' was our reply. Not so with M. de Fortis, who judged very differently: 'It is,' said he, 'an old English maiden lady, and a French dandy.' He even laid a wager that the beautiful horses we admired, and the carriage they had alighted from, belonged to the English lady, that the tailor's bill was paid by her, and that the cane the young man leant upon, the head of which was studded with diamonds, was taken from a parure of former days, and had been set by Thomassin for her 'chevalier,' and what was most curious, he had guessed right."

"M. de Fortis is indeed very clever, then. According to him, a woman cannot accept a man's arm without being '*compromisée*.'"

"Not exactly. But I perceive the weather is clearing up. I am at your orders, madam."

"Be so kind as to look if there is a coach on the stand."

"Not yet; but you are fond of walking, madam."

"Nevertheless, I had rather wait a little," replied Amélie.

M. de Fortis's observations had actually terrified Madame de Louvet. A sort of instinctive fear came over her; she dared not go through Paris on foot with this young man, whose handsome and prepossessing appearance might give rise to the slander she shrank from. They resumed their seats opposite one another.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

It certainly could not be the fear of M. de Fortis's personal observation which still detained Madame de Louvet. But was the character given to him by M. Féron so exceptional that she also might not meet on her way some one who would gladly seize the offered opportunity of exercising his slanderous tongue upon so plausible a subject as that of a handsome young man and a pretty woman walking together, and who of course gave more latitude to shrewd remarks, and *perfidious* suppositions, than the poor old English lady.

All vulgar comments would undoubtedly have been disregarded by Amélie, had they sprung from persons she was unacquainted with, but it was possible for her to be met by those she knew, and whose opinion she prized; and how soon it is whispered in a drawing-room with a malicious mysterious glance, — "What do you think? I met the pretty Madame de Louvet, who always seems to think that a compliment will compromise her, talking tête-à-tête with M. Féron, *qui est un si beau garçon*."

"Indeed! where were they going?"

"*C'est à savoir*, for I did not take the trouble to follow them. All I can tell you is, that they were dressed and decked out like lovers of fifteen going on a Sunday trip to the country."

Madame de Louvet did not carry any further the easy development of the idle and wicked reports this piece of news might give rise to, if it fell in with bad tongues. Amélie had consented to go out alone in a carriage, for one is not so easily recognized, and she thought that once arrived at the Chemin de Fer, she would be sheltered from every disagreeable supposition on the part of her acquaintance she might chance to meet there. For *her* this journey could have only one "*but*,"—M. Dallais's house,—and this "*but*" explained M. Féron's presence, he was only a *guide*, in lieu of M. Cambet.

Besides, her thoughts flew more rapidly than we can possibly say over these reflections, that she ought to have examined more seriously; for she would then have asked herself why M. Anselme was so compromising, and she would have perceived, that in less than ten minutes she had remarked that he was young, elegant, and handsome,—that he spoke with ease and judgment, and even threatened to be witty, provided she allowed him to be so, but Amélie dwelt not upon the cause of her apprehension, nor did she attempt to explain it; feelings of a different and more painful nature had taken possession of her, she reflected upon what she had just learned concerning M. de Fortis. M. Féron's description of him was any thing but attractive, and yet M. de Fortis was the *husband* M. Dallais allotted to her. To marry such a man was to accept the charge of a nurse, a daily companion, or, to make use of a more unequivocal word, that of "*épanse de compagnie*," that is to say, to fulfil every duty incumbent on an old bachelor's house-keeper, without the faculty of leaving him when he would become *too* insupportable.

Certainly Madame de Louvet was no passionate lover of pleasure, for her fortune, though small, had still left her wherewith to indulge in any gratification her good taste might commend, but she had always carefully avoided the enjoyments her husband could not share on account of his age, and often did she break up those delightful "*soirées*" at the moment excitement and brilliancy rendered them most dazzling, and that she would have carried off the palm of beauty. But from this voluntary sacrifice, gracefully offered and gratefully received, to a duty reluctantly fulfilled or ill-humouredly required, from those distant occasions of proving to M. de Louvet the delicacy of her respectful attachment to the regimentary habits of M. de Fortis (from which she durst *not* deviate without incurring his displeasure), there was an entire world of difference! Oh yes! more than a world; there was Amélie's whole soul,—her devotedness, her independence, all that her gratitude could grant to a noble protection, and that her personal dignity would refuse to cold selfishness.

Thus she sat opposite to M. Féron, in a thoughtful, melancholy, and almost morose silence, for a considerable time. The fears

which had arisen in her breast of being met alone with M. Anselme, was more instinctive than wilful, but not so her revolt against the necessity of marrying M. de Fortis. This marriage was the purport of her journey to St. Germain, it engrossed her whole thought, and agitated her frame. This it was that made her question M. Féron, and led her silently to meditate his answer.

It was in vain that Amélie strove to hush the impervious voice which spoke within, a wild unknown emotion seemed to urge her on to revolt, and her youth murmured at being once more chained to an old man. When at the age of sixteen, she had consented to marry M. de Louvet, she did not renounce love, nor, indeed, had she as yet given it a thought, and she was too grateful and virtuous a wife to admit of unhallowed ideas that her conscience would have reproofed. But since she had lost M. de Louvet, the very homage she turned from opened to her new and not undelightful prospects. The words she repelled sounded in her ears when she no longer heard them pronounced, and she would have dwelt with ecstasy upon their utterance, if addressed to her by *one* who was still a stranger to her.

Amélie had *never loved* ! can we wonder then if she felt a strange beating at her heart, and that she only rejected and despised the love that was offered to her, because she felt that there was another, a better one, she could return without peril, without shame, which she was made to inspire.

As she had been very happy with her late husband, Amélie, whose wants were little, had resigned herself to the same quiet heartless fate with M. de Fortis ; but as soon as she perceived the improbability of even her modest expectations being realized, she more keenly felt the magnitude of the sacrifices she was about to make, and the interior voice, she had silenced until then, rose higher than ever, and demanded a *happiness* she had not yet dreamed of. Oh yes ; believe me, all human passions have an unsought for sudden burst, which reveals their existence. It was at the moment Louis xiv. of France refused a regiment to the Prince Eugène, that he felt he was capable of commanding armies. So it was with Amélie, at the instant all common peace or joy seemed blasted for ever, and that her slender hopes had vanished, she was astonished at not having conceived brighter ones ; whilst these thoughts and ideas were crowding together, and murmuring within, she raised her eyes, and perceived those of M. Anselme fixed upon her ; she blushed deeply, for his look seemed to have penetrated her soul, and divined her inward agitation, and if the involuntary feeling she experienced could have spoken, it would have undoubtedly exclaimed,

“ You are strangely curious, sir.”

but such was not said, and Amélie, still more confused by the restraint imposed on her, and the awkwardness of her situation, said to M. Féron,

"I am afraid, sir, that you did not foresee the *ennui* of the mission you have accepted. You are obliged to meet M. Dallais early, to communicate to him the important news M. Cambet mentions, and I shall not set off till late, most probably,—yes, too late for the business that calls you to St. Germain."

Anselme smiled, and replied, "In truth, madam, no business calls me to St. Germain at one hour more than another."

"Then what does this note from M. Cambet mean?" inquired Amélie, with a slight sneer of haughtiness.

"It is a pretext——"

"A pretext! and for what, sir?" said Amélie, rising from her seat.

"A pretext, not to accompany you to St. Germain," replied Anselme, rising in his turn.

"A pretext," repeated Amélie, slowly, as she fearfully gazed around her, and saw herself shut in with a man she hardly knew. "A pretext not to accompany me to St. Germain—that another, of course——"

"No, Madam," said Anselme, hastily interrupting Amélie, whose supposition he had understood; "nothing that can offend you entered M. Cambet's thoughts, and you must forgive me if I here disclose a weakness or rather a childishness in him, but—he is afraid of the railroad."

"Indeed!" said Amélie, half emotioned at the imaginary offence she had dreaded, and half laughing at the explanation which removed her fears, "indeed!—he is afraid?"

"Yes, madam, and so much so, that I must deem that fear unconquerable, as it resisted the last trial M. Dallais thought fit to put him to."

"What trial, sir?"

"The pleasure of accompanying you, madam; and since I have thrown a shade of ridicule over that very excellent man, I have a right to say all I know of him that is good and irreproachable. He entertains for you an esteem, an affection, a parental tenderness, that you perhaps are not aware of; he never speaks of you but with a sort of religious respect, and certainly the idea of rendering you a service, as slight as it may be, would have mastered his groundless apprehensions, could any thing have done so. M. Dallais was mistaken, for M. Cambet's fears are *invincible*, since they are stronger than you."

"Oh," replied Amélie, "how sorry am I that he should have been so tormented on my account."

"And he has been most terribly so," said Anselme, laughing; "for since eight o'clock this morning, you can scarcely imagine

the agitation he has been in, going in and out, walking to and fro, seeking something to delay him, expostulating upon the folly of going to the country in such horrid uncertain weather; then scolding me for not helping him out of a dilemma he did not explain. He then went to dress, and left the bureau, banging the doors after him till every thing shook around me like an earthquake; however, he was soon back, his clothes were put on awkwardly, he had cut himself twice whilst shaving, his gloves were not fellows, and his hat (although on his head) he could not find. As for my part, not being any longer able to refrain from laughing, he approached me with more resolution than would be requisite to go by railroad from Paris to St. Petersburg, he gnashed his teeth, and his anger poured down upon me, he railed against young men's impertinence, and if I had answered him, I positively think he would have proposed a duel in order to escape the locomotive; but I would not facilitate him the means of getting rid of the object of his terror, I therefore went on writing very deliberately, whilst he continued pacing the bureau in the height of passion, throwing down the registers, crushing the pens to atoms, spilling the ink; when all of a sudden he took it into his head to look at what I was doing."

"‘That’s not right,’ exclaimed he, ‘there are six errors in that *tableau*.’"

"‘Where are they?’ said I.

"‘Bah! they are plain enough to be seen *par un aveugle*.’"

"‘And yet——"

"‘And yet—and yet—you were desired to settle accounts of which you have not the slightest notion or idea; pray give me that, —I’ll do it all over again myself.’"

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

"‘AND Madame de Louvet?’"

"‘Well, you will accompany her in lieu of me, whilst I am performing the task you ought to have done.’"

"‘But I dare not present myself, M. Cambet, to her.’"

"‘Oh, if that be your sole objection, I will give you,—’ and with this he began to write, saying—"

“‘I here suppose some hasty news—you understand me? for I will not tell every one that you do not know your business. As to M. Dallais, you may tell him what you like: here is the letter for Madame de Louvet. Well, why are you not off?’”

“I candidly confess, madam, that even my vanity, as a clerk, could not resist the poor man’s anguish. I pitied him, and accepted his proposition, and by so doing rendered him a very great service, and relieved him of the immense weight he was labouring under, for immediately he exclaimed with his usual good nature,

“‘See what it is to be young; may every good luck attend you: the elder ones do your business whilst you are going to the country in company with a charming woman.’”

Amélie blushed deeply.

“Pray forgive me, madam,” said Anselme, “it was M. Cambet who spoke thus, and if you knew how he cautioned me—the advice he gave me—”

“What advice?”

Anselme was silent for a moment, and then replied, “it was on many subjects, he said—but what matter?—his last was this: ‘do not insist too much on taking her by the railroad; it is a silly pleasure, that a madcap like you may find delightful, but which is not at all calculated to seduce so perfect, so calm, a woman as Madame de Louvet.’ I am therefore disposed to follow the advice I received, and will take the road most agreeable to you, madam, so much have I at heart to please M. Cambet.”

“Indeed!” said Amélie, rather piqued, though she affected to laugh: “you have certainly rendered a most eminent service to M. Cambet, and I am sure he must feel highly indebted to you.”

“I fear he will be *the* only one,” said Anselme, smiling, and glancing a look most expressive at Madame de Louvet.

“If his gratitude equal his fears, it will be immense!”

“If you think, madam,” replied Anselme, continuing to laugh, “that I have exaggerated M. Cambet’s terror, you will be undeceived on arriving at St. Germain, for M. Cambet is a hero compared to M. de Fortis, who goes into hysterics when the word steam is mentioned. He looks upon steam either by land or water as a horrible monster, and calls it the ‘minotaur,’ to which this century sacrifices thousands of victims; his constant occupation is to recapitulate the explosion of every boiler, to enumerate the dead bodies, the broken legs and arms. He—”

“But in presence of the numerous accidents that happen in all parts, this is not so ridiculous as you wish to make it appear,” said Amélie, interrupting M. Féron rather drily.

In spite of herself Amélie was brought back to the thoughts of M. de Fortis; she was vexed at seeing him the sport of that young man, and felt herself humbled by it; for after all, had she *not* consented to marry him, or at least to make his acquaintance with *that*

intention? He could not therefore become a subject of ridicule without its reflecting upon her. Anselme, who seemed perfectly ignorant of M. Dallais' projects, mistook the cause of Amélie's apparent ill humour, and replied,

"If you have the least apprehension, madam, we can adopt any other mode of conveyance."

Amélie, who vainly endeavoured to conceal her impatience, hastily answered,

"It is useless, sir; decidedly, I shall not go. It is getting late, the weather continues bad; it would be a sad party of pleasure. I shall stay at home."

So saying, she had taken off her bonnet and gloves, and turning round to bow to M. Féron, she involuntarily drew back when she read in his face the real deep pain her refusal had caused him. Anselme's eyes were so timid, so mournful, that she feared to have wounded him, and replied in a soft tone,

"Many thanks, sir. I hope you will forgive my being capricious, but I prefer remaining."

Anselme stood motionless.

"Pray don't forget that you are expected, sir."

Anselme appeared to recover his self-command, and assuming a light cheerful voice, he replied,

"You forget, madam, that you also are expected. What shall I say, when asked the cause of your absence?"

"That I did not feel inclined to go—that the rain prevented me—that I was afraid of the railroad."

"They will not believe me, madam, and I shall be accused—"

"Of what, sir?"

"I must tell you," said Anselme, with much assurance, and giving way to his natural cheerfulness, "that I have a very bad reputation."

"Pray, sir, what do you call a bad reputation?"

"M. Cambet and M. Dallais pretend I am a mad brained fellow, a sort of harum-scarum, a babbler: in short, that I speak at random upon all sorts of subjects, therefore if you do not come they will naturally think that I have been impolite,—disrespectful,—that you were *afraid* of confiding yourself to me."

Anselme's naïveté dispelled the uneasiness Amélie had experienced for some moments past: he was no longer a handsome conceited young man, but a mere schoolboy dreading a scolding. She smiled, and replied,

"You need not fear, for I will give a good character of you to M. Dallais."

"The *best* would be your presence, madam."

"Allow me to refuse, sir; I have my reasons for so doing." She thought of M. de Fortis, but she checked herself, and said, "decidedly the weather is too bad."

"She sun shines admirably, now."

"Do you wish very much to take me, sir?"

"I wish very much not to be badly received, as I certainly shall be, if you do not come. All my explanations will be of no avail, even you will not exonerate me, for you are known to be so kind, so indulgent, that any excuse you may allege will be attributed to delicacy, to generosity, and I *may* be suspected of having spoken—"

"Spoken of what, sir?"

"Oh nothing—nothing at all, madam," said Anselme, with extreme vivacity.

It was now Amélie's turn to feel astonished. She imagined there was some hidden mystery in her visit to St. Germain, some surprise that awaited her, some great news she was to learn; and not wishing her absence to prevent what probably was intended to give her pleasure, she replied,

"Well, sir, then as my presence is strictly necessary for your justification, I will go to St. Germain."

"*A la bonne heure!*" exclaimed Anselme, joyfully, "you will go by the railroad?"

"I will go by the railway."

"And we shall both laugh at M. de Fortis."

"Ah!" exclaimed Amélie, with discontent, "M. de Fortis, continually—M. de Fortis—a truce to him, sir, and to his ridiculous originalities, if you please."

"Pardon me, madam," said Anselme, "but I do so cordially hate him."

"And you do speak ill of him."

"Oh, I swear I have not yet said the one-fourth part of what I think of him."

"At any rate, I probably know more than he does upon that chapter."

"No indeed, madam; for if I do not *spare* him in his absence, I do not use him more gently when with him, in fact it is an open war between us."

"In which you are always victorious?"

"Humph, not often."

"You told me he was very witty?"

"Yes, madam; and as he is fifty, an immense advantage, for he can say any thing, and I *must* not answer every thing."

"But why do you hate him so?"

"Because he is cold, selfish, spiteful, and malicious; because he hates youth, and envies in others the hopes of which he is bereaved, and the heart he never possessed; because he turns noble enthusiasm into ridicule, and that he gives an odious and grovelling reason for every good feeling; because if I, who am only the orphan

son of an honest man, were to love a woman above me in rank and fortune, he would attribute it to *vanity* and *sordid interest*."

"Did he say so?" inquired Amélie (with that quickness with which, in matters of the heart, women so far surpass men.) It is then true?"

"True! what!" said Anselme, in a faltering voice, "that my sentiments are founded upon vanity and stimulated by mean interested motives?"

"No,—no,—no, sir," replied Amélie, appeasing Anselme's rising indignation with a sweet smile. "I simply meant to say that these sentiments existed."

Anselme changed colour.

Amélie continued, "that you really are in love."

"Madame, I think," stammered forth Anselme, rather embarrassed, "that we ought to seize the opportunity of the weather clearing up."

"But it is raining quite fast, sir."

"Ah! very true, as if it were done on purpose."

"Yes, Heaven itself seems to be against my journey to Saint Germain."

"Then Heaven be praised, if it could prevent you from marrying M. de Fortis!" said Anselme, with a sigh, as if relieved from the weight of the grand *secret* he had been contending with.

"I don't understand what you mean, sir," replied Madame de Louvet, rather offended and somewhat confused.

"What, you did not know it?" exclaimed the astonished Anselme, "you also have been deceived, I suspected as much; I could not believe, that a woman, or rather an angel like you, could have sacrificed herself to such a man! Beauty united to ugliness; youth to decayed old age; grace, wit, and goodness, to ridicule, selfishness, and wickedness, it was not possible!"

"Pardon me, sir," observed Madame de Louvet, very coldly, "but I beg of you to remember, that you here allow yourself to meddle with affairs that are not yours."

"That are not mine!" repeated Anselme, and he then assumed so respectful, so submissive a tone, that he almost disarmed Madame de Louvet. "Forgive me, madame, I am very wrong, ah! yes, very much so, indeed I am mad to be thus led on by my own wild feelings, until I become unjust and cruel. . . I have spoken ill of M. de Fortis, and I have portrayed him to you as a ridiculous hypochondriac old man; it is true I may view him as such, with my blunt passionate way of judging others, but I have no right to calumniate him. M. de Fortis is a gentleman, the personification of honour and probity. The woman who will bear his name will never have to blush: he makes a noble use of the

fortune he gained by the most distinguished and honourable pursuits."

"The reparation does honor to you both,—but allow me to tell you, sir, that if you are acquainted with M. Dallais's projects, it was not acting a very friendly part towards him, to speak of M. de Fortis in the manner you have done to me."

"M. Dallais made me no confidant,—I have therefore not betrayed him."

"You have at least, sir, crossed him in his plans."

"That is what continually happens to me every time I think M. Dallais is acting wrong, when business is in question. There are three distinct powers in M. Dallais' house. M. Cambet who represents the resisting side, constantly opposing every new idea, supporting only *that* which has existed for ages, then I come in crying aloud, '*progress et en avant*,' for I have only faith in our present ideas. M. Dallais is the government, the temporising power, who moves on between my impetuosity, and M. Cambet's immobility, drawing him on with one hand, and stopping me with the other."

"All what you say, sir, is well and good, but I cannot see what it can have to do with my marrying M. de Fortis."

"It is one of M. Cambet's horrible retrograding ideas, it was he suggested it to M. Dallais, without consulting me, or my approbation being asked."

"Is it then from spirit of opposition to M. Cambet, and for the love of 'progress,' that you decidedly condemn it?"

"*Ma foi*, madame, I think that the abolition of ill-sorted marriages, would be a grand step towards social 'progress.'"

"Your expressions are harsh, sir," said Amélie, rather severely, "what *you* call ill-sorted marriages are often happier, than those whose basis is *fleeting* passion."

"I own again I am in the wrong. I had promised M. Cambet not to speak to you of M. de Fortis."

"Then why did you begin, sir?"

PART III.

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN I accepted M. Cambet's proposal of accompanying you," replied Anselme, "I anticipated your being ready, madame, and our immediate departure in a fiacre; those coaches are generally so very bad, there are a thousand ways of complaining of them, once arrived at the Chemin de Fer, topics of conversation are not wanting,—the building of the wagons—the machines—and many other things I could have explained to you, for I am an engineer, (having been at the polytechnical school) we could have talked of rails, tunnels, fire-pumps, and in the midst of our discussion have arrived at Saint Germain, without having once thought of M. de Fortis; instead of that, the rain detains us here, you question me upon M. Dallais's society, I am obliged to answer; you ask my opinion of it, I am too sincere to conceal it from you: am I then so *much* to blame? it is true I am unfortunate,—for I have displeased you, and that is the greatest misfortune that could have befallen me!"

He pronounced this last sentence in a low voice, trembling with emotion, his words were scarcely audible, and their faltering accents fell upon Amélie, who felt sufficient command of herself to reply:—

"Well, sir, let us forget the past, and let us do, as you had so wisely imagined." . . . She then put on her bonnet, and gloves, and took up her parasol.

"Only fancy you are just come," continued she, "I am ready, and off we go."

"As you please madame, but it is still raining."

"No, indeed, sir, it is quite over."

"Allow me then to go for a coach."

"I don't require one."

"It is shockingly dirty."

"I can walk."

"Nay, madame,—be so kind,—I have been rude, exceedingly so,—but do not force me to accompany you, so elegantly dressed, through streets it will be quite impossible to pass; wait but five minutes, and I shall be back."

"Oh sir, if you think I wish to go *on foot* out of ill-humour, you

are mistaken, and I'll prove it by begging of you to go for a coach, —then pray go, I am waiting."

Anselme proceeded through the apartment, and Madame de Louvet was listening to his retreating steps, when a terrible ring at the bell, roused her from the gloomy "reverie" she was sinking into.

"When Amélie heard the bell, she listened to ascertain whether M. Féron would open the door, but no noise was heard; as Madame de Louvet did not expect any one, she very naturally supposed it was some person who had made a mistake; she was still listening, when a second peal, louder than the first, caused her to leave the drawing room, to open the door, but she stopped, on perceiving M. Féron coming towards her on tip-toe."

"Well, sir, what is the matter?"

"Hush!" whispered M. Féron.

"What is it?"

"Shall I open?"

"Why not, sir?"

"It is perhaps a visit which may detain you longer than you wish, as you are in a hurry to go to Saint Germain."

Amélie shrugged up her shoulders, and replied with a smile, "As you did not open immediately, it is now too late."

"Then I am off for a coach," said Anselme, going towards the door.

"Wait a little; that the person who rang may have time to go away."

"Very true," replied Anselme, entering the drawing-room, "and in the meantime, I shall ascertain who it was," so saying, he went to the window which looked out into the street.

Madame de Louvet could not refrain from laughing, for Anselme was so open-hearted, so cheerful, so *sans ceremonie*, that she felt herself quite at home with him; she was no longer indignant at his free and easy manners, for she perceived, in that wild and high-spirited young man, a noble heart that beat within. She forgave all that he had said of M. de Fortis, and yielding insensibly to the spell, she would have condemned in another, when Anselme, withdrawing abruptly from the window, exclaimed:—

"*Ma foi*, I did well not to open, for it was Madame Devin, in person,—the most insupportable gossip to be met with, and the most malicious!—she would have detained you at least two hours."

"Are you very sure it was her?"

"*Pardieu*! she looked up at the window, she crossed over the way, I perfectly recognized her."

"She looked up? you recognized her!" repeated Amélie, struck with a painful idea, that flashed across her; she then said, "but if she saw you, she also recognized you?"

"Well, madame?"

At this cold interrogation, Madame de Louvet remained for some moments silent, M. Féron's impassibility almost annihilated her, but her anger soon rose, and she exclaimed:—

"Well sir, she will say, and she has a right to do so, 'that she came to see me, that I was at home, (for the *concierge* must have told her so, as he let her up,) that she rang twice, and the door was not opened, that I was alone with a man, (of course the *concierge* assured her of that when she went down,) that the person I was shut up with was you, sir, for she saw you at my window, and she only looked up, because she knew some one was with me; when people come to pay a visit, it is not customary for them to glance at the windows, unless *that* prying be suggested by *evil* thoughts, therefore Madame Devin had those evil thoughts."

"But, madame, what evil thoughts do you possibly think she could entertain of you?" inquired Anselme, who was struck with Amélie's anger, but still more affected by the grief she evinced.

"What evil thoughts? what are you thinking of, sir?—what do you mean?—I do not understand you,—indeed, sir, you must be either a fool, or a very wicked man."

"I am a man of honour, madame!"

"Then how can you ask me what Madame Devin can possibly think?—is it necessary for me to explain the deductions that can be drawn, from a young man and any young woman, being shut up together, and refusing to open the door. Do you *now* understand what can be said?"

Anselme's countenance still retained the same expression of stupefaction, when a sudden gleam of intelligence, seemed to light it up; he became deadly pale, and trembled violently:—"Do you think so, madame?" said he at length in a broken voice, "do you really think they could dare to calumniate you?"

"Do you doubt it, sir?—it is perhaps already done, for if Madame Devin has met any one, she has certainly told it; nay, better still, she has not retorted an opportunity she has long sought. Oh yes!" continued Amélie, in an agony of despair, and giving way to that heart-rending feeling, which foresees every evil consequence attending great misfortunes,—yes,—look out of the window, I am convinced she went to see her worthy friend Madame Ribert, who lives *vis-à-vis*,—and that at this very moment, there are sentinels behind the blinds, to watch your departure hence."

Anselme passed his hand over his forehead, as if to chase away the anguish he endured, and replied with apparent calm:—

"It is impossible that so frivolous a circumstance should tarnish the reputation of a virtuous woman; allow me to tell you, madame, that your fears are groundless, no one could be so basely wicked, as to give such a turn to so natural an occurrence."

"Do you think so, sir?" said Amélie, whose anger was subdued by her tears. "Well suppose it had happened to you, that you went to see a lady, whom you were told was at home and alone with a gentleman, (for this was most probably told to Madame Devin,) that you went up, and that the same thing which has just taken place occurred to you, what would you think?—tell me candidly!"

"Indeed, I cannot tell," replied Anselme, rather embarrassed, "perhaps I should not have noticed it."

"But, sir, if the lady were your wife, your sister, even your lover, would it have passed unnoticed?"

"Undoubtedly, under such circumstances, jealousy, the fear of my name being compromised, might lead me, I will not say to suspect,—but to apprehend. . . In fact, I know not what to say, for I am neither a lover, a husband, nor a brother, anxious to know and to explain everything."

"And do you imagine," again inquired Amélie, "that love *alone* is jealous? that envy is not as curious as affection? and that Madame Devin is not at this moment commenting with satanic delight upon, 'this very frivolous circumstance,' that a husband, or a brother, would seek to elucidate with anguish and despair?"

Anselme paced up and down in the greatest agitation; having given no answer to this last argument, at length he exclaimed "Oh, woe; eternal woe, unto that woman, if she dares say a word that could cast a blemish upon you; she should rue it most cruelly, for I can ruin her!"

"You can ruin her?"

"Yes, I can ruin her," returned Anselme, whose *imprudent* anger got the better of him, "I know better than any one, that her virtue is mere parade, profound hypocrisy, and of that I have written proofs, for I am still in possession of her letters."

"Her letters!" exclaimed Amélie.

"Her letters," continued Anselme, "yes, letters written to me."

"To you, her lover, of course?"

"To me, who have been alike favoured with many others."

Amélie crossed her arms, and overwhelmed with grief, mournfully exclaimed,

"And this is what I am reduced to! obliged to shelter my honour under that woman's infamy! I cannot foresee what will become of me. But quit my house this very moment, sir; begone, I pray you, begone."

"For heaven's sake, madam, do not be thus alarmed."

"Ah, sir," said Amélie, rising with dignified haughtiness, "you forget that I have not given you *that* right your mistress supposes you to possess." Anselme was going to reply, but Madame de Louvet opened the drawing-room door, and imperatively motioned him to that of the anti-chamber. He mechanically obeyed the imperious command, followed by Madame de Louvet's angry looks,

but on opening the door, he found himself in presence of the *concierger*.

"Are you M. Féron?" enquired he.

"I am," answered Anselme.

"Here is a note for you, sir," said he, drawing the door after him, and muttering to himself, as he went down stairs, "*I was sure of it, I knew they were there.*"

This unexpected incident stopped M. Féron, who remained motionless, holding the letter in his hand, without even looking at it; but suddenly recovering himself, he was going to retire, when he glanced at the note; the sight of the hand-writing startled him, and uttering an exclamation of rage, he opened the door with fury, but Madame de Louvet, shutting it with violence, stood before him.

"What is *that* letter, sir?"

"Madam, I do not know."

"What can that letter be, that is directed to you *here*?"

"But, madam—"

"Who besides Madame Devin knows of your being with me at this moment?"

"Can you believe it?"

"That letter is from Madame Devin."

"I swear—"

"Do not tell an untruth, sir; the surprise, the confusion you evinced when looking at the letter, made me suspect it, and now your paleness convinces me of it."

"Yes, madam, you are right," said Anselme, with mournful dignity, "the letter is from Madame Devin, but believe—"

"I wish to see the letter, sir?"

"Madam, madam, remove all fears from that woman."

"As you have *made me* the rival of that woman, I *must* see her letter."

"Here it is, then, madam; I am perfectly ignorant of its contents, therefore do not render me responsible for any thing offensive there may be in it."

Amelie made no reply, but took the letter, broke the seal, and ran over the first lines with avidity; she continued to read with more composure; but an expression of sadness, of embarrassment, had gradually replaced the painful and exalted animation of her features. She remained for some moments absorbed in thoughts, and endeavouring to rouse herself, she took up the letter, thrust it into her bosom, and in a soft and melancholy voice, said,

"Come in a moment, sir."

They both passed into the drawing-room, and resumed their former seats; undoubtedly Madame de Louvet had much to say, for her whole tide of feeling was revulsed by the perusal of that letter, yet they seemed stricken into a silence, which neither of

them felt sufficient courage to break. At length Anselme ventured to say,

"Madam, since this letter, instead of proving an *additional* cause of displeasure to you, has had a different result to that which I expected, and that I have not been cast away like an unworthy wretch, allow me to take the opportunity of this unhopèd for happiness, to justify myself."

"Very willingly," said Amélie, with vivacity, relieved from the awkwardness of beginning a conversation; "well, what will you say for your justification?"

"For my justification," repeated Anselme, with a deep sigh, "indeed I do not know, for I am unconscious of having wronged you."

"You are unconscious of having wronged me, sir?"

"Yes, madam, for what have I done? I came here—the rain detained us—we talked awhile—some one rang the bell—I did not open—and that is all!"

"There is a woman believes I am your *maitresse*! 'that is all!'—you have compromised me, blasted my reputation, 'that is all,' sir!"

Madame de Louvet pronounced these last words so earnestly, and with so deep a meaning in her bright, beautiful eyes, that Anselme was staggered. He thought that so much calm concealed a cold resolve of violent despair, and he immediately answered,

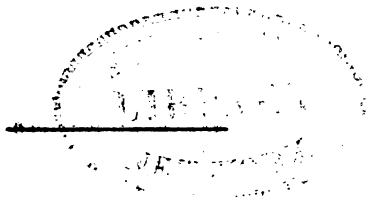
"Have I done so, madam?—is it true?"

"Yes, sir, it is true, and this letter proves it."

"Well, madam, deign to listen to me, and I will here say all that an honourable honest man *can* possibly under such circumstances."

"I am listening to you, sir."

Anselme made a violent effort, and thus began, letting his words drop one by one.



CHAPTER VI.

"I am the son of M. Dallais's coachman, my father died at his service, and in the act of saving his master's life. M. Dallais had insisted upon driving himself that morning, and his horses, that

were almost ungovernable animals, and so fiery, would have carried him headlong down a precipice, had not my father jumped off the box (where he was seated by M. Dallais). He flew to the head of the horses, stopped them, and instantly dropped dead, killed by a blow from the pole, which he had received on the chest! I was then only six years old; M. Dallais took me to his house, placed me in college, where I was prepared for the Polytechnical School, where I went; and was to have entered the military school at Metz, but M. Dallais informed me that he wished to keep me near him, and to give me the charge of some of his affairs. It is now four years ago —."

"I know that, sir," said Amélie, "but you do not tell me upon what occasion M. Dallais decided that you should not follow the military career."

"It does not matter, madam, nor can it have any material influence upon what remains for me to tell you."

"That may be, sir; but I am desirous of knowing *everything*."

"Well, madam, be it so. It was on the occasion of an affair in which M. Dallais (a man of sixty) was most cowardly insulted by a man of twenty-five, in my presence. M. Dallais, notwithstanding his age, had demanded satisfaction for the offence, and I let my benefactor believe that he could obtain it himself. The wretch was a professed duellist, and he had not gone one hundred yards, before I had overtaken him, and grossly insulted him, that he might first satisfy his thirst for duelling upon me. To die, would not have saved M. Dallais, for that man would have sought him the day after my death; my object, then, was to render that rencontre impossible. I succeeded—by killing him! That was the reason why I remorselessly employed some part of that skill I looked upon as despicable in my adversary. It was then that M. Dallais wished me not to separate from him: I have since lived in his bureau, upon the salary he was so kind to give me, having no expectation of fortune, and having almost renounced making one myself, as long as my services may be of use to M. Dallais."

"Your devotedness, sir, does you much credit; and the forgetfulness of your own interest is worthy of what you have already done for M. Dallais; but, allow me to ask you, what am I to conclude from what you have told me?"

Anselme appeared to hesitate, but arming himself with courage, replied,—

"This is the conclusion, madam: I am *less* than the son of the most humble cottager, for I am only that of a poor servant—living upon the modest salary of a clerk in a banking-house—and now, if it be true that I have compromised your reputation—if it be true, as you said in an agony of grief, that I have ruined you, can I offer you in return my name, which has been a hireling's! a valet's? You, who bear an honourable name by your own family, and

that of your husband's, can I offer you to share my fortune, which is only that of a mercenary—you who already have acquired one? No! I have neither rank nor riches! You did well to treat me with contempt—to bid me begone!"

"No, sir," said Amélie, "men of honour are not treated with contempt, whatever be the name and rank in society of their father, when *that name* is unspotted—not sullied—by crime or vice."

"What!" exclaimed Anselme, "you do not despise me?"

"I have already said, sir, that such men are not to be despised; but one may not accept ——"

"I understand you," returned Anselme, bitterly.

"Allow me to explain myself, sir; one cannot accept a reparation for wrongs which you say do not exist. I cannot take a man's existence, and give him mine in return, because chance placed us in an awkward situation. Love alone could make such sacrifices, and accept them; but you, sir, *you do not love me?*"

"Ah, madam!" replied Anselme, looking mournfully at Amélie, "pray do not question me,—do not ask me, if I love you, for I would confess it, and I would say—I adore you."

"You, sir?" returned Amélie, with a smile.

"Madam, it may seem folly—madness, if you will—but the first time I saw you, I loved you for your beauty and your wit; when I knew you by others, I loved you for your virtue and your noble mind; my love for you was veneration—it was tears of regret—for I *dared* to hope, and I lost you. I confided my hopeless passion to M. Cambet, only. I told him that to deserve you I would become rich, honoured, illustrious, if it were necessary; but his cool reason made me measure the distance that separated us. I relinquished hope, felt that my career was closed, and carelessly abandoned myself to my desolate doom of servitude."

Anselme was silent, and Amélie, whose heart beat responsive to every word she had just heard, was silent also.

"And now, madam, what do you command me to do? What reparation can I offer you for the involuntary wrong I have done you?"

"Did you not tell me, that there was *only one*, suitable under such circumstances?"

"Undoubtedly, madam; but you also said, that love *alone* could offer, and love *alone* could accept. I have loved you this *long* time."

"And I love you from this *instant*," said Amélie, holding out her hand to Anselme.

"What! no!—What did you say?—Amélie!—Madam!" exclaimed Anselme, rising, and looking about him, as if struck by an invisible hand. He burst into tears—flung himself with impetuosity

at her feet—and cried, in a sudden and agonised voice, “Oh, say, am I not mad?”

“Rather so,” said Amélie, “but this will calm you;” and so saying, she gave him Madame Deviu’s letter. Anselme read as follows:—

“Forgive me, sir, for thus intruding upon the delightful happiness you are at present enjoying, but you must feel that to keep my letters any longer in your possession, would be acting imprudently for yourself, and indelicately towards me. You have, at length, succeeded—you are Madame Louvet’s future husband. The very first time you saw her, I penetrated the secret of your heart; and your stern denial of it made me still more certain. That Madame de Louvet must, indeed, be a person of great worth, as M. Dallais has decided to *adopt you*, that you may aspire to her hand.”

“Me!” exclaimed Anselme.

“Go on,” said Amélie.

Anselme, to whom so much happiness unexpected seemed a dream, took up the letter, and could not refrain from smiling at the following sentence:—

“Is it then for *her* sake that he gives his name to the son of his —? I will *not* write the word, out of respect for myself, as he did not think proper to do so four years ago, when you saved his life. The news of this fortunate event, for you, was brought to me within this hour past, by M. de Fortis, who declined being a spectator of the sentimentality that the surprise which awaits you must naturally entail; for he persists in saying that you are ignorant of M. Dallais’ projects, though I cannot believe it. However, be that as it may, I think you can dispense with going to the country, for the pleasure that awaits you *there* can, surely, *not* equal the *present* blissful moments you are enjoying in Paris. Allow me, then, to congratulate you on the *one* and the *other*; and beg of you to remember, that the letters I may have written to M. Féron, were not addressed to M. Féron Dallais.

“Your very humble servant,

“EMILIA DEVIN.”

When Anselme had finished reading the letter, he remained for some moments as if rivetted to the spot. His head and heart were so full,—so much joy overwhelmed him. He felt that he was standing, half stunned and passive, in the great crisis of his fate. At length, giving vent to his emotion, he exclaimed,—

“Oh, no, I will not die!”

“What do you say?” said Amélie, approaching him.

As she spoke, he wound his arms round her not reluctant form, and, drawing her gently towards him, he passionately cried:—

"Oh, yes, it is true, is it not Amélie?"

Her countenance was dyed in blushes, and she kindly replied,—

"Yes!—yes!—sir!"

"You say—*Sir!*"

She raised her eyes, expressive of the happiness that was glowing within, and faltered out,—

"How do I know what your name is?"

Transported beyond himself, Anselme clasped her to his bosom; and it is not sure that the slight murmur that was heard, was not an impassionate, burning kiss, instead of the name of Anselme; but at the moment a violent ringing at the bell, and thundering at the door, caused them to hush every murmur. They both went to open it, and, to their utter amazement, they beheld M. Cambet, who appeared scared out of his senses.

"Ah! there you are!" said he; "well, it is lucky. Of course, you know everything?"

"Indeed we do," replied Anselme.

"Two trains stopped on the railway," said M. Cambet, "ten persons severely injured; and when they say ten, that means a hundred, at least."

"Or only *one*," said Anselme.

"One! one, indeed!" answered M. Cambet, quickly; "do you think that by your infernal railways accidents happen for *one* person *only*? Oh, no; the steam bursts with greater expence than that! However, neither of you were there, that is the main point. We were in the greatest anxiety at St. Germain, when we heard of the accident; and not seeing you arrive, the fête would not have been gay."

"What fête?" enquired Anselme.

"Well—the *fête*—how do I know. I said fête, as I would have said anything else. Nevertheless, I took M. Dallais' carriage, and have come at such a rate that I have killed the horses, so let us be off."

"But how can we go, if the horses are killed?" said Anselme, delighted to torment M. Cambet.

"Oh, they promised me not to die before our arrival at St. Germain," retorted M. Cambet, imitating Anselme's quizzing.

"And you have sworn to be silent until *then*, have you not, old Cambet?" said the young man.

"Silent! upon what?" enquired M. Cambet, rather alarmed.

"Upon what!"

Amélie now returned at that moment; she had put on her bonnet and gloves for the *third* time, and with happiness in her looks, she said,—

"Anselme, give me your arm."

"Anselme!" repeated the old man, "Anselme!"

"Come, let us go, Amélie," replied Anselme, looking at M. Cambet very shrewdly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old "Commis," "Anselme! Amélie! They are aware of *every* thing; and M. Dallais, who delighted in the grand surprise!"

"We will bring him *one* he does not expect," said Amélie.

"What is it?"

"That we both sympathise in the *one* same feeling—*true love*!"

CLARA.

A RETROSPECTIVE TALE.

BY J. S. SMITH.

LEAVE me here, my soul is heavy, and my spirit overcharged:
 Beats my heart's restraining barriers—beating, pants to be enlarged.
 And your mirth, my blithe companions, jars against the rising tear—
 Ye are merry, I am thoughtful—let me rest my sorrows *here*.
 Here, where round about me mouldering, underneath the green sward lie
 The gathered dead of many ages—ages that have long gone by;
 Here, where on the tottering tower the daw still makes her airy nest,
 And, perched upon the crumbling buttress, caws her fledglings unto rest.
 Here, where soaring proudly upward, I can hear the anthem rise—
 Voices of a thousand people swelling proudly to the skies!
 Where in death's oblivion sleeping lies my plighted, promised bride,—
 She who was my spirit's star-light,—she who was my bosom's pride.
 Above her grave the sun is beaming: in it, all is dark and drear
 As the heart that sadly mourns her—leave me, I will tarry here.
 And while daylight is declining, I will breathe a parting moan;
 Grief is sacred—pause no longer—I would tell my woes, alone.
 They are gone; their forms retreating through the copsewood, pace along,
 As their clear, outswelling laughter, mingles with the linnets' song.

While from every leafy dingle, and from every budding spray,
All the birds, in rural chorus, sweetly chant the praise of May.
I alone, of all creation, bend beneath a weight of gloom,
Seated on the mossy headstone—gazing on my Clara's tomb.
I will muse awhile, and ponder fondly o'er a bygone day,
For to-morrow's sun will see me passing from this vale for aye.
And its churchyard and this gravestone form a link I cannot part,
For they hold, where'er I wander, all the memories of my heart :
Memories of my youthful joyance,—memories of my happier hours,
When my temple wore no cypress, but was garlanded with flowers.
So I e'en must tarry longer, and the past recall to mind,
As the echoes from far places roll upon the scented wind.
Strike a sweetly-pleasing measure—let the lute her voice upraise,
Telling forth a merry cadence, while I sing our early days ;—
When *my* limbs were strong and supple, and *thine* eye was sparkling jet,
Long before the tempest gathered—long before my sun had set.

I remember in the summer nature wore her robe of green,
And my pulses wildly throbbed with all the vigor of eighteen ;
Then adown the flowery meadow, and upon the woodland way,
With a lightsome heart I wandered, trilling forth a joyous lay.
Not a thought of sorrow ever dawned upon my happy breast,
Every passion slept with nature, in a calm, untroubled rest.
In the morning I would ramble to the summit of the hill,
Gladly watch the golden sunrise sparkle in the silver rill ;
Mark the little crystal dewdrop glittering in the floweret's cup,
Ere the blazing heat of noonday thirsting drank the diamond up.
See the lark, with gleesome carol, sporting in the blushing light,
Soaring up and sweetly fluting, till it circled out of sight ;
And its thrilling strain descending, from the azure clouds above,
Seemed a song from skyward floating, redolent of peace and love ;
Till the sun from mists outbreking, o'er the mountain rising higher,
Forth into th' expanse of heaven launched a blazing ball of fire !
In the noon-tide I would stretch me underneath the spreading vine,
With the poet's ancient legend, passing off the fleeting time.
Song of Queen Guinevere and Lancelot, and full many a sounding tale
Of the gallant knights who wandered armed, to find the holy Grael.
Fables from Boccace and Chaucer, and fragments of old ballad lays ;
Stories of chivalrous barons—love-lorn serfs—and kindly fays.
Then when evening closed around me, and the twilight's dusky veil
Stole upon the gentle Zephyr, o'er the hill and up the dale ;
From my casement's wired lattice, when the world was wrapped in sleep,
I did watch the placid moonbeams sparkle in the distant deep.
While from out the ancient tree, whose hollow boughs were standing near,
The ceaseless whooping of the owl was borne unto my listening ear.
Then, encouraged by the scene, my thoughts grew free and unconfined,—
Sublime became my young enquiries—shackleless my youthful mind.

And I pondered long and deeply on myself and fellow men,
 Pondered till my soul, enlarging, strove to stretch its mortal ken.
 I thought upon that golden time which shall be, ere the centuries cease,
 When war's alarum sounds no longer, and the world is hushed in peace;
 Thought upon that glorious day when freedom's flag shall be unfurled,
 And not one slave shall bow the knee within the confines of the world.
 When the strong shall aid the weaker, and no blood distain the sod—
 When the dungeons of the tyrant feel the wholesome air of God.
 When unrent by foolish quarrels, myriads upon myriads raise,
 In a holy code of worship, one gigantic song of praise!
 O, the happy, happy moments, of my youth's sereneest flow,
 Ere the wells of life were poisoned, and their fountains drugged with woe:
 O, the dear delights of childhood! ere the flight of life began!
 O, the dear delights of boyhood! ere its spirit merged in man!
 Then, ah then, all, all was happy—all was peaceful and at rest;
 Not one cloud of trouble came to stir the waters of my breast.
 Now, about me tempests gather—now fierce whirlwinds whistle o'er,
 I am tossed upon the ocean, without anchor—near no shore.
 O, my Clara! I remember well the cottage in the grove,
 Rising with its snowy front beneath the cedar's green alcove:
 I remember, too, the garden, with its beds of motley hue—
 There the rose displayed her crimson, there the violet his blue.
 There, above the portal climbing, a clematis formed a bower,
 Twining with the choicest shrubs, and many a gay, bespangled flower.
 Oft I paused when onward passing, gazing on the tulips rare,
 As they proudly reared their crests, and smiled within the neat parterre.
 Oft I paused to mark the snow-drop, or the lilies of the vale,—
 Oft to pluck a branch of briar, and its pleasant scent inhale.
 But though I lov'd the garden—noted well each flower and tree,
 Praised their grateful hue and colour—trust me, I had eyes for thee.
 I beheld thee in the garden, and my spirit did not care
 To behold the modest flowrets, and the lily grew less fair.
 I beheld thee, and that moment quick into my brain there ran
 All that fiery, fixed emotion, which proclaims the love of man.
 Then I daily sought the cottage, and mine eyes their homage paid,
 As I viewed thee tend the flowerets, underneath the alder shade.
 And I deemed thou wert an angel, circled by a golden ray;
 And I gazed upon thy features till I gazed my heart away.
 At the early dawn of morning did I view the smoke arise,
 Curling from the cottage slowly, upward to the arched skies.
 And I mus'd upon the maiden so serenely dwelling there,—
 Mused upon thee till my spirit fashioned forth its warmth in prayer.
 And at night I saw thy taper twinkle palely down the glen,
 And once more I thought upon thee, and I blessed thy name again.
 O, but I did love thee truly—fondly—truly loved I thee:
 As the heaven unto the pilgrim, Clara, so wert thou to me!
 Not a thought had I of others, whatsoe'er their charms might be,
 Naught cared I for grosser pleasures—all my life was bound in thee.
 But I did not tell my passion, nor to thee my love unroll;
 For my tongue, with all its rhetoric, never could express my soul!

And I did not breathe a whisper of my inward, withering flame,
 For that love is lightly founded, that the lips can lightly name.
 Never will an ardent lover play a bold and froward part,
 And, by prematurely speaking, lose perhaps a bashful heart.
 Love is timid—love is shy—and reckless it can never be;
 Thus it was, for one long summer I ne'er ope'd my soul to thee.
 'Twas a glorious night in Autumn, the swallow slept beneath the leaves,
 And the harvest moon arising shone upon a thousand sheaves;
 And from out the tangled thicket, clearly piping loud and shrill,
 We did hear the blackbird's whistle echoed o'er the sloping hill.
 The purblind, dusky bat, rejoicing in the dim uncertain light,
 Swiftly crossed our path, and swiftly whirling, darted out of sight.
 First we crossed the open moorland, round the mountain's heather crest,
 Scaring at each onward step the startled moorcock from his rest;
 Till we saw from the huge summit, o'er the heath so bleak and brown.
 Glimmering in the waning light, the steeples of the distant town.
 Then into the vale descending, through the wood we took our path,
 By the blasted elm, whose branches tell of many a tempest's wrath.
 Here and there a gleam of light the dimness of the shadows broke:
 On we wandered—past the deer-house—past the old phosphoric oak.
 On we went, and gained the brooklet which meanders through the vale,
 Rippling o'er its pebbly bottom, silvered then by moonbeams pale.
 By its side the fairy hare-bells, in the bowery copsewood gleam,
 And full many velvet mosses clothe the margin of the stream.
 With its tortuous course we wandered, till we gained the fountain clear,
 Near whose bank a rustic harbour overlooks the waveless mere.
 I remember, I remember, O my long-loved, cherished bride,
 How we sate beneath its shelter, how I placed thee by my side!
 I remember, I remember, how we gazed upon the scene;
 On the crescent, on the lake, the planets in the blue serene.
 I remember, O my Clara, how my tongue essayed to tell
 All my heart's profound emotion—all the love thou know'st so well.
 How I took thy trembling palm, and sinking on my bended knee,
 Gazed into thy downcast eyes, and then outpoured my heart to thee.
 "Clara, I have loved thee fondly! Clara, thou hast been to me
 As the pole-star to the sailor, tossed upon th' enraged sea!
 By the night I've thought upon thee, and I've blessed thee through the
 day,
 Trust me, I would tell my passion, but it is too wild to say!"
 Then I marked her soul was shaken with a sudden tide of love,
 While to check the rising torrent I could see she plainly strove;
 And the colour came and faded every moment from her cheek,
 And her lips in silence moved—moved, as she essayed to speak.
 But at length her feelings conquered, and from out their crystal cell
 In a shower the tear-drops burst, as weeping on my heart she fell.
 I remember, too, her father, how he blest us both that night,—
 How upon the hill I lay, and watched until the dawning light:
 For the dear, delicious, transport that her maiden heart was mine,
 Made me madly, wildly drunken, as a reveller with wine!
 O, those happy, happy moments, when our hearts responsive beat!
 Communed with the throbbing pulses in a rapture long and sweet!

O, the thrilling, maddening joy! the concentration of all bliss,
 When our lips together rushing, mingled in a lengthened kiss!
 But my mind is wandering strangely. *Wherefore* muse on happier days
 Gone for ever, which *no* spirit hath the power again to raise?
 Rather think upon mine *anguish*, which has tarried till to-day,
 And which never more can leave me till from earth I pass away.
 Winter soon with snowy argent robed the hill and decked the field,
 And the rivulet ceased flowing, and the crystal mere congealed.
 Sadly moaning, down the valley, swift the bitter frost-wind swept,
 All the trees withdrew their verdure, and all vegetation slept:
 Till again the Spring returning, banished all the wintry cold,
 Clothed the forest sward with verdure, scattered cowslips on the wold.
 With it, too, the summer chaunters,—yellow thrush and bull-finch gay;
 And a thousand brother warblers hastened in to hail blithe May.
 Then I turned unto my Clara, and I said “How pale her cheek!”
 I fancied that my bride was dying, but my fancy dared not speak;
 For they said, “’Tis but a passing weakness, that will soon depart:”
 Vainly did they hope, consumption preyed upon her youthful heart.
 Paler she became, still paler, till her face like marble grew,
 And beneath its alabaster I could trace the veins of blue;
 Then again the rose came back, and flooded o’er her cheeks so white,
 Filling my despairing heart with loud thanksgivings of delight.
 Glad I hailed it, I imagined ’twas bright health returned again:
 Bitter dupe! It was the hectic, outward sign of inward bane.
 I remember well the hour, when underneath the beach I lay,
 Musing on my fading bride, and asking, would she pass away?
 And they found me there, and told me that her life was waning fleet,—
 Told me that my Clara was *dying*; quick I started to my feet.
 Fast adown the glen I darted,—’twas a torrid day in June,
 To my ear the lark was piping strangely shrill and out of tune.
 The rapid purling of the streamlet to my ear no pleasure brought,
 For my soul was crossed with trouble, and my brain was over-wrought.
 Soon I gained the lowly cottage—there, outstretched, my Clara lay,
 Pale and *lovely*, but the stream of life was ebbing fast away.
 When she saw me come, she smiled, and held her pulseless hand to me;
 While her glance appeared to tell me, “Dying, love, I think of thee!”
 Weeping, on my knees I sank, and took the dewy hand, whose clasp
 Tightly clutched my fevered fingers—tightly with a dying grasp.
 “Clara,” cried I, “rouse thee, rouse thee,—strength shall yet return
 again;

Lo, the heath bell decks the mountain! Lo, the daisy gems the plain!
 Health and joy once more shall woo thee, all thy vigor hath not set;
 Rouse thee, O my Clara, rouse thee! trust me, we’ll be happy yet!”
 As I spake her hold grew weaker, and a smile her face o’erspread,
 Then her eye glazed coldly on me, and I knew that she was *dead*!
 O, the bitter, bitter moment, when I saw her lying there,
 Calm and rigid, cold and senseless, but so passing—*passing fair*!
 O, the torture of that hour, when fast I hurried o’er the plain,
 Blasted with a withering curse, more deadly than the curse of Cain!
 May will go, and June will follow: nature smile in glad array,
 From the warmer climates coming birds will chaunt their wood-notes gay

But no more to me the breath of summer pleasure can impart,
 Frosted by a weight of sorrow, winter ever chains my heart.
 I am as some noxious pest-house, filled with bones decaying green,
 For my heart but bears the mouldering wrecks of hopes that once have
 been.

Shall I *live* ? and so my torture through the coming years prolong ?
 Like a wounded snake, existence miserably trail along ?
 No ! from this old churchyard flying I will seek the river's brink,
 While my courage boils within me, inward leap and downward sink.
 There will be a rushing sound, a bubbly splashing overhead,
 Sink and rise—and rise and sink—and then the waves will bear me dead.
 Hush ! from yonder ivied belfry, hark ! the chimes are ringing clear !
 It is midnight they are sounding—*midnight* !—and I tarry *here* !
 See ! from yonder flowery hillock I behold my Clara rise,
 Folded in an azure mantle she is mounting to the skies.
 'Tis her spirit—'tis her angel—soaring to the throne of love :
 Hark ! the kindly glance she gives me as she slowly winds above.
 Blessing on thee, glorious spirit ! for that glance so kindly given ;
 Now behold, she beckons,—no,—her taper finger points to *heaven* !
 Ah, Holy Shade ! I read thy meaning ; I *will* bend beneath the rod,
 Owning, in my dire affliction, the unerring hand of God.
 I *will* tame this restless humour, curb this bold, presumptuous grief ;
 In the busy haunts of men seek consolation and relief.
 When my heart is glad within me I will wander from the town,
 To the valley near its purlieus, where the harvest fields are brown
 When my soul is dark and weary, by sad memories oppressed,
 I will find the pining orphan, soothe his sorrows, give him rest.
 But *here* I may not tarry longer—church and churchyard—lake and bell ;
 Mount and dingle—mead and forest—brook and river—fare-ye-well !

THOUGHTS ON CIVILIZATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. I.

ITS MONOTONY.

No man living, even no ninth part of one, can be ignorant of the feeling denoted by the heading we have selected for this article. Every nation has had its Rosseau, eloquent in nature's praise, who has pleaded—and not in vain—for the good old times,

“When wild in woods the noble savage ran;”

and to whom men have listened awe struck, and with ecstasy, as, with a burning tongue, he has spoken of the giant heroes of an earlier day; and to every man there comes a time when he turns away from all forms and fashions,—when he sees them as what they are,—when he knows them to be but forms and fashions,—when he feels that he is free of them all,—that for him they no longer exist and delude. Yet there are times when they come venerable, decayed and childish as they are, with their deficiencies, and proprieties, and respectabilities, most seriously in one's way,—when, inane and pitiable though they be, they glide in among the eternal realities of life as unseemly spectres in the banquets of beauty and love; when across the heart their blight may be thrown, as is the shadow of the passing cloud on the lake below; when, founded professedly to give pleasure, they, in time, have a different and more painful effect.

Granting, most readily, that civilization be a good, yet we maintain its monotony to be an ever-present and tremendous ill. This the writer, in very painfulness, has felt; and, gentle reader—fair or otherwise—you also must have felt the same.

Do these lines chance to attract the attention of one of the lords of creation?—of one who

“Thoughtless of mamma’s alarms,
Sports high-heeled boots and whiskers.”

What is it, we would ask, most magnanimous sir, in the most delicate manner imaginable, that keeps you standing, by the hour together, looking out of the windows of your club, in Waterloo-place—in the weariness of your heart swearing now at the weather, now at the waiter, and anon muttering something about dreaming that you dwelt in marble halls,—but that very monotony of civilization we so much deprecate? Were it not for that, you might be working in this working world—touching the very kernal and core of life, instead of thus feeding on its shell. And if it be that the soft eye of woman looks down on what we now write, What is it, we would ask, O, peerless paragon! O, celestial goddess! but the same feeling that makes you lie down the last new novel; and, in utter defiance of the rules taught in that valuable publication and Snob’s *vade mecum*, “Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society,” actually yawn,—aye, yawn,—when that gold watch, hanging by your most fairy-like and loveliest of forms, does not tell one hour that does not bear with it to heaven some tragedy acted,—some villany achieved,—some heroic thing done,—aye, yawn, when before you is spread out the great page of life, with its laughter and tears, with its blasts from hell, with its odours coming down from heaven itself. But even woman’s heart, with its gushing sympathies, has become dead and shrivelled up, where that relentless scourge—that demon of our time—the monotony of civilization has been suffered to intrude.

It is owing to that, when we look for deeds that angels might love to do, our daughters, and sisters, and those whom we most passionately love, scream out Italian songs neither they nor we understand: and bring to us as the fruit of their earliest energies, a fancy bag or a chair of German wool. Such is the result of the City Knights three R’s., and the usual accomplishments. Humanity has been put in stereotype. Not more does one man or woman differ from another, than does policeman A. 1, differ from policeman A. 999. Individualism seems gone. The skill of the tailor has made us all one; and man, as God made him, cuts but a sorry figure by the side of man as his tailor has made him.

This is an undeniable fact. It is not only true, but it is the truth. One motive serves for every variety: of deed,—for dancing the polka, or marrying a wife,—for wearing white gloves or worshipping the Most High,—for howling over the “godless colleges and the Maynooth grant,”—as for wailing at a father’s grave. “At any rate, my dears,” said a fashionable dame to her daugh-

ters, when they found the crowded state of the church in which they repaired would not admit of their worshipping according to Act of Parliament,—“at any rate, my dears, we have done the genteel thing.” By that mockery to God she had made herself right in the sight of man. Who could censure her fair fame?—her conduct was quite correct—she had done the genteel thing: to do that is, to the majority,

“ Their being’s end and aim.”

We have all—high and low, base-born and well-born—become alike. The other day, in Madrid, a journeyman tailor was supposed to be the son of him who wears the crown and sceptre of Louis the Fourteenth. *O, tempora! O, mores!*

It is not always that such extreme cases happen, but the tendency of civilization as we have it now, is to work us all up into one common, unmeaning whole,—to confound all the old distinctions by which classes were marked,—to mix up the peasant and the prince. The splendid livery in which “Jeames,” rejoices, may show that he is footman to a family that date from the Conquest, it may also show that he is footman to the Buggins’s who keep the ham and beef shop by London Bridge,—the uninitiated cannot tell the difference. A man says he is a lord, otherwise we should not take him for one of the noble of the earth. A man puts on a gown, and says he is a teacher, otherwise we should not take him for one who could understand, and enlighten the anxious yearnings of the human heart. The old, sublime faith in God and heaven, is gone; we have had none of it since the days of Noll: it went out when Charles with his mistresses came in; but instead, we have a world of propriety and conventionalism; men dare not be generous, high-minded, and true. A man dare not act otherwise than the men by whom he is surrounded, he must conform or die,—if he will not do the former, it were better that a mill-stone were hung round his neck, and he were cast into the sea. If, as a tradesman, he will not devote his energies to money-making,—if he will not rise early and sit up late, if he will not starve the mind,—if he refuse to violate the conditions by which the physical and mental powers are strengthened, and sustained, he will find that christian England in the nineteenth century has no room for such as he. The externals, which men in their ignorance have come to believe essential to happiness, he will see another’s. City dinners, white-bait at Blackwall, “genteel residences,” within a few miles of the bank or the bridges,—fat coachmen, and fiery steeds,—corporation honours and emoluments; a man may seek in vain, if he will not first take the ledger for his gospel and mammon for his god. It is but just the same with the professions.

Would "the most distinguished counsel," ever have a brief, were he to scorn to employ the powers God has given him, to obtain impunity for the man whose heart's life has become polluted beyond all power and reform with crimes? Will the clergyman, of whatever sect, succeed, if he do not wear the professional costume, and assume the requisite demeanour? Man has indeed come to be an excellent "piece of work," but not in Hamlet's sense, he is but a peg on which to hang French boots,—Joinville ties and Nicolls' registered paletots. "For this," says the modern gospel, "he was made wonderful in reason,—infinite in faculties," alas:—

"To what baser uses may we not return?"

But we are wandering from our subject, or rather we are looking at it in its higher and sadder bearings. We need not necessarily do this,—it is not merely mournful, it is ludicrous as well. Let us see how it influences the feeble folk, who go to the formation of the masses. Let us describe some of the every day scenes of life. Of course, we refer to the middle classes.

Our heart sinks into our shoes at the bare thought of writing on the aristocracy. We do know better than that. We leave them to ladies maids and Mrs. Gore.

Charity, it is said, begins at home. We begin with our neighbour next door. In spite of the famous case Gathercole, *versus* Miall, we trust we may be excused, if we mention, for the knowledge of the fact cannot injure his worldly calling, which is that of a grocer, in a somewhat extensive line, that Shortweight is as dull looking a dog as you would wish to see, and that his six grown up daughters are all blessed with gooseberry eyes and red hair.

At the very moment of our writing he is getting into a one horse fly, which already contains his better half and the olive branches that have blessed their mutual loves. This fly, we learn from our landlady who has been the whole morning acquiring the information, is to deposit the Shortweights and boxes of luggage innumerable at the Brighton Railway Terminus, whence it is their intention to start for that crowded watering place. Shortweight is somewhat of the Jack Falstaff make, he has felt the heat this summer intensely; nature in one of her playful freaks seemed to have selected Shortweight as a fit subject on whom she might try at what degree of heat human life might be retained: to Shortweight every summer day, was one continued gasp. At home, he was always in a heat, though generally good tempered enough,—at church, though the most inattentive of hearers, he was always melted; Mrs. Shortweight trembled for the consequences, and dosed him with Soda Water, and that inimitable sherry cobbler,

for the invention of which brother Jonathan's memory shall always be :—

“ Green in our souls !”

Till unmistakeable symptoms of dropsy appeared. Why did Shortweight, like the blessed ass he is, stay boiling and steaming in town, when, for four and twopence, we believe that is the fare in the Brighton Parliamentary train, he might have been braced and cooled by the breezes as he listened :—

“ To the roar,
Of the everlasting sea.”

Why, but because of that monotony which forbids a man consulting nature, and common sense. Were it not for that, even Shortweight would scorn to lead the hum-drum life he does ; sleeping, eating, drinking, dressing, walking, believing, just because his neighbours do, and for no other earthly reason whatever. Sooner than not do as every one else does, Shortweight would lie down and die.

Again, does ever the country look lovelier than when the snows of winter make way for the first flowers of spring? Is ever the air more balmy or purer than when the young breath of summer kisses softly the cheek, and winds its way like a blessing from above to the weary heart? Does ever the sky look bluer, or the sun more glorious, or the earth more green, or is ever the melody of birds more full and glowing, than then? And yet at that precise time the genteel and the would-bes must resort to town, and London drawing-rooms must emit a polluted air, and late hours must enfeeble, and bright eyes must become dull, and cheeks that might have vied in loveliness with the rose must become sallow and pale, for the same reason that kept Shortweight in town during the dog-days.

It is a fine thing for a man to get hold of a good cause. One of the finest sights this earth can boast is that of a man or a set of men standing up to put into action what they know to be some blessed God-sent truth. Yet even that kind of heroism has come to be but a monotonous affair. Now-a-days, the thing can be done but in one way :—a meeting at Exeter-hall ; dinner—oh blessed sound to all true patriots !—at Freemason's Tavern ; Toole for toast-master ; and for chairman *the* Royal Duke. We moderns eat where our fathers bled. The sword has made way for the carving-knife. Our sympathy with the unfortunate Poles, or the indigent blind, with Mr. Cobden, or Lord Bentinck, with the soldier who has blustered and bullied till the world has taken him for a hero, with the poet who has sat

In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
Sympathy with hopes and joys it heeded not ;”

finds a common mode of utterance, and that utterance to all has a common emphasis.

We are in Piccadilly. The hour of midnight has long been passed, yet a stream of light blazing across the green park from the windows of a stately mansion denotes that Lord and Lady Thimble-rig have the happiness of entertaining a select circle of fashionable friends. The gentlemen all wear black coats, and ditto continuations, cravats of unsullied purity, and French polished boots. Skin-flint, the Manchester warehouseman, in Russell-square, has also a select circle of less fashionable friends gracing his drawing-room. Both parties are precisely alike ; in the respective situations and experiences of the two there is a world of difference, yet in defiance of common sense, in manners, in dress, in the manner in which pompous nothings are sapiently said and politely received, they are as like as two peas. But the clock strikes four, from a Haymarket saloon reel forth two devotees of dissipation ; one is Lord Muddle-brain, the other is Figgins the draper in Regent-street. They are both drunk, the both make a row in the streets, they are both taken to the station-house, the newspaper reporter describes them both as of gentlemanly exterior, both are fined,—they had only broken a policeman’s head and knocked down a market-woman on her way to Covent-garden,—and the next day both of them think the better of themselves for the lark of the preceding night.

S—— goes up the Rhine. He has never travelled further than the distance between Clapham and the Bank, but no man’s education is complete unless he has been abroad, and away S—— hastens, though he cannot speak his own language correctly, and does not know a syllable of German or French. The mitigated vinegar, that by courtesy is called wine, S—— eagerly drinks :—for the first time in his miserable life he has ordered a bottle for himself. At the table d’hôte he sits between two German barons, and eats, simply because they do, of greasy dishes, the composition of which no mortal man fully understands till he brings on a bilious attack. He visits old castles, of which he knows nothing, and in which he would not for the life of him remain alone a single minute. Onward he posts, by the cantons of Switzerland, over the Alps, till he reaches the galleries of Florence and Rome. Weary of seeing what he cannot understand, cheated on every side, S—— comes home, affording an additional proof that some of us are “villains by necessity, and fools by a divine thrusting on.”

Look at that building with its fretted aisles, its dim religious

light; it is a temple to the Most High. With costly rites, by high ecclesiastical dignitaries, arrayed in pomp and invested with power, with the peal of the organ and the voice of a right reverend father in God, the building was given to the Lord. Here sinful and erring men come to pray and praise. Here, especially, they profess to find His presence who fills heaven and earth with his glory, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and rideth on the wings of the wind. Here, surely, the individual spirit, weighed down by the past, can mourn, and repent, and find mercy. Here youth can find language by which to express its purposes and hopes, and age the appropriate confession of its faith in the goodness of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, when its decaying life shall be gathered to the tomb. Alas, no! the fine gold has become dim. I find but little suited to the varying moods of man's mind. There is one prayer that people and priest have used till they have no idea attaching to it whatever: all personal feeling seems gone: the service is performed as if a regiment of dragoons were to be drilled. Do you think otherwise? watch, and you will soon be undeceived. What is it those two thousand people are all saying, as with one voice? that old withered man whose heart is now buying and selling on "Change"—that fop gazing fondly on himself—that flirt turning everywhere an eye eager for admiration—that pure loving girl on whose ample brow no fiend dare stamp the stain of a sin—what is it they are all confessing themselves, and in the same matter of course tone in which Mr. Smith tells Mr. Brown it is a fine day—what is it, but that they are "*miserable sinners?*"

Of civilization and its monotony the reader must now have had enough. Not Europe alone is blighted in this grievous manner. Cross the Atlantic,—board with any respectable Red Indian family—penetrate into the fashionable circles of Kamschatka or Timbuctoo—and the same curse will be found to prevail. The truth is, our civilization has extended, is yet extending. Savages, we hear on very good authority, get tipsy occasionally, and read and write much like ourselves. "Our own reporter" tells us that in Jamaica the negroes celebrate their weddings with a champagne breakfast worthy of this enlightened clime. The writer was once promised the sight of a real savage. He had come over to England to plead the cause of his tribe with majesty. Never were man's hopes more cruelly disappointed than ours. The wretch, who had taken the unpretending name of Mr. Jones, wore a black coat, brushed his hair, sported wellingtons and whiskers, much like any other Mr. Jones. Fellows more like savages are to be found every day in the cellars of Liverpool or the filthy courts of St. Giles. The lover of his kind would do well to look for them there. The lover of romance, if he wants a savage, henceforth must frame one for himself.

LAYS OF FAMINE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

III.

"My sweet, wee boy, my petted one,
 That has nestled in my heart;
 That lingered when the rest were gone'
 And that watched them all depart;
 O give to *him*, at least, a grave,
 If he must uncoffined lie;
 No other boon have I to crave
 Of the earth, before I die,
 For ochone! ochone!
 My hearth it is lone!"

"We cannot to thy weeny one earth's last sad want supply,
 There are others, not less cared for, doomed in loathsome heaps to die;
 We cannot give the living help, the dead must tend their dead,
 Where selfish wants and selfish fears crush with a weight like lead.
 Ochone! ochone!
 For the wild grief we've known!"

"I know 'tis but a mother's thought
 For the tender, helpless one;
 I know they lie not where they ought,
 Those not less loved are gone.
 But it is a cruel fate for him,
 It is more than I can bear;
 My loving and my beautiful,
 That was tended with such care!
 Oh, ochone! ochone!
 My heart it is lone!"

"For the heads by time long silvered o'er there is no respect, no grace;
Unhonoured and unsanctified is their rude resting place.

What was thy bright-haired boy that he should better fare than those?
Far lighter were his claims on earth, and briefer all his woes.

Ochone! ochone!

For the wild grief we've known!

"O God! it is a fearful thing

Thus to meet a woe unshared!

And they only feel death's sharpest sting,

That to it's worse than death are spared.

I, that for life have poured so long

An all idly-wasted prayer;

Now seek, in anguish yet more strong,

A glad end to life's despair,

For ochone! ochone!

My soul it is lone!"

IV.

A *stultish machree*! bear on yet,

A *suilish machree*! bear on;

Thou wilt live to see brighter suns set,

When these dark days are gone.

[O, would that this night was flown:

'Tis fearful to list for the failing breath,

To feel oneself in the presence of death,

Through the sightless hours, alone!]

A *suilish machree*! bear on yet,

A *suilish machree*! bear on!

'Tis hours since I heard thy voice, love,

O, would thou might'st speak again!

If only to breathe some want, love,

If only to tell thy pain!

[O God! is she yet alive?

Must she go to them that are gone before?

Three days back we all trod my mother's floor,

And I the oldest of five!]

A *suilish machree*! bear on yet,

A *suilish machree*! bear on!

Dost thou miss thy mother's touch, love,
 As thou said'st long hours ago ?
 I would thou wert in her clasp, love,
 Thou would'st brighten up, I know !
 [Alas, will she find thee here ?
 Will she bring thee help, on the homeward track ?
 Will she ever come with her warm love back ?
 How much I begin to fear !]
 A suilish machree ! bear on yet,
 A suilish machree ! bear on !

Cheer up ! we shall soon see the dawn, love ;
 How heavily droops thy head ;
 Cheer up ; dost thou hear me speak, love ?
 Thy mother will bring thee bread.
 [She wept when our father died,
 And said she must live for the baby's sake,
 When she looked on thee---her heart it will break :
 Thou may'st soon sleep at his side !]
 A suilish machree ! bear on yet,
 A suilish machree ! bear on !

MARMADUKE HUTTON ;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.*

MARMADUKE HUTTON was lying stretched on his bed ; on one side stood the doctor, and on the other Humphrey Pestlepolge and the fair Penelope. The doctor had produced his case of instru-

* Continued from p. 303.

ments, and was now examining the seat of the injury, for the old man had been flung from Walter's horse when riding, and had had his leg broken as well as various contusions on his body. He tossed feverishly from side to side, and muttered strangely to himself; his eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his features, livid and haggard, betrayed the pain he was unable to conceal. Mr. Pestlepolge had assumed an air of sorrowful gravity, through which it was not hard to detect a well satisfied twinkle of complacency, as if there were something in his friend's misfortune infinitely soothing to his own nature, whilst his virtuous daughter, with the gravity of a vestal, stood by the sick man's bed with a large tumbler of hartshorn and cold spring water, ready to administer that valuable restorative in case it should be required.

"There is a very bad contusion of the knee-cap," said the doctor, passing his hand gently across the injured part, "Ah! just as I apprehended, a compound fracture, my dear sir, rather a serious case," and the speaker looked very grave, and desired the old butler to draw back the curtain and admit the light. "If Miss Pestlepolge would retire she will be saved a very painful scene."

"You had better leave us, Penelope," said old Hutton's friend, taking the hint; "when you can be of use we will call," and the future niece of the invalid left the room.

Marmaduke Hutton had all this while appeared insensible to what was passing around him; now, however, when the agony had partly subsided, he fixed his eyes sternly on the round, good-humoured visage of the man of physic, and in his querulous, impatient voice, ordered him to proceed with the operation as soon as he pleased; averting his gaze at the same time from Mr. Pestlepolge, towards whom, from his being the indirect cause of the accident, he felt rather sore in his mind.

"You can perhaps assist me," whispered the doctor, as the former crept round to the other side of the bed; "you have only to keep tight hold of the bandages and press hard when I tell you to; there, it is all done,—now the board—" and at that moment the patient uttered a harrowing shriek, and sank fainting amongst his pillows.

"Quick!—ring the bell!—call Mrs. Moirett! he will be gone before we can get aid. Robert, sprinkle some hartshorn and water over him—for God's sake be quick!" and the surgeon calmly, but quickly, completed his arrangements, and then the invalid was laid gently back, with the wounded limb tied down and bandaged to a board. In a few minutes he began to show symptoms of returning animation: his livid wrinkled cheeks grew more lifelike, the rigidity of his features relaxed, a deep groan escaped his puckered lips, and the doctor motioned the old butler to draw the curtains again; Pestlepolge crept noiselessly from the room to tell his

daughter that the operation had been happily performed, and that their dear friend had revived again: and at this juncture the door of the sick man's room was gently opened, and the nephew of Marmaduke Hutton stole silently into the room.

He went up straight to the bed, for as yet he but half understood what had occurred—he knew that his uncle had met with some accident—but when his eyes fell upon the many signs of surgical skill, the discoloured bed-clothes, the pale rigidly compressed visage of the sick man himself, the air of gravity and concern exhibited in the countenances of the old butler and the doctor, on one and all of which the sickly shadow of the closed curtains was cast,—his own manly cheek lost its ruddy hue, his heart heaved convulsively, and a tear fell on the hand that he raised to his lips, though that hand was Marmaduke Hutton's.

"Where have you been, boy?" enquired the uncle, in a querulous tone, although he felt moved in spite of himself, "why do you keep out of the way when you're wanted so? eh?" and then without waiting for an answer, he pulled the curtains aside and ordered his man to get to bed—it was almost morning now, and he didn't want any one to sit up with him, he said.

"I will sit up, Uncle," said the young man, pressing his hand, "you will want something before Robert is stirring again,—let me remain with you."

"I've always waited on you, sir," said the old butler, in a slightly offended tone, "I never went to bed for three weeks when you had that rheumatic fever, and surely you're not going to refuse my staying to wait on you now?"

"Nonsense, Robert, I don't want you to sit up,—there, go to bed. My nephew can stay if he pleases—there good night; doctor, you'll call to-morrow if you come this way, I suppose."

"Certainly, my dear sir; a broken limb is no trifle, and at your age—hem!"

"Old bones mend charily—eh? well, you may be right. A few days of lying here bed-ridden, and then a bout at limping about on a crutch," and Marmaduke Hutton yawned and smiled with ghastly grimness; "but I had forgot the lateness of the hour and your own want of rest. Robert, tell Mrs. Morritt to put well aired linen on the bed in the blue room. Doctor Quakett will sleep here to-night—now, not a word, doctor,—you must be my guest for once; I'm very sorry I can't come down stairs to play the host,—come this way in a fortnight or so, and matters may be different—ha! ha!"

"I hope so, my dear sir," grinned the accommodating doctor.

"Ha! ha! oh that twinge—quite sure you've tied the bandages properly,—eh?"

"Quite, my dear sir. Couldn't do it slovenly, especially with such a man as yourself," rejoined the courtly Esculapius.

"Humph! you wouldn't, eh?" growled the patient, in a more angry tone, as the feverish twinge shot through every nerve; "but I'm keeping you up, though,—there, good night! good night! my nephew will do the honours in my absence—mind you use Dr. Quakett well, sirrah!" and with a glance of his eye towards his man, which the latter very well knew how to interpret, old Marmaduke Hutton sank back on his pillows once more, his shrivelled, deeply marked, and expressive features betraying the effort all this gaiety had cost his tortured frame.

"Pooh! what a fool I was to feign such nonsense—that damned prating pill-maker will blab it all to my snivelling youngster the moment they get set over their wine. Bah! what a twinge! I'll have that horse shot first thing in the morning,—no, on second thoughts he shall live to break master Watty's neck—ha! ha! a noble revenge!" and with this notable resolution Marmaduke Hutton endeavoured to lull his tortured senses into temporary oblivion; but slumber came not at his call.

"I perceive that your uncle has visitors at present," said Dr. Quakett, drawing an arm-chair to the fire and throwing himself into it, as Robert preceded them with lights into the dining-room; "they are rather a rarity at the Grange."

"They are," said Walter, laconically, "we seldom keep open house here, doctor."

"Relations, probably," and Dr. Quakett poured himself out a tumbler of sherry. "Any cold water, Robert? Ah! I never drink any thing so cold and bracing as this," and the surgeon smacked his lips, as he turned toward Robert in speaking.

"No, only friends; we have—that is, my uncle has—no relations that I know of."

"Very troublesome things, sometimes. A needy relative is like a leech,—let him only draw blood once, and he'll never cry quarter till he's got every drop in your veins. Odd-looking man this Mr. Pestlepolge, sir,—very peculiar eyes, hem!"

"Yes,—he's no favourite of mine," said Walter, gloomily.

"Egad! I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Walter," rejoined the doctor, rubbing his hands, "I took an antipathy to him the moment I saw him. Capital duck this—Mrs. Morritt is a regular female Kitchener. But about this Pestlepolge—"

"You had better go to bed, Robert," said the young man, on perceiving that the old butler lingered in the room, "I will sit up to-night with my uncle."

"No, no, Mr. Walter," urged the old man, sturdily, "young folks can't stand it like old uns, and then the master is accustomed to having me about him, and I know his whims better than you do, and—"

"To-morrow night, Robert, you may sit up if you choose," said Walter, impatiently, "but you heard that he wanted particularly

that I should stay with him until the morning. Now do go to bed; you know that even if you could change my determination, my uncle would not be pleased."

"Well! well! Mr. Walter, I see it's useless trying to change your determination," rejoined the old man, moving towards the door, "I see ye're turning aye as wilful as my old master himself, and it's useless an auld fule like myself trying to change your humours. If he does get unmanageable, however, ye must call me up, and so good night," and the next moment he had quitted the room.

"A faithful old fellow that," said the doctor, drily, as he took a pinch of snuff and sipped his toddy; "much honestier, I'll wager, than that Mr. Pestlepolge and his fair daughter."

"Hush, doctor," said the young man, sternly, "Mr. Pestlepolge—"

"Is a great rascal, my dear fellow," interposed his companion, "and that's the end of it. However, I see you are on your guard against him, so that I need say no more about him.—my room door is opposite yours, I believe, on the second story?"

"Yes; you slept in the same room last Christmas eve," said Walter, rising, "Robert brought a candlestick for you; good night—I will call you if he grows worse. Stay,—won't you take another tumbler of the toddy?"

"Not another drop, thank you," said the doctor, lighting his candle; "I will depend on your coming to me if any thing is wanted—the first door to the left, I think you said, on the second story,—good night." And Dr. Quakett, muttering the last words, as if to impress them on his memory, waddled upstairs, and was soon safely ensconced in his old quarters in the bed room afore-said.

And Walter watched through the silent hours at the sick man's side. Morning was breaking—Marmaduke Hutton withdrew the curtain and gazed out, and his eye, which had heretofore been wild and bloodshot, became more settled when he recognized the young man sitting with his face buried in his hands beside him.

"Walter!" said he, in a husky tone, as he laid his heavy arm on his shoulder.

Mordaunt started—he had been sunk in a reverie, and the old man's voice had rudely dispelled his dreams.

"Is the day breaking?"

"Yes."

"Withdraw the curtain—there, that will do—now come closer to me—closer still—now, I can see you," and the hard, stern, deeply-lined, livid features of Marmaduke Hutton, looking more ghastly in the cold grey dawnlight, when contrasted with the fresh,

smooth, comely visage of his relative, was turned upon the latter, as he said, "You have seen Pestlepolge's girl, Walter,—yes, yes, I saw your greedy eyes fixed upon her—ha! ha! she's a dainty bit, lad. You like her, Wat, eh?"

"Who? I? really, sir! I like Miss Pestlepolge!" stammered his petrified auditor.

"Yes, yes! I see you understand me,—all the better for you. Well, boy, you have seen her, eh?"

"I certainly have seen Miss Pestlepolge, sir; but then—"

"Nonsense, boy, you needn't pretend an affectation of simplicity. I could read what was passing in your mind yesterday, Wat, when you stood alongside of her on the balcony. You're in love, you rascal—in love at first sight—you dog, you!" and the old wretch, with a crackling laugh, fell back on his pillows, eying his dismayed nephew with infinite glee as he spoke.

"Really, uncle; you make a sad mistake," faltered Walter, as the suspicion flashed across his mind that the old man had lost his reason, "Miss Pestlepolge undoubtedly it a very nice girl."

"Ha! ha! ha! Pestlepolge's daughter is a nice girl, my nephew says," cried old Marmaduke, throwing his long skinny arms about the bed in an apparent delirium of mirth: "ho! ho! you're very far gone, sirrah! very far gone! and the sooner all is over, now that it's come to this, the better. He! he! I'll speak to Pestlepolge this very day, that I will; there's not a moment to be lost, for now that I've got a couple of lovers in the house I'll never fancy myself safe from all manner of tricks until they're fairly made man and wife—eh, Master Wat? A wedding! ho! ho! we'll have a brave wedding, my boy."

And old Hutton poked his fiendish lantern-jawed visage into the face of his poor relation.

"Hear me, uncle," said the young man, resolutely.

"I will hear nothing, boy," chuckled the rich old man, with evident glee, "you've told me yourself you love this girl—well! that's all very proper; her father is an old friend of mine—well! that's all very proper, too; the girl loves you, I believe—well! that's all right: you ask me to give you the means to keep a wife—well! I, like an old fool, open my purse-strings, and anticipating the natural order of events by a few years, meet your wishes even thus far. Now tell me," and Hutton's voice grew stern, and his wrinkled, deeply-ploughed, features lost their habitual cunning expression in the fierceness that for a moment flashed across them, "now tell me, ungrateful boy, what can mortal man do more?—I give you the girl of my heart; I shower down wealth and station upon you—you! a penniless outcast too indolent to work—too proud to beg! It is for such a wretch that I strip myself of all my hard-earned wealth, and receive only sullen looks and saucy

speeches for my pains. I tell you, boy, you shall marry Pestlepolge's girl before another week flies over your head, or this house shall be your home no longer."

"I'll take you at your word, sir."

"Hold—I have not said all," interrupted Marmaduke, grasping his arm with the force of a vice; "by your mother's will you are entitled to the round sum of five hundred pounds—five hundred pounds, mark you—a pitiful fortune, truly, for such a prodigal rascal. I've kept you for fifteen years in my house at a rate that would have swallowed up the interest of a score of such fortunes."

"How is our dear friend, this morning?" said the virtuous Pestlepolge, in an unusually mellifluous tone, as the door opened, "ah, my dear sir, you're a perfect wonder—a living phenomenon, as I tell my angelic Penelope—looking as fresh and as robust as a young Hereules—a perfect phenomenon," and the courtly Pestlepolge, whose looks and tongue were alike smooth and oily, as if both had undergone a good greasing, since that honest gentleman had risen from his rosy slumbers, stole noiselessly across the room, as if his splay feet, encased in red morocco slippers, were treading on cobwebs, and catching the invalid's hand in his own, pressed it to his heart, and lifted his eyes to the ceiling with every appearance of being quite absorbed in the immensity of his sensations.

"There! there, Pestlepolge!" growled Marmaduke, with sarcastic gruffness, "that will do quite well enough for once—the ceiling's rather grimy and cracked, I dare say. Old houses have that failing, you know, like old men—ha! ha!"

"My beloved friend, do not—I entreat you upon my knees—do not talk in that cruel manner. Old! old! age mellows and refines animate as well as inanimate things, but in a more lively degree. Old wine is racy—" and Pestlepolge smacked his withered lips in attestation of his assertion, "age is venerable and holy, age is patriarchal, and almost—if I dare venture on such a word—godlike. The wise and great men of all times—"

"Were very respectable vagabonds, no doubt," retorted Hutton, tartly, "but they're nothing to do with us now. You've just come in the nick of time to witness what you'd call the moral retribution of offended justice; you see my nephew," and old Marmaduke glanced over to that side of the bed, with withering contempt displayed in his sallow features, at which his nephew, in all the aroused and indignant dignity of his manhood, was standing, "you see my nephew, Pestlepolge," reiterated the rich old man, in pretty much the same tone as if he was speaking of his horse or dog, or even less, "Poh! you needn't look fifty ways to do that, man; he's big enough and bluff enough to be seen."

"Oh yes. My dear Mr. Walter, a very good morning to you. Pray allow me to take your place beside my respected friend," entreated Pestlepolge, in an insinuating tone. "Now, not a word;

I must use the privilege of age, and demand what in other circumstances I would solicit: you must really make way for me and get some rest—you really look very, very ill.” Pestlepolge spoke with evident concern, and there was anxiety in every tone of his oily tongue.

“Stand back one moment, Pestlepolge, if you please,” said old Hutton, in his usual cold sarcastic voice, “my nephew does not require rest, not he. He considers his education complete, and intends now to make a tour on foot through the kingdom to visit his friends—pray don’t stare in that way—we’ve just been talking it over, and although I’m very loath to part with him, yet I’m forced to let him go, and he sets off this morning—what are you staring at?”

“Who? I? oh nothing,” ejaculated his ancient friend, “I only thought, that is, I understood, it was all fixed.”

“Be kind enough, sir, not to think in future, or, at any rate, if you must think, please to keep your thoughts to yourself,” interrupted Marmaduke sternly, “what in the name of fortune is the matter with the man? Is it not a usual thing for young men to wish to see the world, eh? and to leave their old uncles to the mercy of strangers when they’ve had the good fortune to get flung from their horses and got their arms broken? ha! ha! especially when a couple of old greybeards like you and me, friend Humphrey, are scheming with might and main to do such a scamp as I’m describing a good turn for once in our lives. But cheer up, old sleekface, I say, cheer up, and put a good face on the matter! we’ll laugh and grow fat, and pledge the young vagabond in rare old claret, though he be a thousand miles away—aye, and find means to let him hear of it too, ha! ha! ha! We’ll keep open house, Pestlepolge, and make the whole country-side ring with our profligacy, ha! ha! ha!” roared old Marmaduke, as he finished by pulling his nightcap off his bald head, and flinging it into the palsied visage of his old ally: “we’ll live jovially and sleep soundly, my old buck; we’ll live like jolly bacchanals; and as for my scapegrace nephew, there, why he may set off on his travels this very minute, and a fair journey to him, say I. Robert, Robert,—hold, ring the bell, good Humphrey, and prop me up with those pillows; Walter and I must cry quits before he says good bye for ever. Where the deuce is old Robert? I want my cheque book one moment—my cheque book, to give nephew Walter his fortune, ha! ha!” and the old wretch laughed long and merrily as he said this, staring now at the bewildered face of his old friend, whose impatience and astonishment he seemed to delight to augment and confound; and now turning round to gloat on the unmoved, resolute, and noble form of his poor relation, who, with folded arms and placid countenance, stood on the opposite side, an observer, though an unparticipator, in the strange drama that was going on before him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Humphrey Pestlepolge, feebly, as a suspicion that his host had become deranged flashed across his mind; "we are merry, this morning, my dear sir, very merry we are, and it does my heart good to see it: my dear Mr. Walter enjoys it too, ha! ha!"

"Hold, there, friend Humphrey," growled old Marmaduke, suddenly raising himself in bed, as the old butler entered the room: "there's more tragedy than farce in all that Walter and I are doing, this fine morning; there, Robert," flinging down a heavy bunch of keys, "my cheque book and the inkstand; thank God I don't want spectacles, though I am old," and as he spoke, the rich old man's keen grey eye was lighted up with a gleam of triumph, as he settled himself to write the cheque, which he did with a firm unwavering hand, his yellow long fingers clutching the grey goose quill, a few simple strokes of which were about to make or mar the fortune of one whose being for so many years had been so intimately entwined with his own, and whose welfare he had sworn by the death bed of his only sister to nourish and cherish so dearly and tenderly;—was not the vow registered in God's heaven?

"Is Mr. Walter going to leave us?" faltered Humphrey, in a trembling voice, "I—I—had we not better call my daughter? I—I thought that—that—"

"Fiddlesticks!" growled old Hutton, testily, tearing the cheque out of the book as he spoke, "Wat cries quits, my dear fellow—we're going to be a jolly bachelor, friend Humphrey, a jolly bachelor, and we're going to turn traveller, with our gay five hundred pounds, wherewith, aided, it may be, by our fine person and manly bearing, we'll break the hearts and ruin the characters of hundreds of pretty chamber and barmaids with which England's thoroughfares abound. Ha! ha! hurra for the jolly bachelor, say we! And now, Mr. Walter Mordaunt, I pay you your fortune; you'll be kind enough to give me a receipt, nephew, and then you can go away and take old Robert and friend Pestlepolge with you, for I'm quite knocked up, and want sleep, so good bye, my jolly bachelor, and pleasant wanderings to you. Ha! ha! ha!" and the rich relation laughed long and merrily, as he fell back amongst his pillows once more.

"It is perhaps as well that we should part thus, sir," said Walter, firmly, as he stood for a moment gazing on the hard, old, wrinkled, wizend, age-stricken visage of his early protector, which yet wore, with all these tokens of time and decay, a keen, proud, and triumphant betrayal of successful malice; "we part now with the triumph, as you madly dream, on your side, and the shame on mine, be it so: I would not change it if I could, but if we should ever meet again on earth, our position shall be changed,—I, strong in my integrity and honour, will be triumphant, whilst you, mise-

rable in your old age, with your grey hairs steeped in guilt,—but no! I will not revile you—to God and your own conscience I leave the punishment of my wrongs.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed old Marmaduke, thrusting his saffron visage jeeringly towards the indignant young man, “ha! ha! how I like to hear him: ’tis as good as a farce, Humphrey. Go on! pray go on! To God and my conscience! ha! ha! You hear him, sir—now, now, pray go on!” and the old man, affecting a gaiety he little felt, laughed long and loudly, as he shook himself in bed, in defiance of his relative, “go on, for God’s sake, my dear sir, go on!”

“As for you, sir,” cried Walter, turning in disgust from his unnatural uncle, and confronting the trembling Pestlepolge, with anger, lofty indignation, contempt, and offended pride, warring by turns in his fine countenance; and as he spoke the young man strode up to his uncle’s guest, and hurled him from him as if he were of no more account than a senseless log: “for you, sir, I leave the holy recollection of having sown the seeds of passion and dissension in a house which, while its doors were yet undarkened by your presence, was the home of peace; for you, sir, I shall be preserved to be the instrument of God’s wrath and punishment on one whose outward form bears his image, whilst his dastardly heart—it is of you I speak—is the devil’s own. I pity your daughter more than I blame her, but I warn you, old man! as she has been the instrument of your triumph, so will she be the instrument of your downfall. And now I have said all: plot, and plan, and scheme, to your fall; carry a smooth fair face to the world, and strike, like cowards as ye are, in the dark; grasp all, and spare none! but as sure as I stand here this moment, your hour shall come—your downfall, though long delayed, shall be speedy, and this is an earnest of its coming,” and Walter’s vigorous arm was raised once more, and the next moment Pestlepolge was hurled to the floor. The immaculate Pestlepolge, whose bolstered sanctity and vinegarish sobriety had so raised the gall of honest Dick Burton,—trodden on, kicked, spit upon, spurned from him—and all this without any resistance being offered by the gentle victim, who hearing Marmaduke shriek murder, fire, and poison, as none but Marmaduke Hutton could shriek, and seeing his daughter rush wildly into the apartment, suffered himself to be treated thus vilely by the nephew of Marmaduke Hutton, even lay, as if soliciting another chastisement, long after Mordaunt had disappeared, and even old Hutton had grown calm, and could laugh and chuckle once more.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND now to say good-bye before I leave this place for ever," muttered Mordaunt under his teeth, as after a farewell survey of the home of his boyhood and youth he turned on his heel and struck vigorously along the dewy lawn across which the first rays of a sickly March sun were shining; "the die is cast, the Rubicon passed, and nothing is left for me now but to carry a brave heart and a good conscience through my struggles. I am young and strong, thank God," and as he spoke, the noble-hearted fellow glanced gaily down to his stalwart limbs, and his step grew more elastic and his heart beat lighter, as he did so, and then the memory of Dinah Linton flashed across his mind.

"Merry little Dinah," muttered he, half sadly, "what will the little rogue say to me now? she for one will surely applaud the step I've taken. God bless her blithe laugh; one cheery word from her tongue, one kindly glance from her coquettish eyes, one hearty shake of her pretty little hand, will do more to set my heart a beating merrily at this moment than all the fine promises of all the Marmaduke Huttons in the world. I could march to the cannon's mouth if Dinah wished it; I could brave hunger and want, and shame, and sorrow, if she only knew that I was true to her, and her to me. But I'm talking idly now, and time wears on. Heigho! that we should part thus, and so soon," and Walter sighed heavily, as he trudged on through the fields and across the hazel-copse where he had many a time and oft in bygone times lingered, until the first star glittered in the darkening heaven, with merry Dinah. Ah! those were blithe times, he thought now, and his heart welled up, and his breath came thick and short, as he dashed wildly on, and dared not to think until he reached the Abbey Farm.

How quiet, and peaceable, and lovely did it look!—the green, closely-shaven, lawn in front, with the trim flower-plots over which, sheltered from the cold nipping winter frosts, the primrose and the daffodil already flung their bloom, with here and there a lauristina or a bright Portugal laurel relieving with their dark leaves the sere and leafless bareness of the bushes; the turf itself as soft and delicate as the costliest velvet, the grey old walls embowered even thus early in a profusion of monthly roses, which reached up with a perfect shower of blossom to the very eaves; here and there a grey stone peeping out as if to tell of the age of the building; the lattices, with their bright diamond panes and their

snowy blinds and curtains : the huge elm in front, beneath whose leafy circle he had so often in the merry past sat long after the last bee had hummed its farewell vespers to its flowers, with those from whom he was so soon to part, for ever, perhaps :— his eye took in all these on the moment, as he stood half irresolute by the little wicket, and the memory of all the joys of which they had been the scene, flashed across his mind, and Walter felt his breast heave and his lip quiver as he thought of the past and the future—the past so bright and holy, the future so dark, so troubled, so appalling in the veil that hung before it ; and then Marmaduke Hutton's tyranny and his own warning to Peatlepolge came up once more to nerve him, and he strode on with a firm step and a proud bearing, and the next moment he was in the sunny parlour, which, all uncarpetted and bare, with the huge walnut-presses stowed away into a couple of deep recesses, the wide bay window filled with a tumultuous mob of sturdy chairs, the old portraits of many a grim Harding, turned face foremost to the wall, looked dreary and uncomfortable even to him.

Dreary and uncomfortable did the old room look to him at that moment ; he remembered it but as the scene of many a merry carousal, looking as bright and cheerful as it did but a short week before, when he had supped there with his friends ; it all looked like a dream now,—the merry group, the lively sallies of Dinah, the earnest sadness of honest Stephen, the gentle dignity of the old lady and pretty Lucy, and the blunt, good-humoured, sound sense of noble Dick Burton,—and now all was passed, the room was dismantled, the blithe glimmering of the fire was fled, and Walter would certainly have continued the comparison, had not the rustle of a silk gown been heard behind him, and Dinah herself, in the graceful carelessness of a morning dishabille, interrupted his musings.

“ Good morning to Mercutio ! ” cried Dinah, gaily, as she extended her hand, “ what brings our sober Walter so early to the Farm ? I saw you coming across the field, and fancied you would not object to joining us at breakfast.”

Oh Dinah ! Dinah ! well didst thou know that no mortal man whose heart was not made of stone could withstand the bewitching grace of thy presence : that low-shaped frock that half disclosed a bosom of such voluptuous plumpness : those dark humid eyes, whose arch glances were but half concealed by the long silky lashes, as with affected coyness and timidity they seemed to fall beneath the admiring gaze of poor Mordaunt : the rich vermillion of those dewy lips, and the dazzling clearness of that snowy brow, from which the long brown tresses were thrown back as if to show its marble smoothness : the coquettish neck, as exquisitely moulded as that of an ivory statue : the rarely chiselled arms, and the plump neat little figure, carried so airily, with one little foot

peeping from below the folds of the silk dress : the gay raillery of voice, and that indescribable joyousness so hard to represent, yet which sunk deep, deep into Mordaunt's heart. Oh Dinah ! mischievous little Dinah ! why, why did you try to break the poor fellow's heart at the very moment when burning with love for thee and hatred for his unnatural kinsman, he came to pour forth the long-treasured tale of undying boundless passion with which thou hadst inspired him ? Oh Dinah ! Dinah !

"Now Walter, pray do not keep me standing here in the cold," cried Dinah, pettishly, "we are just sitting down to breakfast, so come away. What is the matter, pray ?" and Dinah's merry face was placed quite close to the rigidly compressed lips of Mordaunt with a startled expression, as she concluded.

"Oh Dinah ! Dinah !" gasped Mordaunt.

"Walter, I don't like to be frightened," said Dinah, stamping her little foot ; "you have come to frighten me this morning, but I won't, and so you need not try. I don't care for your very grave face, sir."

"Dinah," said Mordaunt, with evident constraint, as he stood with folded arms before the merry coquette ; "I have come to bid you good bye, this morning."

"Good bye !" ejaculated Dinah, with a capital start ; "good bye, Walter ! now don't—I won't believe such nonsense."

"I'm serious. Mr. Hutton—"

"Pray don't mention the old fright," retorted Dinah, venomously, "I cannot bear even to hear his name. An old wretch ! But where are you going to, pray ? you surely are not on the point of setting off on your travels, Walter ?"

"Yes, Dinah. Hutton and I—"

"There again ! Hutton again ! Really, sirrah, if you dare to disobey my commands, I will never throw a thought away upon either you or him again. And you are really going to leave us ? and to-morrow we are to be so gay. Really, Walter, you must stay over to-morrow. You know how I revel in a quadrille, and I like to dance with no one so much as you."

"My dear Dinah—"

"Oh pray don't call me any such horrible names, Mr. Mordaunt," said Dinah, gaily ; "call me 'merry little Dinah,' or 'mischievous Dinah,' or any thing of that kind, by the hour, and I'll answer to it ; but 'my dear Dinah !' as if I were an old woman of eighty, and you my wretched white-headed husband—faugh Walter !" and Dinah curtsied with mock submission to Walter, as she spoke.

"I will call you gay little Dinah, then," said Walter, sadly, "and as I'm just on the point of saying, farewell, perhaps for ever, it is perhaps as well that you should be so merry."

"Merry ! would you have me sad because you are going away,

Walter?" quoth Dinah, lifting her laughing eyes to his mortified countenance.

"No, Dinah. I would picture you in my absence as the same gay-hearted, merry-tempered creature I have always beheld you heretofore. The thought of your cheerfulness would banish my despondency,—your happiness would lighten my misery."

"Goodness, Walter! you set my sins of gaiety in strong contrast: but prithee, my knight of the rueful countenance, what would you describe as the fitting type of my sorrow at thy absence? Shall I wear the willow, and dress in sables, and sigh and drop a tear whenever Walter Mordaunt's name is mentioned?"

"No, Dinah," said Walter, struggling to retain his composure; "God knows, that if a life's struggles would add one smile to that lovely brow, if my ceaseless devotion to your welfare could insure you from the evils of the world, if the loving proudly, tenderly, unceasingly, one of the merriest, happiest, gentlest, fairest, images of our mother Eve—"

The merry laughing eye was raised again—Walter's were dimmed with tears; tears are very infectious, and the sunny gleam passed from Dinah's as she gazed, the next moment, with a convulsive burst of weeping, she flung herself into his arms, crying out as she did so,

"I can't keep up this miserable deception longer. There! cast me from you, Walter, curse me, if you will, spurn me as my despicable conduct deserves, tear my image from your noble heart, hate and revile me, for I deserve it all. I have met your goodness with levity, your candour with hypocrisy; I fancied I could hide all from you, Walter,—that a merry laugh and a gay tongue could hide the breaking heart within, but I cannot carry it out. Have pity upon me, Walter; I am vain, and weak, and wayward, but I am not hard-hearted," and the little head shook convulsively as it lay on the lover's breast, and the sunny face was pale as alabaster, and quivered convulsively, and the long dark lashes were heavy with tears, and the voice had lost its merry laughter, but there was a melting pathos in its very murmurings that would have won an angel from his purpose, and the long tresses hung all dishevelled over the quivering countenance. And the bewitching form, the heaving breast, throbbing as wildly as if the imprisoned heart would fain have leaped from its niche and wedded itself to his own, the Hebe-like waist, more dazzlingly beautiful and fascinating than ever, lay in his arms at last. Oh moment of ecstatic transport! oh hour of delicious joy! it lay in his arms,—heart beating to heart, arm locked in arm, even those dewy lips lay close to his own, murmuring prayers, entreaties for forgiveness, exculpations for the merry coquetry of years, sweeter than all confessions of passionate love and affection. For him! for him! he grew dizzy with joy: he could have wept, had not a smile, like the glorious

sunbeam chasing away the storm-clouds from a darkened landscape, shot across Dinah's face,—the eyes grew radiant once more, the rosy blush illumined the pallid cheeks, the lips wore their merry pout once more, and then, transported with delight, Walter caught her to his breast: vows were given and exchanged, and just at that moment old Mrs. Harding's measured footsteps were heard traversing the long passage, and Dinah sprung from his arms like a timid fawn at the sound of the huntsman's horn.

"Hide yourself, Walter,—for heaven's sake run into that closet; here, creep in; grandmamma will wonder at your being here. Now, now!" and Dinah stamped on the floor with impatience as the steps came nearer and nearer, "she will suspect all, Lucy and Burton will never let me alone—oh you fool!"

"Nonsense, Dinah," retorted Walter, retaining his hold of her arm, though Dinah struggled hard to be free, "I must say good bye before I go, you would not have me run away without."

"Oh pray don't argue with me, Walter," retorted Dinah, angrily; "I'm really quite raged that I should have said any thing about the matter. Grandmamma will see at a glance that we are just saying good bye in a commonplace way, and that I'm full of good wishes and all that sort of thing for your welfare, and really our position is quite picturesque,—me leaning on your arm so; you with respectful gallantry holding my arm thus. Oh pray do not nip quite so hard—now—the most prudish lady would approve of our arrangement; and lo! here comes grandmamma," and as Dinah spoke, the old lady, with placid dignity, sailed into the room.

"Good morning, Walter, how is Mr. Hutton this morning?" demanded she, unsuspectingly diving at once into the middle of the mischief: "you look heated and flurried, my dear. And here is Dinah, too, with the tears in her eyes. Why, what is the matter?" and the old lady's keen glance was fixed enquiringly on her niece as she demanded, "you are not ill, child, are you?"

"Oh no, ma'am; Walter, that is, Mr. Mordaunt," said Dinah, in a tone of voice, the sweetness of which thrilled the young man's heart more than all her bewitching beauty had ever done, "Mr. Mordaunt talks of leaving us, that is all."

"Leave us, and why?" echoed the old lady, transferring her gaze to Mordaunt himself.

"Simply, Mrs. Harding, because I wish to push my fortunes in the world," rejoined Walter, dropping Dinah's hand, and taking that of the old lady; "I feel that my uncle and I can never live happily together, and with this impression I have this morning bade him farewell, and have now stopped for a few moments on my way to Hereford to say good bye to my oldest and dearest friends."

"Walter Mordaunt," said the old lady, sadly; "is it possible

you can leave your uncle in his present distress? His home sheltered your childhood and early youth, and now on the commencement of your manhood, for a few cold words, for an unkind act, it may be, you trample upon the kindness of a lifetime. Walter! Walter! I did not expect this from you."

"When Mr. Hutton himself betrayed by his actions," said Walter, hotly, "that he considered me an obstacle in the way of his schemes, by proposing plans the non-adoption of which was the forfeiture of his favour, and when I found that the place I had so long filled in his house was already usurped by another,—then, my kind old friend, I felt that want itself was preferable to such dependence; even you cannot condemn me for that," and then with an altered voice he said, "but time flies swiftly, and it is only lengthening the pain of parting to prolong it. God grant that I may return to you under happier auspices. I shall meet Stephen as I go down the road to the mill. Once more, good bye. I can never forget your kindness to me," and the young man raised the old lady's feverish hand to his lips, and snatching a kiss from Dinah which that volatile young lady's distress prevented her withholding, muttered something about Lucy which might or might not be a message of farewell, and pulling his hat over his eyes, rushed wildly out of the room, and was half way down the road, before either the quiet Mrs. Harding or saucy Dinah Linton had exchanged a single glance of astonishment or dismay. At length, with a forced titter, which let the old lady very clearly into the secret of all that had passed between the lovers, Dinah flung out of the room, and took revenge upon her misanthropy by drinking her tea scalding hot, tilting the cakes, Lucy's delicate cakes, into the slop-basin, and well-nigh overwhelming a basket-full of pet kittens in the contents of an over-loaded work-table, the fall of which was mainly owing to the flutter with which she witnessed the entry of cousin Stephen, with a woefully melancholy countenance, into the room, who, snatching up his riding-whip with one hand, rang the bell with the other, to tell one of his men to follow him to Dick Burton's with his horse, whilst he talked as fast as his lips could move to one and all about Mordaunt's extraordinary step, whereat Dinah's discomposure waxed strong upon her, acquiring Stephen's acerbity and fidgetiness, she became so perfectly unbearable that she was forced to take refuge in her own little chamber, to save her reputation for good humour and patience.

"Mother, I very likely won't be home till late, so don't be alarmed," said Stephen, as he drew on his boots.

"Stephen, my love," said the old lady, "are you going to set Walter to Hereford?"

"If he goes, I go," rejoined the young man, starting up; "I'd hardly let him leave without going the first stage on the highway

of life with him. Lucy, dear, my best coat and waistcoat—and to think of his setting off in this way.”

“They never did agree, Stephen, love,” said the old lady, in a deprecating tone.

“And who was to blame, mother? That old rascal Hutton, to be sure—now don’t try to stop me—that old villain, to be sure. Walter is the best-tempered fellow alive, though I say it myself. Hutton treated him like a brute. But I must be going, or Walter will get away without me. I will be home by dark. Burton is almost beside himself about poor Wat. Good bye one and all,” and buttoning his coat as he went, Harding snatched up his whip, and was out of sight in a moment.

CHAPTER IX.

NEVER was there seen such a commotion in the most obstreperous household in the world as that which all this while was going on right under the nose of Barbara Burton, who, savage, and sour, and venomous as usual, had all but driven her three half-frightened maids, the two miller’s men, Dick’s old dog Smouch, and a venerable grey cat, Barbara’s prototype for ill-humour, into a perfect fever of activity and astonishment, all of which was entirely owing to Walter Mordaunt’s setting forth into the world to seek his fortunes.

Barbara herself was seated at the breakfast-table, busily engaged in the act of satisfying a very hungry appetite at the moment when Stephen arrived, varying her occupation at every moment by scolding Dick and Walter, neither of whom seemed to pay much attention to what she said, the latter, in fact, was just on the point of saying good bye as he entered.

“You’re a ne’er-do-well, Walter Mordaunt,” rejoined the young lady, with no very gracious countenance, as she swallowed her well-buttered toast, with one eye turned to Walter; “and setting off with all the pride in the world, too, to seek your fortunes: your fortunes, sirrah, will be a jail and the gallows, and that’s what I’ve told Richard fifty times. Of course he’s going to set you to Hereford—any thing for a holiday! Oh to be sure! and

here's Stephen Harding come to convoy you, too ! a pretty escort, marry ! and a fine outgoing, truly, from your dounce, decent, well-lived uncle's house ! But go your own gaits, the whole three, and much good may it do ye," and Barbara's thin red-tinted nose curled itself most disdainfully and defyingly up in the very sight of the three young men, as they one and all marched out of the presence of poor Barbara, who tried in vain to imitate their composure.

"Let us walk briskly forward ; it will keep us warm, for the morning is very chill," said Walter, cheerfully, as they gained the top of the hill from which the little Herefordshire village, with its old-fashioned gothic church and quiet parsonage, its unpretending cottages, each embosomed in its own garden and orchard, the smithy and the one neat, tidy inn lifting their somewhat more lordly gables and chimneys above their compeers, was distinctly visible ; "we have a long three hours walk before us, and there's plenty of time to talk over all our plans,—my plans, I should have said," and Walter smiled, as happy twenty-one, with a light heart and a spirit that has yet to take its first dark leap into the world, can only smile. His plans ! God help him ! they might have been covered with a nutshell, as he afterwards said.

The very word, however, had its fascination for his companions, —they were both very grave, but the word possessed a talisman to open their hearts which the most potent spell could not have otherwise achieved. Dick proffered an invitation to the mill, but this was instantly rejected, as was likewise Stephen's pecuniary assistance.—Walter had plenty of money, and had a fancy to see the world a bit before he settled down to anything,—this announcement of course unsettled everything,—what plans could avail a fellow who might roam about for a year or two before he took to anything. Dick began to wish he was out of business, and well rid of Barbara,—but then the mill ! ah, Dick felt all a parent's love for the dear old place,—he had grown up under its shadow,—the splash of the old wheel had lulled him to sleep in childhood, and the old hanging woods that surrounded it, and added to its snugness, had been the scene of his boyhood's adventures ; and Lucy,—ah ! Dick, much as he loved Walter, loved Lucy and his home more, and the storm was soon allayed.

Stephen had his struggles too,—his temperament was more ardent and volatile than our friend the miller's, and he felt Walter's loss, more keenly, though not more deeply, than the latter, he was not in love either, but there was his mother and Lucy, and Dinah,—he had an intense desire to see the world, too, and would have walked to the very Arctic circle itself, with our hero, but alas ! duty pulled one way, and inclination another, and the former conquered.

"You are not going out of the country, Walter," said he, as

they paused at the top of a steep hill,—“there is enough surely for any reasonable fellow to see in England.”

“I don’t know, Stephen,”—rejoined Walter, taking off his hat, “I am quite a creature of circumstances, just now,—I shall not leave England for the mere sake of wandering,—neither shall I remain in it, if nothing turns up in the chapter of accidents to my advantage.”

Stephen sighed and looked very miserable, whilst Burton, humming a merry tune, trudged bravely forward, urging on his companions to put a greater distance between Marmaduke Hutton’s house and themselves; and whilst under this feeling, they were all toiling up another hill, the sound of carriage wheels was heard behind them, and drawing to one side to allow their fellow travellers to pass; they had just achieved this, when there came galloping at full speed, towards them, a chaise and four, with postillions, who urged on their horses to their fullest speed, apparently under orders from a gentleman within, who leaning half out of the window, our travellers presently discovered to be Mr. Pestlepolge.

Mr. Pestlepolge it most certainly was, and very hot and very impatient he appeared to be, and by his side, in strange contrast, so lethargic and impassive, contrary to his wont, did he appear, sat Marmaduke Hutton, who by chance, as it appeared, lifted his eyes as they whirled past Walter and his companions, and regarded him with an unconscious glance, as if in entire ignorance of the latter’s relationship to himself.

Pestlepolge’s glance at our travellers expressed mingled triumph and sanctimoniousness, but the equipage was out of sight in a moment, and when Walter looked round again, and saw no traces of it, he could scarcely believe that it was anything more than a dream.

“He’ll kill that old rascal,” growled Dick, giving himself a rough shake, as he sprung into the road again; “Why, Walter my lad brighten up, and don’t look so glum, because you’ve seen those two serpents,—had they been a couple of devils, you couldn’t have put a worse face on the matter,—they’ll get to Her’ford before us, that’s all, and perhaps, by the way they’re driving, may catch an overturn, and old Marmaduke get his other leg broken,—who knows? at any rate the jolt of the old chaise will scarcely mend the one he has,—ha! ha!”

Walter drew his hat over his eyes, and walked on without speaking, and Burton continued:—

“What a change half a dozen years may make,—could we all, at the expiration of that time, stand once more on this very spot: and at one glance, behold all that has happened to us; what changes we would have to relate,—old friends dead or estranged,

—new ones made, old ties broken,—old feelings forgotten,—one, perhaps, with half a dozen noisy children, lugging at his heart-strings,—another, jilted by his mistress, forswearing matrimony,—Walter rolling in his carriage.”

“Or trudging wearily a-foot,” interposed his auditor with a painful smile.

“Granted,—fortune is at times a laggard, though she rarely fails to visit those who have a lodging ready-furnished for her,—half-a-dozen years hence you may still be doomed to walk a-foot, and though it is not so easy a way to get through the world as the other; yet still you may not be the most unfortunate creature of the trio.”

“I’ll bear up through all, if it were only under the belief, that some day or other I shall live to wipe off the heavy score I have against Marmaduke Hutton and this Pestlepolge,” said Walter, fiercely.

“That’s right said,” cried Dick approvingly, “there are some thin-skinned wretches even in England who profess to cry down personal retribution, but only keep a tight eye on all such, and you’ll see that it’s always such saints, that strike the furthest home, when they dare.

“I hate hypocrisy as much as any man alive,—it’s heathenish and un-English; but God I’m sure will never like the coward who is afraid to punish an intentional injury,—mind, I don’t want to inculcate our arrogating to ourselves the right of stabbing, and cutting, and maiming, our enemies, whenever the humour takes us,—that’s regular devilish, and Yankeeish,—but when you catch hold of a villain who has done you an ill-turn, dare him to a regular stand-up fight, and if he tries to play the sneak, give him a good thrashing, it’s your right, for all the dirt he’s flung in your face afore, but don’t stab him,—don’t draw blood,—it’ll cry for vengeance upon you: and as sure as there’s a God in heaven, he will repay it.

“And now, lad’s, I’m both hungry and thirsty, and we’ll not get a handier place to bait at, ’twixt here and Her’ford, as the ‘Jolly Millers,’ and so, with your leave, we’ll pull up here and rest a bit,—we’ll have a snack, and our pipes, and whilst we’re resting, we can talk over Walter’s prospects,—eh! Watty?”

And with a cheery welcome from the jovial landlord of the “Jolly Millers,” (who might very well have represented his own sign had any accident happened to the latter, and who was standing sunning himself at his door, the ample width of which, his portly person completely blocked up,) our three travellers were ushered into the snuggerly behind the bar;—the best parlour

of the "Jolly Millers," as the possessor informed them, being at that moment occupied by a gentleman whose chaise and pair was then and there safely ensconced in the "Jolly Miller's," coach house and stable.

CHAPTER X.

"He must be some mighty great man, surely, gentlemen," said the landlord, in a confidential tone, as he placed the remains of a sirloin of beef before Dick and his friends, referring to the guest whose sacred person was then and there duly ensconced in the "Jolly Millers'" best parlour,—“he must be some great person, entirely, by the way he orders about the post-boy that brought him, and the long-legged thing in yellow plush shorts, he calls a flunky, that rode behind i' the rumble,—and then to see his lordly air, and to hear his loud rough voice, giving orders; and the sight o' things he wanted for dinner,—muncheon as he calls it."

"Luncheon, Wanley," said Dick, in a corrective tone.

"Luncheon, or muncheon, it's all one, gentlemen,—and to my mind the latter's the better word,—he must be some terrible great man, if it's only from the way he travels;—he makes the boys drive him like mad, and Jack Bradley says the last'un killed one hos stone dead on Briery Lonnin' entirely from hurry,—but here he comes from his muncheon, and now you'll get a glimpse of him,—ah! he's a great portly man, if there never was another,—Lord! Master Richard, he'd make two of me, that he would,—he's a Lon'on Alderman, in my mind, and nothing else, but I must go to him, or he'll turn the whole house out o' windows,—that he will."

The three friends had hurried to the door after the landlord, whose description of his strange guest had rather excited their curiosity,—the latter was on the point of getting into the chaise, and was giving his orders to the post-boy, in a very loud tone, which grew still louder on his perceiving that his departure had

attracted spectators to the spot ; he was a large, portly, commanding looking man, with a stern, fresh complexioned face, the deep well-cut lines of which, seemed to have taken a tone of decision, and authority, from the habitual current of his thoughts and actions ; even the very folds of his dress seemed to have moulded themselves into a deferential submission to his wishes ; he wore knee-breeches, probably to display the turn of a well-shaped leg, and the large pin in his black satin stock, together with the bright massy buttons of his coat and vest, were absolutely dazzling in their undimmed magnificence.

"Now landlord, you are quite sure that post-boy knows the Abbey Farm, at N———, Harding is the name of the people that live at it,—it is very important that you should distinctly understand that he does, for I have pressing business to transact with these people, and if he should in mistake carry me to the wrong house, I'll make mincemeat of him, I will,—these Hardings—."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Stephen, placing himself in front of the portly gentleman.

"Who are you, sir, if I may enquire?" demanded the other, drawing back in surprise,—“I'm not aware that you have any business to transact with me.”

"I hope you will excuse my intruding myself upon you, but I am the son of Mrs. Harding of the Abbey Farm, and as I happened to hear you just now say, that you had business to transact with my mother."

A broad stare, and then a very hearty smile, overspread the ruddy features of the great man, at this announcement ; then he stretched out his hand and shook Stephen's very warmly, and began to talk louder and faster than ever :—

"You're Stephen Harding, are you?—your name is Stephen, if I recollect right?—very well met we are, my lad ; for, as I said just now, I have business to transact with your mother, or you, or both of you, I scarcely know which, and so, if you will jump into the chaise with me, I'll give you a lift homewards, for I'm in a hurry and can't wait,—come, jump in, sir,—landlord, let down the steps !"

"My dear sir, let me have one word, if you please," interposed Stephen, smiling at the other's impetuosity, "I am very happy to have met with you, but at this precise moment I am just on the point of taking leave of a very dear friend,"—pointing to Walter, who, with Dick Burton, had retired to a little distance, "and therefore, I must follow you home, as I wish to see him off by the London coach."

"He's going to London, is he," rejoined the other, quickly ; "all the better, for we can be company together, if he will wait till to-morrow, and that will suit all parties, if my plan is adopted ;

if your friend is not pressed for time, the loss of a day, spent at this little road-side inn, will be of no consequence; and as you can return with me to-morrow to say good-bye, you can have no objection to accompany me home for the night:—I have pressing business with you, which I will acquaint you with as we go down: so now inform those gentlemen of this new arrangement, and then we'll be off."

Walter was quite willing to remain where he was until the following day, and as Dick agreed to bear him company, the affair was quickly arranged to the strange gentleman's wishes, and the strangely assorted pair were, in another minute, seated in the latter's chaise, Stephen having previously seen Walter and the miller set off with a couple of the landlord's guns over their shoulders, and a brace of dogs scampering at their heels, to wile away the time with snipe-shooting.

We will follow the travellers, who by dint of whip and spur, were fast advancing to the end of their journey,—the portly gentleman had at first reclined in his corner of the chaise, apparently absorbed in thought, but as time crept on he began to break the silence both had observed, by enquiring after the manner in which his companion's household was conducted, in a way which proved that he knew very intimately the circumstances of his fellow-traveller with an accuracy that proved rather puzzling to Stephen, who was quite at a loss to know from whence he derived his information.

"Your mother and one sister, live with you?" he demanded.

"Yes,—and a cousin."

"Ah yes! a young girl I believe."

"Yes,—how do you know?"

"You shall learn directly,—this young girl is called Dinah Linton."

"You seem to know all my connections very well," said the young man, with a little irritation in his manner.

The portly gentleman laughed and rubbed his hands, whilst his keen grey eyes twinkled with a very shrewd expression.

"And about this young girl," continued he in a more anxious tone, "describe her to me,—is she tall or short? handsome or ugly? grave or gay? come sir! does she play or sing,—enthusiastic or romantic?"

"How should I know," rejoined his companion in a tone of pique, "do you think I have time to study my cousin's accomplishments or attributes."

"Hoity, toity, Mr. Harding, what chimera have you got into your head now," retorted the portly man, with the same imperturbable smile, "you could if you would, I'll answer for it,—perhaps my question is impertinent, only because it leads me to suspect that

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you have studied only too deeply your cousin's accomplishments,—tell me ! is it not so ?”

Stephen made an angry gesture, but did not speak.

“You have studied Dinah Linton so earnestly, as to end by falling in love with her, my dear sir.”

“What the devil have you to do with that,” growled Stephen, who was gradually losing all command of his temper ; “am I not free to come and go and woo whom I please.”

“Most certainly,” responded the stranger, drily.

“Then who authorises you—” Stephen paused, for a loud hearty laugh made him leave unsaid what was about to follow ; and the very sight of the round, good humoured, portly visage of his companion, infected him on the instant, and joining in the laugh, his ill-temper was instantly thrown to the winds,—and for several minutes the conversation remained at a stand-still, until the strange gentleman, laying his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder, said :—

“I can see that my supposition was incorrect,—Dinah Linton will never be your wife.”

“Why?” enquired the young man.

“For many reasons,—the most cogent, because you do not love her sufficiently,—and now let us talk about the friends we have left behind at the little inn,—who are they ?”

Stephen began to feel communicative all at once, “the tall young man is the nephew of a neighbour of ours,—he is a fine high mettled, adventurous, lad.”

“He is very handsome,” muttered the other, as if speaking to himself.

“And as good as he is handsome :—were Dinah Linton to marry at all, I'd sooner give her to Mordaunt than any one I know ;” and Stephen looked important for once.

The stranger smiled at the speech,—the smile was a most singular one, and puzzled Stephen sorely.

“You would,—would you ?” said he at length, “probably he is rich ?”

A minute before, Stephen would have enlightened his companion as to Walter's prospects, but that smile had frozen his communicativeness, and he did not reply : presently he began to wonder who this man, who, from his conversation and manner, was evidently wealthy, and whose character seemed an odd compound of pride and *bon-hommie*, could be, and what motives he could have for visiting himself,—he glanced up before he put the question, but the stranger's face wore such a stern air of defiance or pride, his keen grey eyes had something at once so malevolent and decisive in their expression, that he drew himself more closely up into his own corner, and remained silent.

Presently the stern man said, "does this young girl love Mor-daunt, sir?"

"I do not know;—they have been companions from childhood."

"Has she never in any manner betrayed, by look or manner, her preference of him to you, or anyone else?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"I depend upon your candour," said the stout gentleman, with an inclination of his head.

Stephen smiled, notwithstanding his reserve:—presently the chaise drew up, and the stranger looking out, recognized the long, picturesque, many-gabled front of Mrs. Harding's farm,—with the old elms standing in a stately double row in front of the garden.

"You make little alteration in the exterior of your house," said he, with a more agreeable smile; "those trees were in leaf when I was last here, in your father's time."

"Our house is old, though strong, and my mother does not like change," replied the young man.

"Neither in person nor dwelling, I perceive," said the other, as he recognized the still comely features and erect form of the widow approaching the gate, "how well she looks! and that sunny-haired hebe-like girl at her side,—is that your sister?"

"No, my cousin!"

The stranger's eyes gleamed with a sudden light, as he murmured:—

"How beautiful!—the image of her mother, when—"

The sentence was not completed in the hurry of meeting.

* * * * *

That night the whole household, with the exception of Stephen Harding, retired to rest in tears.

THE GARDEN AND THE PRISON.

[Written on hearing that the site on which Tothill Fields Prison now stands,
was formerly laid out as a garden.]

BY MRS ABDY.

Oh ! scene, once devoted to innocent pleasures,
How changed is the aspect that now you assume !
Here Spring poured her sweetest and earliest treasures,
Here Summer smiled forth in her brightness and bloom ;
Here clustering lilies, and beautiful roses,
Rejoiced in the sunbeams, revived in the showers,—
This building, a sorrowful contrast discloses,
To the soft peaceful region of blossoms and flowers.

Thus we deem, till we turn to the soothing conviction,
That the fiat of Justice with Mercy is fraught ;
The culprits here placed beneath meet jurisdiction,
Too long have remained unenlightened, untaught :
Restraint, for a time, may their liberty fetter,
But good shall accrue from the ill they deplore,
When they pass from these precincts, grown wiser and better,
And tread in " the way of transgressors " no more.

How many here learn in their hours of probation,
On their past sinful courses with sorrow to look ;
How many, removed from ensnaring temptation,
Here dwell on the words of the Lord's Holy Book ;
How many acknowledge the truth of their sentence,
Resolve with the virtuous in future to live,
And pour forth the deep, fervent prayer of repentance,
To the God who is ever rejoiced to forgive.

No trace of the bright, countless flowers is remaining,
That once in this spot gaily blossomed and died ;
'Tis a scene now of higher and holier training,
The good that it works shall through ages abide ;
And we cannot conceive it a dwelling of terrors,
When we feel the glad thought in our bosom arise,
Of the sinners here won to repent of their errors,
Whose souls shall hereafter exist in the skies.

Festus, a Poem. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Barrister-at-Law.
Second Edition. London : 1845.

ALL great poems, or, in other words, all poetry which deals greatly with universal truths, as illustrated in any phase of the mysterious development of our common nature, in its relations to God and man, must be religious ; the very essence of them is religious, as all Hebrew, Greek, and Roman examples confess ; nor, since the date of our own era, can this predominating characteristic be other than the Christian.

' Poetry is itself a thing of God,
He made his prophets poets ; and the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers.
All great lays, equals to the minds of men,
Deal more or less with the Divine. * * *
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots ;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God."

Festus. Poem, p. ii.

The favourable or unfavourable aspect of revelation to poetical invention, or the modification of the laws of epopée by the diffusion

of Christianity, opens up an inquiry of much interest for both poet and critic, but it is a question on which we cannot enter. The mind must be lifted up into a state of belief; and as life is such an enigma, and the heart such a wonder, men have been prepared, at all times, to accept very favourably any outline of a solution, by the intervention of supernatural machinery. For the execution of this project, it is quite clear that Christianity presents the most elevated and cheerful platform. All that we can now hint at is, that there must ever be the due observance of certain reverential conditions for its exhibition. While the exclusive character of all ultimate rule in the world necessitates reference to it, and every fair allowance is to be made to the laws of construction, we must emphatically protest against the revival, now-a-days, of those familiarities with the awful names of the Deity, which seemed permitted in the middle ages. We should say that the introduction of the Deity, or of any of the three persons of the Trinity, as interlocutors, in any Christian poem, is contrary to the canon we speak of. Poetical convenience must not violate the *quid decet* of our generous but most awful religion.

Christianity, a term which stands for more than any other in the moral universe, must continue to regulate, with more or less of visibility, all the circumstances of our time—all the minds of our age. Our finest creations in poesy will be in accordance with it, and great in proportion as they are so. Cowley, indeed, remarks, that "all the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted species of poesy, or are at the best materials in the world for it;" but we shall never have any successful work, either of the tragic or epic genus, which shall be taken from these historical sources. The Christian poet cannot have the same privilege of treating his own fable which the heathen exercised over his materials of popular belief. It is in the spirit, not in the letter of our religion—in the great, free, joyous, liberal, illuminating spirit of Christianity, as acting and re-acting upon the age, that we shall find the elements of success, if we are to have another great, or religious poem—one which shall possess for its complement of attractions, the required combination of the *dulcia* with the *pulcha*. Clearly is the element vital, clearly is the scope immense. He who would be the poet of this age, will partake most largely of the religious spirit of his time. The aspects and conjunctions of the spiritual heavens, and the spiritual earth, will have been let down, as it were, into his very being. He will not merely be replenished with the insight which shall reveal to him the purely mortal form and pressure of his times—but realise the significance of his destiny—the permanent relations of his race—the substances which lie beneath these visual shadows—the fearful but veritable opposites which meet in them—the life and the death—the fleeting and the eternal. It will not be allowed to have him serving at the altar

of the unknown god, with all manner of costly gifts and sacrifices, as the manner of some is. He will take the Christianity as we have it, in the Bible, and in the great heart of civilization, for the rule, and guidance, and hope of man. He will not strive to erect a hollow philosophy into a substantial faith, or a cloudy theory into a spiritual life; environed by a universe of realities, he will not seek to build a dwelling-place of shadows. When all within and all without us, tell him that it will not do to mock man's heart with new versions of its old pride and weakness, he will not foster the infatuation, or propagate the delusion. As a poet he will bring nearer the actual and the ideal—he will infuse more and more of the heroic into the practical. The man who expresses most finely and largely the Christian element of the age he lives in—whose verse images, albeit but shadowily, the vital forms of power, or love, or hope, as they inform its genius, or direct its works—who invokes the heart of his great nation for his muse, and has the ability to utter its inmost impulse in suitable language—belongs to the sacred choir of the bards of all time.

The poem before us evolves a system of truth. The author evidently regards his fiction as truth, and his scheme, with all its allegorical evolution, as including his theory of the universe. We pronounce no opinion upon the theory: to the author it may comply with all the conditions of philosophy or revelation,—to us, certainly, it is not so satisfactory,—to all, however, it will be found full of hope and progress; in technical language it may be summed up as a combination of Trinitarianism, Calvinism, and Universalism—but an attempt so arduous demands our respect, and the earnest spirit of the achievement shall receive from us more than the ordinary meed of appreciation. The world within the man is here trying, with the best lights, to fashion out the world without, and not all in vain.

So far as the truth announced is concerned, irrespective of allegorical disguises, the author speaks as all true bards have ever spoken:

“He spake inspired:

Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired:
Like blood to his heart.”

As poet-priest, to allow him the highest title he aspires to, he reveals his own gospel in the guise of a drama, which proceeds historically to illustrate a destiny. So that here we have not so much an artistic plot of a poem, as a theologic plan of the world. As a work of art, the plan is faulty from its very comprehensiveness—as the Aristotelians would say, it is “too large to be seen at once;” but it is a work of faith, and the poetry, great and diver-

sified as it is, is so subservient to the religion and philosophy, that we might fitly style the whole as a book of spiritual truth, edited by the Muses. Our poet's fable is the man's creed : it is a song of Belief, in object the noblest, in execution ranking with the completest of any in the whole range of modern productions.

The order of the poem rests on the election of Festus to salvation, and may, therefore, lie open to the serious objection that all sorts of episodes might be introduced without deranging its plan. So far as the scheme is concerned, there is no reason why, instead of there being but one, there should not be twenty volumes. Every thing will depend upon the ability and judgment with which the author fills up the intermediate scenes. And, acceding every qualification for the task, we must admit the marvellous condition of so world-wide a plan. The unity of interest which should make each part help the whole, either by development of characters or issues, cannot be pretended to be observed. As it stands we must take it, liberally, as exhibiting a sectional view of human life and destiny ; and instead of looking for an accurate interdependence of scenes, look at them for the development of a life-theory and vital confession of creed : albeit when once we have resolved the plan, we must say that there is as much of high art as genius displayed in the general management.

The only unity that can be predicted of the poem arising out of the sovereign election of the hero to salvation, once duly seen into, we shall find no incongruity in the choice of incidents, or in the machinery, whether ordinary or supernatural. The conduct of the poem, or the creation of the story of the awful interval between the extremities of election and salvation, is the great labour : but after the first scene (the annunciation of the decree in heaven), all apprehension of failure vanishes, although no mortal can be sufficient for such things. The poet has then to harmonize the subordinate parts into one whole, arising out of this decree of fate, and all this is to be carried forward to illustrate man's faith in God's goodness and wisdom.

The fundamental ideas are, in common language, the revealed ones. So far as the Bible and tradition are concerned (and they have all to do with it), the plot comes out of the heart of them. We mean that all the "machinery" employed, and the main truth expressed, may be justified by reference to the Bible, or the voice of clear tradition. But as the interest does not turn on any specific action, trial, or temptation,—as there is no crisis for the individual which does not include the species,—no exode for the hero which does not embrace all,—all the incidents are clearly framed for the convenience of what may be termed bardic revelation, and for the exposition of spiritual realities. While we frankly acknowledge the really creative energy displayed in all the supernatural

scenes, especially in the first and last scenes in Heaven and Hell, we may still assert that the interest of the whole poem turns mainly on the discourse of his characters; as they do nothing but talk, it is their talk which constitutes the interest,—the acts of the drama are the grand dialogues. They are emphatically dialogues, with characters, both male and female, contrasted in discourse. Soliloquies are interspersed occasionally, some of which are magnificent as declamations or delineations; and lyrical pieces of various merit—some of much sweetness, and fit for operatic uses.

Festus is the personification of Faith, and its supremacy over the Will, the Reason, and the Passions,—the Royal, the Noble, and the Popular portions of the human constitution. In the idea of developing his destiny, and on the method of doing so, as illustrative of a sublime Faith, which presupposes the co-existence of all Scepticism, we have the real and formal unity of the poem.

Festus is taken at his prime of intellect and passions—and it is his Soul that is unfolded.

One bard shews God as He deals with states and kings;
Another as he dealt with the first man;
Another as with Heaven and earth and hell;
Our's, as He loves to order a chance soul
Chosen out of the world, from first to last,

Poem, p. vi.

There is no particular action or series of acts to be done, or canonically developed: it is not with any predominating lust or passion, or interest, that we are dealing, but with spirit in the highest aspect of its powers,—its God-ward aspirations,—in its necessary relations with other spirits; in its yearnings for the sublimest revelations and highest hypothesis of being,—in its manifold mode of exegesis, by virtue of powers, and faculties that ally it with all the good and evil of the universe.

We are conducted, therefore, not by narrative, but by exposition, illustrated by incidents of fictitious situation. There is a progressive culmination of interest as we approach the catastrophe of universal judgment and redemption; yet it is not accomplished by the evolution of plots, but rather by the aggregation of mental experiences and possibilities. And we are carried along throughout a gorgeous series of self-moral-led scenes; now transacting the highest behests in the many-shaped homes of the blessed, now among the cities and fields of earth, now in the very centre, now in the air; and with the good Muse ever soaring, or surveying or discussing, or weeping, or rejoicing, or philosophising: and always recognizing the beauty, gentleness, and grandeur with which the hero is conducted into eternity.

The work is making way, as all genuine workers must, with no questionable result, both at home and in the United States, where especially it seems to have attracted unusual interest. If not the most perfect Poem of the century, "*Festus*" certainly abounds with some of the finest poetry in our language.

GREEN POINT.

(TABLE BAY.)

Stars in the sky, eve's shadow on the hill,
And, save the voice of ocean, all is still !
The light leaves scarcely with a tremor play,
And dewy blossoms droop along the spray.
But the white surge comes bounding to the shore,
And the cliff answers to its angry roar.
For, where the Cape of Storms heaves high its steep,
The clear South Easter foams along the deep,
Whirls the wild spray in gusts of driving snow,
And sweeps with its salt shower the reeling prow.
While round each winding bay and jutting rock
The glassy swell rolls with its thunder shock,
Or deepening, vast and sullen, heaves away
To the lone isles beneath descending day.
Here, vaulting like a giant steed, his mane
Tossed in white splendour back along the plain
Of the streaked sea, it booms against the feet
Of the rude granite in a snowy sheet ;
While the tall vessel idly spreads the sail
That listless flaps to chide the lingering gale,
And the hull rolls, with slow and heavy sweep,
Heaved on the bosom of the panting deep.

In their primæval silence, through the skies
Shoot forth the clustering stars with wakening eyes.
In Evening's bosom glowing, Hesper's rays
Streak the dim ocean with a flutt'ring blaze—

Whose misty spire shoots playfully on high,
 Where the wave mingles with the dark'ning sky.
 Now, like an angel banner on the deep.
 The star, broad blazing, lingers till it steep
 Its gathered folds of radiance where the West
 Reflects the unpeopled heaven on the breast
 Of seas now dimmed, which mourn, their glory gone,
 The lifeless splendours of an empty throne.
 Well mightst thou, star of beauteous glory, be
 To darker hearted men a deity.

But yet bursts forth the flash of Sirius wildly,
 And the still Centaur's radiance beaming mildly.
 And thou—of equal splendour—Nameless One!
 Whose redd'ning glory, to our sires unknown,*
 Nursed in the secret of a boundless home,
 The youngest mystery of heaven, has come
 To wondering eyes; what tidings are in thee
 Spoke from the depths of dread infinity?
 Was it for judgment that thy fires awoke,
 When round fair systems glowing whirlwinds broke,
 And awful Justice in red vengeance hurled
 Into thy fire-struck waste a peopled world?
 Was it a power of Love? that clearer skies,
 Ruled by a brighter sun, should meet the eyes
 Of higher forms of being, in the bowers
 Which deck the face of fairer worlds than ours?

Where wast thou, brightest one, in the old time
 When Europe woke, and caught the hope sublime,
 That other lands might be, in the lone waste
 Of ocean, whose chill mystery embraced
 Her narrow bound of shore, and found—no track
 Of death, no waste of fire, no black
 And withering region of eternal storms,
 No dim and deathlike end of space, where forms
 Of cold and ghastly desolation lead
 To the drear mansions of the shadowy dead,—
 But the glad sea spread wide its azure plain,
 And gave the laughing sky its hues again,
 As beauty's youthful glance, in years gone by,
 Smiled to her image in a sister's eye.

What the weak radiance of thy glory, when,
 Fresh to the watchful eyes of hardy men,
 Awoke our sky's bright honours, of which thou
 Wert but a dim faint ray? and when the brow
 Of the steep cliff, in mural majesty
 Rose up with gloomy grandeur from the sea,

* The bright star in Argo said to be subject to periodical changes. It has been on the whole increasing in brightness since 1829. From the peculiar character of its light, it is at present as conspicuous as Sirius while the twilight lasts, but in the quantity of light emitted is inferior to Sirius and Canopus, though apparently equal to the brightest of the other stars.

And sweeping on, in savage rudeness, led
 To the last peak, against whose rugged head
 Reeled on the polar storm, while deep below
 The swell, proud heaving, with its crest of snow,
 And fierce wild shout, told in its angry mood
 How jealous Ocean loved his solitude ? †
 Changes have grown with thee. Here, where I stand,
 The dark-browed children of a sunny land
 In bright day basking, like the startled snake,
 Shrank in wild wonder, till amid the brake
 Glowed the still terror of each wondering eye,
 As first the white-sailed bark swept proudly by.
 No more they cluster round the weeping rill,
 No more their wild cry echoes from the hill,
 All traceless as that wild cry's vanished tone,
 Forgotten is their life, their graves are gone.

And what shall be thy destiny to come ?
 Shall fresher floods burst from the awful home
 Where dwells the strength of thy far-spreading flame,
 And, circling with light's giant speed, proclaim,
 Onward and onward still from sun to sun,
 As spreads the sharp note of the signal gun
 Over the echoes of the earth, proclaim
 The mighty presence of the Awful Name !
 He smiles—thou beamest like a seraph's eye :
 He frowns—thy bright rays perish in the sky.

We love thee as thou art, we love to see
 Thy golden rays in night's obscurity
 Mingle with heaven's wide sheets of starry gleam,
 Blent with festoons of darkness. Thy bright beam
 Glimmers below, as shadows dimly trace
 Where busy men, of many a clime and race,
 Have raised their homes, half hidden in the brake
 Of the dark pine trees, whose brown shadows take
 The sting of fierce wrath from the glowing sun,
 Tempering his rays to mercy. Till alone,
 As the eye sweeps along the dusky shore,
 Gleams low the house of prayer, and clustering o'er
 The sea's wild verge, the silent dwellings stand,
 Where late, with small feet printing the deep sand,
 And small hands clapping in their youthful glee,
 And eyes that scanned the wonders of the sea,
 And busy lips, that questioned eagerly—
 Full many a loved one wandered, and the look
 Of fond affection watched them, and forsook
 That gaze of deepening pleasure but to watch
 The road's long sultry line, and earliest catch
 The glittering of the wheel which brings *him* near,
 From life's harsh scenes of conflict, gain, or fear,

† As is well known, the first attempt to weather the Cape was unsuccessful.

Whom looks of tenderness and words of love
 Have welcomed to his home. But now, above,
 Around, below,—as from this mountain crest
 I gaze into the dusky shadows,—rest,
 Silence, soft dew hours, and night's dun pall,
 Have cast their veil of peace upon them all.
 Till Morn restore her thirsty glories back
 And mightier Day resume his fiery track,

ADORA AND SARAI.

“Mortals saw, without surprise,
 In the 'mid air, angelic eyes.”—*Loves of the Angels.*

A VERY long while ago, there lived upon the earth a fair woman, with her two young and beautiful daughters, whose names were Adora and Sarai. Their home lay in the bosom of one of earth's fertile valleys; where the bright fountains leaped and sparkled in the gorgeous sunshine—where floods of delicious roses wafted their odours on the soft breezy air: where the cedar halls arose in towering grandeur, and the dark cypress scarce revealed the deep azure skies between. Tents were on the distant plains—flocks and herds pastured there; and the moon arose in calm glory from behind the ancient hills—those hills from whence celestial harmonies came softly floating—whence favoured mortals had often heard celestial voices whispering to each other, and seen shining meteors dart—and tracked them far, far away in the silvery light, bathing the clear horizon, or shooting downwards to the transparent lake—hidden amid the solitude of the green mountains; those fair waters, on whose pure bosom reposed innumerable lotus-lilies—dim and dream-like, sleeping ever—over which the angels have ever loved to hover and disport in the flood of moonlight glory;—gems of night! beautiful, blessed lotus flowers! . . .

In those days, young girls brought water from the pellucid

fountains, and rested joyously in the cool shade of the spreading boughs; thence came Adora and Sarai to fill their pitchers. Wreaths of dark green leaves were bound across their noble brows, and the snowy drapery looped up, revealed the alabaster limbs and delicate feet—slightly protected by rarely-embroidered sandals. They were twin sisters—alike—yet dissimilar. Sarai, seen alone, would have been pronounced one of earth's loveliest daughters;—Adora, a wandering angel—with the airs fresh from Paradise yet breathing around her;—a sadness, not of earth, shed a tender halo, as if she lamented her starry home.

"What meaneth that ancient woman?" whispered Sarai to her sister, as they rested their water-vase on the emerald turf. "I overheard her again to-day—in converse with our mother, beneath the dome of cedars—bemoaning *the doomed one*; and methought *thy* name, sweet Adora, was murmured; our mother wept, and I flung myself into her arms, and asked the meaning of the words I had thus unwittingly heard spoken; and the woman of a hundred summers raised her hands towards heaven, our mother knelt in prayer, and I dared press my questioning no more."

"Ah, Sarai! would I were like thee, with earthly affections garnered around my throbbing heart; thou only knowest—yet but in part—how I have ever felt estranged from worldly sympathies: I will now tell thee, I divine the fate, and know the tale,—*thou* knowest not yet: snatches of whispered converse, murmurings, wild melodies, and mysterious teachings, have warned me of my predestined doom—high, and glorious doom!—wherefore weep they? Oh, that I had found it! Listen, Sarai, and I will unfold to thee a history most wondrous and entrancing; and tell thee things thou hast never even dreamed of. Thou see'st our mother, how beautiful she still is—how holy, pure, and noble; thou hast often marked the melancholy tenderness, which resteth so mysteriously, as a veil floating around her; *her* mother was far more beautiful: they say, 'Sarai, (thou knowest I have not vanity), that *I* am like our ancestress.' * * * *

"One of the Paradise angels came down and rested beside our own beloved waters, one moonlight night, to seek his favourite blossoms; he found our mother's mother amid the lotus flowers, pale, pure, and peerless as the waxen lilies; he loved and wooed her, and would have won, but she was previously betrothed. Her marriage was hastened by her sire, to avert the deadly curse ever resting on angel love for mortal woman: but, ah! Sarai—the love comes *first*—the overwhelming, passionate love—the curse *followeth*. Alas! an angel kiss had been burnt in, on that woman's lips; an angel's odours and sparkling fires had flung around her, and within her soul, their unspeakable pervading essence. Invisibly, that disappointed love-lorn angel watched around her pathway through life—received her parting spirit, and bore it to

heaven's gate ; hath ever watched *our own* mother, *her* only offspring—and watches over *us*, Sarai ; and on *me—me*, his love will once again be fixed ; for changeless are the sons of Paradise—ever blooming, ever young ; and years with us, but days with them—nay, moments of eternity ! I am *doomed* to be his bride ; and, night after night, when thou art sleeping, I wander among the green mountains, by the side of the solitary lake ; I feel the fanning wings of the odorous spirits—I hear their songs of bliss, and I know that angel eyes are gazing, and I—*weary—oh !* I, weary for my spirit love to come and claim me ; for, never—never shall mortal man call me *bride !*”

* * * * *

Time passed on, and still Adora wandered in search of her spirit love ; earthly suitors were dismissed—she looked coldly and disdainfully on them all.

The bright, joyous Sarai was married to one of the young nobles of the Lebanon ; but, in her distant, happy home, her affectionate heart yearned towards her twin sister.

It was on a night of peculiar beauty, even in that favoured clime, when the pale Adora rested on the banks of the haunted lake : she lay like a slanting moon-beam, white and pure ; her rich voice pouring forth such strains of harmony, as the solemn bird of night heareth not now on this changed earth.

Suddenly, there stood by her side a youth, apparently travel-worn and fatigued with long journeying ; his voice was deep and touching ; his bearing high, courteous, and noble ; whilst the rare halo of grand and singularly-pre-eminent intellectual beauty shone around him.

“*Long loved, long sought for, found at last !*” he exclaimed, casting himself on his knees beside the agitated Adora, and pouring forth those ardent words she had so long pined to listen to ; she doubted not her angel-love had sought her side at length, not in brightness and glory, but thus, in plain earthly guise, from pity for her bewildered senses. But could *she* not trace the spiritual perfections ? the immortal essence ?—could they be hidden from *her* ? Ah, no—no ! and to her mother's home she led him, where the stranger and wanderer ever hath found a welcome.

The ancient woman of many summers, and the melancholy mother, looked on mysteriously, but silently.

When at the same spot where he had first found her, at the same hour, the wanderer owned his angel nature, and demanded, in the trembling voice of true love, if she was prepared to incur the dread penalty for his love's sake—what answered she ?

“*Long loved, long sought for, found at last,—I am thine !*”

To the brilliant home of Sarai, her angel husband led his Adora, and where the precious gems of earth were sparkling—where all the untold glories of the times gone by were shining around her—

placed on a golden throne, with incense flung around her, and peerless flowers strewed beneath her feet ; Paradise opening before her, in the dark eyes whose light she lived in—*there* she learnt that to *mortal* love she had devoted her existence ; that the beautiful spirit of the haunted lake, who had won her by the lotus lilies, was the brother of Sarai's husband—Sarai, who had thus pictured forth to him her sister's loveliness—reflected in her own image.

An earthly throne Adora gained—a mortal heart's fond devotion ; but there were whisperers on the Lebanon, to say—she revered her early dreams, and dwelt with somewhat of memory's sadness on the past.

C. A. M. W.

SONNET.

THE chain of circumstance hath bound me fast ;
 The tyranny of weakness is so strong
 Within my soul, that it may struggle long,
 Yet fail to loose its iron bond at last.
 Subdued so low,—even to love of wrong.—
 Then gentle lady e're the hour be past,—
 Now,—while I feel a force within me rise,
 To meet, and answer thee in that loved tongue,
 Which heart speaks unto hearts that sympathize,
 Now, while I still the voice of truth can prize ;
 Fain would I hear its stirring tone again ;—
 Help me to save my soul that daily dies !—
 The words of counsel thou wilt not disdain.—
 Show me once more, life was not given in vain.

THE DAILY PRESS—ITS PRICE AND ITS PROFITS.

THE announcement which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, of the 5th of July, that the price of that paper would be reduced from five-pence to four-pence, has given rise to considerable discussion in the columns of our daily contemporaries; and has attracted public attention to the subject of cheap newspapers. On the one hand it is contended, that a good and independent daily newspaper cannot be produced, with profit to the proprietors, at a cost of less than five-pence per paper; while, on the other, it is maintained that a paper containing the same amount and quantity of news, and as free from corrupting influence, and as independent in principle as any that is now brought out, can be supplied to the public for a less price than is now usually charged. As the subject is an interesting and important one,—not only to those immediately connected with the press, but also to the public at large,—we shall endeavour to examine it, carefully and impartially, with the view of arriving at a safe and satisfactory conclusion on the question thus raised.

We beg, in the outset, to disclaim any partisanship or interested motives in the matter: the question affects us only as it does the public. If a good and as independent a paper can be produced for three-pence or four-pence, as for five-pence, by all means let the public have the benefit of cheaper daily newspapers. But if, on the other hand, a daily newspaper cannot be given to the public, with a fair profit to the proprietors, and without sacrificing or endangering the principles or independence of the paper, at a lower price than five-pence, we are for continuing the higher priced newspaper.

In coming to a conclusion on this point, the first and main consideration, of course, is the expense of getting up a newspaper; and to this point, therefore, we shall at once direct the attention of our readers. Premising, however, that as we have not had, as our readers will readily suppose, an opportunity of examining the ledgers of our daily contemporaries, we cannot pretend, in estimating their expenses, to give details with minute and unerring accuracy. All that we desire to do, is to lay such data before our readers, as will enable them to decide the question,—is or

is not five-pence too high a price. In our estimate we shall under, rather than over, state the various items (as those of our readers who know anything of newspaper expenditure will at a glance see), and take, as the basis of our calculation, not what is at this moment paid by the leading daily papers, but the lowest figure at which a daily paper can be carried on, with the necessary ability and efficiency.

We shall, for the present, leave out of view the enormous outlay which must be incurred in establishing a daily newspaper. We assume the paper to be established and in circulation; and we estimate the expenses as follows:—

Permanent Charges.

	Per Annum.
House-rent and taxes, including poor, gas, water, and other rates (say)	£500 0 0
Tear and wear of type, repair of machinery, etc.	300 0 0
Ink, blankets, etc.	100 0 0
Books, paper, pens, etc.	100 0 0
	<hr/>
	£1000 0 0

Editor's Department.

	Per Annum.
The principal editor, £15 15s. per week, or	£819 0 0
Three sub-editors, at £10 10s. each, £31 10s. per week, or	1795 10 0
	<hr/>
	2614 10 0

[On the leading daily papers a larger remuneration is given in this department than is here charged; and on the *Times* in particular, a greater number of sub-editors are engaged.]

Reporters.

Fourteen Parliamentary reporters, at £5 5s. per week each, £73 10s., or £3822 0 0

[This number is less than that engaged on the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Chronicle*, at the present time.]

Carried forward	£3822 0 0	<hr/>	3614 10 0
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	Per Annum:			
Brought forward	£3822	0	0	3614 10 0
Expenses of reporters going into the country, to attend meetings, public dinners, etc., £6 per week, or . .	300	0	0	
	<hr/>			
Parliamentary corps	4122	0	0	
Eight law reporters, at £5 5s per week, each, or	£2184	0	0	
Their expenses on circuits	500	0	0	
	<hr/>			
	2684	0	0	
Ten reporters to attend the Ecclesiastical courts, the bankruptcy courts, central criminal courts, quarter sessions, and police courts, at £2 2s. per week, or	1092	0	0	
[The number employed at the salary given, are considerably under-stated.]				

Penny-a-Liners.

The court circular, and irregular contributors in town and country (as the penny-a-liners call themselves), etc., etc., say £40 per week, or . .	2080	0	0	
	<hr/>			
Reporting department in all its branches . .	9978	0	0	

Counting House.

Publisher, book-keeper, and advertisement clerk or collector, at £3 3s each, or £9 9s. per week, or . .	£491	8	0	
Porter and boy, £1 10s per week . .	78	0	0	
	<hr/>			
	569	8	0	
[No charge is made for a principal cashier.]				

Printing.

In estimating the cost of printing, everything depends upon the size of the paper. We shall sup-

Carried forward	£14161	18	0
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Brought forward £14161 18 0
 pose a single sheet, the size of the *Chronicle*, during
 the non-sitting of Parliament ; with a double sheet,
 two or three times a week, when Parliament is sit-
 ting ; which, including the wages of printer,
 reader, compositors, reading boys, etc., cannot be
 taken at less than £150 per week, or 7800 0 0

Machinery.

Machine man, feeders, takers-off, boys, etc., £15 per
 week, or 780 0 0

Contributors.

City article, £10 ; markets, sporting, share lists,
 etc., £10 ; making together £20 per week, or . . 1040 0 0
 [This estimate is much under the mark.]

Parliamentary Papers, Petty Expenses, etc.

Parliamentary papers, fees to ushers of courts, Christ-
 mas boxes, cabs, parcels, and petty expenses, £20
 per week, or 1040 0 0
 [This sum will not appear very large to those who
 are acquainted with the numerous items included
 under the head of "Petty Expenses."]

Foreign and Home Correspondents.

It is difficult to estimate the expenses
 of this department, it being much
 more expensive on one paper than
 on another, but assuming that the
 paper has regular and well paid cor-
 respondents in India, the colonies,
 America, and the principal foreign
 courts ; and at the smaller courts,
 and in the principal provincial towns
 occasional correspondents, with

Carried forward £24821 18 0

	Per Annum.	
Brought forward	£24821	18 0
smaller salaries, the expense, including outlays in procuring and transmitting intelligence, cannot be estimated at less than £100 per week, or	£5200	0 0
Indian mail, and foreign expenses	5000	0 0
		10200 0 0
Making the total expenditure	£35,021	18 0

In this estimate we have omitted several small items which are necessarily incurred, and which, in the aggregate, amount annually to a considerable sum. We have purposely under-stated most, if not all the items; and the only ones of which we cannot speak of our own knowledge, and with confidence, are the two last; but from all we can learn, and from what has appeared in the columns of the newspapers themselves, we believe that we have not over-shot the mark in the estimate we have given of these two items. Up-the whole, the above estimate approximates very nearly to the actual expenses of an efficient daily paper, conducted even on economical principles.

And what is the result? An annual expenditure of more than £35,000; or, in round numbers, of £670 per month, and of £110 per day!

Before we proceed further, it will be as well to ascertain how many papers must be sold at five-pence and four-pence, respectively, to cover this expenditure. First, however, we must see what part of the five-pence or four-pence will be available for that purpose. Assuming, as we have done above, that the paper publishes a single sheet, the size of the *Chronicle*, during the vacation, and two or three times a week during the session a double sheet, the cost cannot be estimated at less than,—

Paper	1d.
Stamp	1d.
News agent	1d.
	3d.

[The first and last items are taken at a fraction under the mark.]

So that on a five-penny paper the profit available for expenses will be two pence, and on a four-penny paper one penny!

In a £110, the daily expenditure, there are 26,400 pence; so that the circulation of a five-penny paper must amount to 13,200 daily, to cover the actual expenses; and the circulation of a four penny paper to no less than 26,400!

This is, of course, without taking the proceeds arising from advertisements into the account. The revenue to be derived from advertisements comes to be considered next. We may, however, state that this revenue is generally, and properly, considered as the proprietors' profits on the paper: the source to which he is to look for a fair return for the capital which he has invested, and a remuneration for his own time, trouble and risk.

In estimating the profits arising from advertisements, it is necessary that we should select some daily paper; and without wishing to make any invidious selection, we shall take the advertisements of the *Morning Chronicle*. It is difficult, if not impossible, without reference to the books of the office, to estimate with nicety and perfect accuracy the amount annually derived by that paper, from this source; but as a rough estimate will enable our readers to come to a tolerably correct conclusion, we will not trouble them with details. We will assume, then, that the *Chronicle* has on the average, during the entire year, seven columns, or better than a page, of advertisements; and that each column is, after payment of the duty, worth £7; or, in round numbers, that the daily revenue from advertisements amounts to £50. We believe this estimate to be very near the mark, and rather over than under it. If, therefore, we deduct—

From the daily expenditure of . . .	£110
The receipts for advertisements . . .	50
	<hr/>
There will still be a sum of . . .	£60

to be covered by the proceeds derived from the sale of the paper. To obtain this sum a circulation of 7,200 copies daily, at 5d. each, is necessary; and at four pence each a circulation of 14,400.

Two questions here arise. First,—does the circulation of the *Chronicle* amount to 7,200 at five pence; and secondly,—will its circulation at four pence come to 14,400. On the first question it is enough to say, that the proprietors of the *Chronicle* would not reduce the price of it, if it was paying under present circumstances; and the fact, therefore, that its present circulation and advertisements do not yield a profit is self-evident; and indeed if, as we have heard, its circulation does not amount to 5,000 daily, it must be manifest, even if we were greatly to increase the amount of the advertisements, that at present the *Chronicle* is daily losing money.

A circulation of 5,000, at 5 <i>d.</i> per paper, at a profit of 2 <i>d.</i> each, would give	£41 13 4
Daily amount of advertisements, after deducting the duty	50 0 0
	<hr/>
Clear receipts	£91 13 4
Daily expenditure	110 0 0
	<hr/>
Daily loss	£18 6 8

Or £5,720 a year !

We will now take the second point for consideration,—viz. Will the circulation of the *Chronicle* become doubled at the reduced price of 4*d.* ; or will the anticipated increased circulation, and increased number of advertisements, enable the *Chronicle* to make up the deficiency ?

With respect to the advertisements, nothing can be more certain that they will not become more numerous. The proprietors, by announcing a reduction in the price of the paper, publish a fact, of which the advertising agents will readily avail themselves :—viz. that the circulation of the *Chronicle* is more limited than was imagined ; and the consequence will be, that at the outset, at any rate, the advertisements will be decreased rather than increased. With reference to the circulation, we cannot help thinking that the proprietors of the *Chronicle* must be extremely sanguine, if they entertain the notion that their circulation will rise from below 5 000, at 5*d.*, to 14,400, at 4*d.*, the number necessary to pay, with the aid of the advertisements, or to 26,800, the paying number without the advertisements.

On this point we are not left entirely in the dark. We have the experience of the *Daily News* before us, and from the rise, progress, and decline of that paper, during its brief history, we can form some estimate of what the circulation of the *Chronicle* at 4*d.*, is likely to be. The highest circulation to which the *Daily News* attained at its first price of 2½*d.*, did not exceed, except we believe on one or two occasions, 20,000 copies, and it had only for a short time a circulation averaging from 15,000 to 20,000. Still, it did not pay,—the price was raised, and although the Indian and other news was curtailed, or given up altogether, and the expenses thereby reduced, the paper did not pay, and the circulation declined.

If, therefore, the *Daily News*, at 3*d.*, with able leaders, excellent arrangement of matter, and the charm of novelty, does not possess a circulation of more than 10,000 or 12,000, what chance is there that the circulation of the *Chronicle*, at 4*d.*, can exceed it? It is reported “in the trade,” that several orders have already been

given for the discontinuance of the *Daily News*, and for the supply of the *Chronicle* at 4d., instead. But from this source an increase of circulation beyond 2,000 at most cannot reasonably be expected. That would raise the circulation of the *Chronicle* to 7,000 and no more. Where, then, is the further increase, necessary to make the paper pay, to be derived from? The *Post* and *Herald* will not lose a 100 subscribers by the reduced price of the *Chronicle*. The *Morning Advertiser* will not lose one, and the only remaining paper that can be affected is the *Times*. The *Times* has asserted that it has not lost a single subscriber by the establishment of the *Daily News*.

This we doubt. We believe, that when the *Daily News* was first started, the circulation of the *Times* was affected to the extent, perhaps, of 1000 or 2000 daily: but we also believe, that that circulation has again returned to the *Times*, and that the only paper which was seriously injured, was the *Morning Chronicle* itself. The *Chronicle* cannot hope to create a very great number of new readers; but we will however suppose, for the sake of argument, that from all, and every source, its circulation will be increased to 10,000 copies daily,—beyond which, the most sanguine friends of the paper cannot hope to see it arrive. With a circulation, then, of 10,000 copies, at 4d. each, and a penny profit, after paying the paper, stamp, and news agent, the daily revenue would be:—

From the circulation	£41	13	4
(Or, the same as would be produced from 5000, at 5d.)			
To which, add, as before, for advertisements .	50	0	0
	<hr/>		
Making	£91	13	4
To be placed against an expenditure of . . .	110	0	0
	<hr/>		
Leaving, as before, a daily loss of	£18	6	8
Or, £5,720 a year.			

In the face of these facts, therefore, a rise in the circulation, to such an extent as to cover the expenses of the paper, much less yield a fair return on the capital invested, cannot possibly be realised. It is indeed rumoured "in the trade," that the *Daily News* was offered to the *Chronicle*, and by the latter refused, and that afterwards the *Chronicle* was offered to the *Daily News*, and that after considerable negotiation, some arrangement was come to, by which it was agreed that after the *Chronicle* had tried the experiment of the reduced price for a short time, an amalgamation of the two papers should take place. By merging the *Daily News* in the *Chronicle*, and charging 4d., to the subscribers of the

incorporated papers, a sufficient circulation, it is expected, will be secured to give a remunerating profit to the proprietors: or at any rate, that the expenses will be covered. We do not vouch for the correctness of this rumour, and only refer to it to point out hereafter the consequences which must result from it, if it should take place.

If, therefore, there is not the slightest chance of such an increase in the circulation, or the advertisements of the *Chronicle*, at the reduced price, as will cover the expenses, on the scale at which we have calculated them, and which, we believe, we have given considerably below the present actual expenditure of that paper, what is to be done to keep the paper afloat? One resource only remains, and that is, to cut down the expenditure. On this point we must again call the attention of our readers, to the figures which we have already given:—

	Per Annum.		
We will assume that the Parliamentary corps may be reduced to ten, that is, five for each house, in which case, although full reports cannot be given, a saving will be effected in that department of	£1000	0	0
We will also assume that the salaries, etc., of the Law Reporters, can be reduced to the extent of	500	0	0
And that the expense of the printing, and machining will be £20 a week less	1000	0	0
In addition to which, we will at one sweep, take off the expence of the Indian Mail, and Foreign Expresses	5000	0	0
And the half of the estimated cost of the Foreign Correspondence	2500	0	0
Making in all	£10,000	0	0
Amount of expenditure, as before.	35,000	0	0
Leaving the expenditure at	£25,000	0	0
Or daily, at	£80, 2s. 6d.		
Profits of sale of 10,000 copies at 1d.,	£41	13	4
Profits of Advertisements	50	0	0
		91	13 4
Net daily profit	£11	10	10
Or, £3,541, per Annum.			

Even according to this calculation, therefore, the revenue will

barely cover the expenditure, for the margin of £3,541 a year, for contingencies, is in fact no margin at all.

We now come to the consideration of the important question, of whether the paper can be efficiently and independently conducted on the reduced estimate of £25,000. We think not! First there would be the absence of the Indian Mail by express, the want of which, would very seriously affect the circulation of the paper in the City, and the large commercial towns throughout the kingdom. Next, the absence of that early, and full, foreign intelligence which is always anxiously looked for, by capitalists, and commercial men in the City and in the provinces; and the want of which would make the paper comparatively useless to them. Again, with a Parliamentary corps of ten Reporters, the Parliamentary debates could only be given in a very meagre, and condensed form, and although the great majority of the readers of a paper do not wade through every speech contained in a report of twenty columns, or upwards, of a debate, still, it is absolutely necessary that the debate should be reported at length, and the consequence of not doing so, would be immediately and seriously felt, by a daily paper.

With respect to the reduced estimate for printing, it must be quite evident that no double sheet could be given for the lesser sum, and that in order to cram all the intelligence,—foreign and domestic, including law and police courts, Parliamentary, commercial and miscellaneous, into less than three pages, (leaving more than one page for advertisements,) it would be impossible to give anything more than a very short and unsatisfactory account of passing events, to the reader. No paper could stand long if so conducted. The attempt has been made by the *Daily News*, and has signally failed.

Quantity, therefore, is essential. But, it may be said, that Reporters could be got for less salary,—that correspondents could be secured for a less remuneration,—and that the wages given in the printing, and other departments could be reduced. No doubt, —but any reduction of this kind must necessarily reduce the quality of Reports, and other matter which is to appear in the paper, and we believe that any thing which would reduce the quality of the news given, would be more fatal than the curtailment of it, within narrow limits.

It is clear, therefore, that both with respect to quality, and quantity, the paper would be depreciated.

We think it unnecessary to consider, whether a paper, thus living, as it were from hand to mouth, giving meagre intelligence to its readers, and that of a bad or indifferent quality, with ill-paid, and as a necessary consequence, unwilling and incompetent servants, in the literary, typographical, and other departments, could stand against corrupting influences. Men are but men, whether

they be connected with the press, or with the pulpit; and the public could certainly have no confidence, that those engaged on a paper so conducted, and who would be so paid, would be proof against temptation when thrown in their way. The system has not yet been tried, for although the *Daily News* has been published at the reduced price, and "in little," still, its Editors and Reporters had a three years' engagement at good salaries, and it remains to be seen, at the expiration of that period, in January, 1849, what course the proprietors of the *Daily News* will adopt, for it is utterly impossible that they will follow its present one.

And we cannot help recollecting, that although the *Daily News* does, as it boasted the other day, give as large, and in some instances larger, salaries to its Reporters than the *Times*; yet, that they have availed themselves of every opportunity to limit their corps, and that it has been reduced from sixteen or eighteen, which was the number with which the Session of 1846 was commenced, to ten or eleven, and that during part of July, there were only eight of the corps able to attend the gallery, the other two or three being at the Installation at Cambridge, or elsewhere in the country.

But we will not, for the present, pursue the subject further; in a future article we shall endeavour to point out the effect which the reduction will have on the other daily papers, and the press generally, and we shall also point out the course which the *Chronicle* should have pursued, and *could* have pursued *successfully*, *without reducing its price* from five-pence to four-pence.

We beg to repeat, that we are interested in this question only as one of the public, and that having no connexion directly or indirectly with any one of the Morning Papers, although we have the greatest respect for all of them, we cannot be supposed to be influenced by any interested motives; in endeavouring to solve the question, of whether five-pence is, or is not, too high a price, for a good Morning Newspaper.

We have been anxious to give as little offence as possible to any paper. We sincerely wish all of them success.

J. P.

"HE FELL IN LOVE."

False words!—He *fell* not, when he loved ;
 But by that love his spirit gained a height,
 As much above its wonted mean estate,
 As is the lark's, balanced half way to heaven,
 Above its ordinary earthy home.
 Th' eternal music pent within man's breast,
 Burst forth, while love upheld him from the earth,
 And when love's hold was spent, he sung no more,
 'Twas only when he *ceased to love*, he fell.

J. M. W.

A GLIMPSE AT STONEHENGE.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

"WILTSHIRE is rich in historical remains ; it is precisely the county for the regular antiquarian—there is so much to wonder at and admire—there are so many subjects of debate—there is so much room for ingenuous conjecture, and there is so much that never can be understood, that here the antiquarian may revel, to his heart's content." So thought we, as we sat cooling ourselves at the "Druid's Head," one bright June morning, where we had halted ; for a walk from Salisbury to Stonehenge, with a fierce sun burning at one's back, is a trial not every man could endure. Nevertheless, we recommend our readers—those of them who have an eye to see and a heart to understand—those of them who are not wed-

ded to the counting house or the city, but have still in their hearts a love for whatever has been rendered venerable by the hand of time—to go and do likewise.

Salisbury is easily reached by railway: the whole neighbourhood is rich in historical associations. Stonehenge lies but nine miles from it, and on his journey thither, the traveller can see on his right the mound of earth, known in unreformed days as Old Sarum; the disenfranchisement of which—elderly ladies are apt to tell us—has been a death blow to the Constitution; and if he turns to his left, he will reach Wilton House, memorable on many accounts—memorable because here lived and died Sir Philip Sidney's sister, whom "rare Old Ben" has immortalized in one of the finest epitaphs our language can boast, and which we must be forgiven for quoting here.—

"Underneath this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! e'er thou hast killed another
Wise, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

—memorable because here was born one of the brilliant lights who reflected glory on the age of the maiden Queen,—we mean Philip Massinger,—and memorable on account of the ancient sculptures and paintings its owners have collected within its walls.

When within a distance of three miles, Stonehenge may be discerned. It stands on the wide isolated downs, with no signs of life or business around; as if conscious of the wide interval by which it was separated from our busy money-making age. The general aspect of Stonehenge we need not attempt to describe. At one time it formed a fruitful subject for controversy. The press teemed with folios—King James I. went down to see it, and sent Inigo Jones to do the same; who, on his return, published a book to show it was built by the Romans. Dr. Charleton, physician in ordinary to his Majesty, demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, in his "*Chora Gigantum*," that it was erected by the Danes, when they had this nation in subjection; and principally, if not wholly, designed to be a court royal, or place for the election and inauguration of their kings; an idea indignantly repudiated in a small folio, published by John Webb, a relation, by marriage, of Inigo Jones, who in a most loyal dedication to Charles II., in which Charles the good is begged to live eternally,—which, by the bye, Charles the good was not good enough to do; speaking of Dr. Charleton's theory, says, "Your physician dreameth it a place for election of kings, when all your just and rightful predecessors, of what race or stock soever, since Britain known, have held do-

minion over this island, by unquestionable and indubitable right of succession ; in no age by popular and tumultuary clamour." But now the antiquarian strife has long since died out, and it is generally admitted, that Stonehenge is a work of the Druids.

But if we turn to our ancient writers, we shall find a much more marvellous account of the matter. Stonehenge is first mentioned by Wennius, who lived in the eighth century. According to him it was erected by the Britons to commemorate the massacre of four hundred and sixty British nobles, at a conference between Vortegern, and the Saxon Hengist.

The Welsh Triads also refer it to the same event ; a similar account is given by Walter de Mapes, a Welsh chronicler, which we reprint, though without warranting it as the truth ; according to Walter :—

"After Emrys (i. e. Ambrosius,) had tranquillized every place, he made a journey to Salisbury, (i. e. Sarum,) to behold the graves of those whom Hengist had caused to be slain of the British. At that time three hundred monks formed a community in the monastery of Ambri Mount ; for so it was called, because it was founded by a person named Ambri.

"And Emrys was grieved to see that spot devoid of every mark of honour ; so he summoned to him all the stone-masons and carpenters in Britain, to erect a trophy, which should be an eternal memorial round that sepulture. But after they had assembled together, their ingenuity failed them ;—thereupon, Hamon, Archbishop of CaerLhon, drew near, and thus spoke to Emrys, 'My lord, cause there to come before thee, Merlin, the bard of Gortheyrn, for he is able to invent a wonderful structure, through his skill, to be of eternal duration.' So Merlin was brought to Emrys ; and the king was joyful to see him ; and Emrys desired him to foretell the events that were to happen in this island. But Merlin replied, 'it is not right to declare these things except when there is a necessity ; and were I, on the contrary, to speak of them, the spirit that instructs me would depart, when I should stand in need of it.' Upon that, the king would not press him further, but enquired of him how he could invent a fair and lasting work, over that spot. Thereupon, Merlin advised a journey to Ireland, to the place where once stood the Caer-y-Cawri, or the Circle of the Giants, on the mountains of Cilara. For thereon, he said, 'are stones of an extraordinary quality, of which nobody has any knowledge ; they are not to be obtained by might, nor by strength, but by art ; and were they at this place, in the state they are, there they would stand to all eternity.' So Emrys said, laughingly 'by what means can they be brought from thence.' Merlin replied, 'laugh not, because I speak only seriousness and truth ; those stones are mystical, and capable of producing a variety of cures ; they were originally brought thither by giants from the

extremity of Spain, and they placed them in their present position. The reason of their bringing them, was, that when any of them was attacked with disease, they used to make a fomentation, in the midst of the stones, first laving them with water, which they poured into the fomentation; and through that, they obtained health from the disease that might affect them, for they put herbs in the fomentation, and those healed their wounds.'

"When the Britons heard of the virtues of these stones, immediately they set off to bring them, Uther Pendragon being commissioned to be their leader, taking 15,000 armed men with him. Merlin was also sent, as being the most scientific of his contemporaries. At that time Gillamori reigned in Ireland, who, on hearing of their approach, marched against them with a great army, and demanded the object of their errand. Having learned their business, he laughed, saying, 'It is no wonder to me that a feeble race of men have been able to ravage the isles of Britain, when its natives have been so silly as to fight about stones.' Then they fought fiercely, and numbers were slain on both sides, until at length Gillamori gave way, and his men fled. Then Merlin said, 'Exert your utmost skill to carry the stones,' but it availed them not; Merlin then laughed, and without any labour, but by the effect of science, he readily brought the stones to the ships. So they then brought them to Mount Ambri. Then Emrys summoned to him all the chiefs and graduated scholars of the kingdom, in order, through them, to adorn that place with a magnificent ornament: whereupon they put the crown of the kingdom upon his head, celebrated the festival of Whitsuntide for three days successively, rendered to all in the island their respective rights, and supplied his men in a becoming manner with gold and silver, horses and arms. So when every thing was prepared, Emrys desired Merlin to elevate the stones as they were in Cilara, and this he accomplished. Then every body confessed that ingenuity surpassed strength."

Jeffery of Monmouth, and other monkish historians, tell the same tale. Giraldus Cambrensis says, during his tour in Ireland, he saw an immense monument of stones, on the plains of Kildare, exactly corresponding in appearance and construction with that of Stonehenge. It is a common tradition in England, that the stones composing the druidical circles were once human beings that have become petrified whilst dancing. Stonehenge was thus called the Dance of the Giants; Rowldrich, in Oxfordshire, is supposed to be a king and his nobles; Stanton Drew, in Somersetshire, was a company at a wedding. Long Meg and her Daughters, in Cumberland, and the Hunters, in Cornwall, have all pertaining to them legends of a similar character. The stones which danced round Orpheus and Amphion, are no other than solar circles of the druidical structure. The devout peasants of Brittany, in like

manner, still affirm that the stones of Carnac are the soldiers of an army petrified by St. Cornelius. But these old legends, like the places to which they refer, are now forgotten and despised. One thing, however, can be said in their behalf: they are most of them as probable as many of the conjectures of the grave and professional antiquarians. The supposition of Inigo Jones is not less absurd than the tale told by Walter de Mapes.

Stonehenge itself well repays a visit. Its situation is commanding, and a near view fills the spectator with wonder as to the manner in which such huge blocks of stone were placed in such a position. An outer circle of enormous upright blocks, having others on them, has enclosed a space of a hundred feet in diameter. The upright stones in this circle had been originally thirty, but now only seventeen are standing. Within this great circle there is another formed of smaller stones. Of these there had originally been forty, though only twenty can now be discovered. It is difficult now to trace the plan of the building, but it is probable that in all there were four inclosures. The third was formed of only ten stones, arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe. The stones forming the outer circle are of the same kind with those which are found in various parts of the Wiltshire downs, and are those called sarsen stones, by which is meant, stones taken from their native quarry in a rude state. By some it has been conjectured, that the inner circles alone are genuine druidical remains, and that the outer ones were added by the colonies of the Romans or Belgæ. Mr. Richman, in a paper published in the *Archæologia* for 1840, maintains that the avery circus could not have been designed, nor the Stonehenge temple perfected, until after the Romans had established themselves in Britain.

But it was not with these thoughts that we smoked our cigar under the shade of one of the enormous stones of which Stonehenge is composed. Stonehenge was to us more than a fruitful subject of learned and ingenious discussion. We thought of the many summers' suns and winters' snows they had seen and felt; we thought of the many generations of men that had come there to gaze, to scoff, to wonder, or to pray; of the old religions they had seen die out; and we wondered, as we thought of what was to come. There, where we were, had the Druids worshipped the golden light of day, and vainly sought to win the favour of our common Father by the sacrifice of men formed in his image and fashioned by his power. There had come the bannered hosts of Rome, with their milder creed and more universal toleration. All along that plain had echoed the sound of the vesper bell, as the hour of prayer drew nigh, and England's old and young, rich and poor, hastened to obey the summons and perform the ceremonies of that old creed to which, arrayed as it is with all of gorgeous, or beautiful, or thrilling that art can command, the

heart of man has ever been so prone. Then came a change, and the creed that taught charity and alms-giving, and one body and one church, made way for a Bible which all might read, and which, though not granted freely, all might understand. There had come the stern and ascetic Puritan, to whom all art was profane, all earthly temples filled with corruption, all earthly crowns and sceptres of little worth, who despised them as the baubles of the hour; who felt that though he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, yet that he had been elected by the sovereign mercy of God to eternal life, and that his, therefore, was a glory such as no earthly gold could win, or no earthly power could rival or destroy. There, where we were, had come the modern Englishman, with the deep religious feeling of the past worn out, clean gone, with his "useful knowledge," and his modern science: dry, dogmatic, shallow, noisy, empty as a "tinkling cymbal." And yet all this time Stonehenge has stood and defied the powerful storms and yet more powerful revolutions that have swept across our country's soil.

We thought of these things, and not of Dr. Stukely on Stonehenge, or Sir C. Hoare's *Antiquities of Ancient Wiltshire*. Viewed as we viewed it, Stonehenge is the work of no one set of men, but of all;—it is a temple, not for the Druid of the past, but for the Saxon of the present,—it is typical of one universal desire. There have been changes, but still Stonehenge remains. There have been old creeds torn to rags,—old temples turned to ruins,—old gods given to the moles and the bats,—but still man, in his loftiest moods, is true to his religious yearnings,—still, like the old Druid, he sees in the sun that shines by day, and moon that rules by night, the presence and the power of a spirit whose favour he does well to gain,—still from this world of change and toil he looks forward to the eternal and the true. Each age has had its own creed, but the spirit in which such creed had its birth still remains the same. Every new age, every fresh light thrown on the world within, or the world without, may modify, if not destroy, the former. The latter must live,

“ Whilst life, and thought, and being last ;”

whilst man can love and hate, and hope and fear. In the last church, duly consecrated, with its painted windows, and its pealing organ, we but see the same impulse that, in a mightier form, planted Stonehenge on the wide Wiltshire downs,—that in Greece and Rome made every silvery stream the home of some spirit not of earth, and that led the old Norseman, in his wild Scandinavian haunts, to see on every mountain's brow the footsteps of a god. Stonehenge is a type and symbol of man's religiousness. Let

learned antiquarians,—let fellows of archæological associations wax dull on it as they will, they cannot make it read otherwise. In this sense, Stonehenge still teaches a great truth,—for it may be said of man what Schiller makes Max Piccolomini say of love, that he

“Delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The unintelligible form of ancient poets,—
The fair humanities of old religion,—
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dell or dewy mountain;
Or forests, by slow streams; or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths;—all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason;
But still, the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring
Back the old names.”

SONG.

WILT THOU LOVE ME STILL?

To the beautiful old air, “*Pauvre Madeline*.”

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Wilt thou love me still, when I'm far away?
And when all are gay about thee,
In the pensive light of thine eye betray,
Thou art lone and sad without me?
By the lonely Yarrow's silver stream,
With a faith that's all unbroken,
Wilt thou sit on the grey moss-stone, and dream
Of the words I there have spoken?

Wilt thou love me still, when the fleeting years
Have come and gone without me ;
And oft, in the gush of thy secret tears,
Embalm sweet thoughts about me ?
And oh ! my beloved ! if again we meet,—
iThough in anguish now we sever,—
Wilt thou bring me a faith as fond and sweet ?
Wilt thou still be the same as ever ?

WHARFDALE;

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

WHARFDALE ! welcome, my own lovely valley, welcome, right welcome ! I had long been a wanderer from the home of my happy childhood, the scenes of my early years. Far, far away, beneath the scorching sun of a southern sky, I had sprung up from youth to manhood ; and was now rapidly advancing from manhood to infirm old age. Many and startling had been the vicissitudes of fortune I had been called upon to endure ; many the dangers I had encountered—the perils I had overcome. Wearied and worn out by the toil and turmoil of a long and eventful life, I was returning, like a stricken deer, no longer able to join the browsing

herd on this busy plain, to seek out some calm retreat—some favourite pasture of the olden time—where I might lie me down and die. I was an old man then, my brow was wrinkled, my hair grey, and the little remnant of my life seemed dwindled to its shortest span; years, long years, have rolled away, and I still live—the man who has outlived his time! Earth for me has no bond, no hope. I have watched my firmest ties, link after link, give way. I have seen my brightest hopes bud, blossom, and decay. “Oh! had I the wings of a dove, I would fly away and be at rest.” Yet, why should I repine? Now can I look on my own lovely valley; now can I sit by graves of my heart’s treasured idols—those precious creatures who have gone before; now can I trim the straggling branches of that stately yew which will soon lend its friendly covering to my own last resting-place—the quiet grave; to die amid the scenes of my childhood—to sleep, side by side, with those who have shared my best and purest affections—was once my constant prayer: thank God, that prayer is likely to be fulfilled!

“Wharfdale, welcome my own lovely valley, right welcome!” It is ten years ago since these words first burst from my lips; yet how well do I remember my feelings at that moment. It was at the close of a calm summer’s evening, when my own little village (situated in one of the most sheltered and picturesque nooks of the valley) first broke upon my sight. The last lingering beam of the setting sun shedding its faint light on the highest headlands of the distant hills, and the silvery fog rising in cloud-like masses from the bosom of the majestic Wharf, gave to the scene an appearance of witchery and enchantment. Though I had been absent for many years, there was not a cottage—nay, I may almost say a tree—that did not awaken in my mind some tender recollection,—some treasured story of the past. The plain old church, with its ivy-covered turret; the romantic burial ground, with its many homely and unsculptured tablets—the parsonage, with its pretty little flower garden, and well-trimmed hedge-rows; and Oh! above all, that most exquisite little cottage—the home of my childhood! all, all were as I had left them. Overcome by my feelings, I gazed on them, spell-bound for a moment; then quickening my pace, I hurried away to the inn, repeating as I did so those chaste, yet unpretending stanzas from the pen of Thomas Hood,—

“I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.”

The inn, like everything else, remained just as I had last seen it,—the old sign, supported by its two high poles, at the entrance to the garden, swung lazily in the breeze; the rude wooden watering trough, with its crystal stream, still maintained its accustomed place; and the old house-dog, now scarcely able to move, sat watching on the threshold. How well did I remember that old dog: often had he been the companion of my rambles, years ago; often had he shared my frugal meal. “Carlo! will he remember me?” mentally ejaculated I; and scarcely had the thought crossed my mind, when starting from his place, the poor old brute came crawling to my side; and after sniffing inquisitively about for a few seconds, he set up a loud bark, rubbed his head against my legs, and, wagging his tail with joy, ran into the house. Two or three minutes more, and I was face to face with my old neighbour, Giles Coverley. He was altered—much altered; yet I should have recognised him in a moment, had I met him even in the wilds of Siberia. Alas! his memory was treacherous. An unmoved countenance—a cold, though courteous, salutation—at once convinced me that I was no longer known to the worthy master of the village hostelry. The dog remembered me—the man did not! no wonder, no wonder: Giles Coverley had drained the bitter cup of poverty and misfortune; grief had sunk deep into his heart; made shipwreck of his happiness; and left him but little pleasure in hoarding the memories of the past. No sooner had I made myself known, than the old man, seizing me warmly by the hand, gave me a welcome so hearty and sincere, that it fully compensated every feeling of disappointment that I had suffered from his first apparent forgetfulness.

The evening closed in, the rustic customers of the village hostelry departed, and Giles Coverley and myself were left to the enjoyment of our homely cup in quiet and unbroken companionship. I had a thousand questions to ask, which Giles was ready to answer. The house of my birth—the scenes of my childhood—were unchanged. I had seen them all, once again, in their calm simplicity and beauty, and the sight had filled my old heart with joy and gladness unspeakable. But oh! where were the friends, the companions, the neighbours, of that happy season? Giles Coverley alone was left. No, no, not alone; I would that it had been so. There was still one—one dear to me as a brother—one whose very name is music to my ears—whose memory will be closely treasured in my heart, to the latest moment of my life—he still lived: a bitter life in death!

The Rosery! long was it my own happy home; afterwards it had become, and still continued to be, the house of my friend and companion, Leicester Melville—the high-minded, the unfortunate Melville! Alas! alas! the annals of *The Rosery* form a melancholy tale.

CHAPTER II.

LEICESTER MELVILLE was the only son of the Rev. Adolphus Melville, of ———, in the county of York; a gentleman far more notorious for his political intrigues, than for his professional acquirements. As an extensive land proprietor, and a large fund-holder into the bargain, the reverend gentleman possessed no ordinary influence over the greater portion of his flock; who were, in many instances, not only his spiritual brethren, but his secular followers as well. He had a proud, indomitable temper; a selfish disposition; and a heart totally devoid of all the better feelings of human nature. His every thought and affection seemed concentrated on one point, —“Self;” and “self,” alone, was the object of his admiration and esteem; and to gratify this base and unworthy feeling he would stoop to any condescension, however mean and disreputable.

Wealth, in the hands of a true and faithful minister of the gospel, becomes the source of comfort and consolation to many an honest, but unfortunate, family,—administering to the necessities of the hungry and the naked, and relieving the sorrows of the fatherless and the widow; in the hands of the Rev. Adolphus Melville, however, it became only the means of tyranny and oppression. Ever influenced by mercenary and selfish motives, he had married, early in life, a young and accomplished girl, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Glasgow; for whom, however, it soon became evident he entertained little, or, in truth, no real affection. Fortunately, perhaps, for herself, Mrs. Adolphus Melville was early removed from the busy stage of life, having died within a couple of months after the birth of her first-born. It will readily be imagined, from what has already been said in reference to her husband, that he was not the man to be seriously effected by her death, much less to give himself any great trouble or concern about the child she had left to him. At an early age, Leicester was placed under the care of a gentleman, the proprietor of a large and well-known seminary, in the neighbourhood of London. It was there we first became acquainted. It was there, in our school days, that the seeds of one of the best and dearest friendships of my life were planted in my heart. Well do I remember the morning when Leicester Melville first came amongst us: he was much the youngest and most child-like boy in the establishment; and there was a gentle and melancholy air about his pale, fair face, that at once excited our sympathy and es-

teem. Day after day wore away, and Leicester soon became a favourite with us all. There was not a boy amongst us, however reckless and unruly his temper, that would not gladly have befriended him. He was a sickly and delicate child, unable to mingle in the boisterous sports and gambols of his companions, or to repel the attacks of the most puny belligerent, should one, by some uncommon chance, ever happen to come across his path. This was an evil, however, he had seldom to encounter: a word from his lips would have brought a legion of blustering heroes to his rescue. In short, one and all, by common consent, appeared determined to love and defend *le petit Melville*. This was his sobriquet, and one more expressive could not readily have been found.

These same school-days were happy times. Now, in the dark December of my life, I can remount the current of my years, and conjuring up from the store-house of memory a thousand hopes and pleasures which then filled my young heart, I feel to forget one-half the troubles and misfortunes I have since been destined to endure. Even at this moment the floodgates of feeling are unbarred; pictures, bright beautiful pictures, of my school-days pass rapidly before my eyes: faces, familiar as a brother's, again seem to look upon me with all a brother's fondness: voices heard long, long ago, again revibrate on my ear. The gloomy present sparkles brightly beneath the sunshine of the happy past.

It would be useless to dwell at any length on this particular epoch in the life of Leicester Melville; let it suffice, then, to observe, that he daily proved himself more and more worthy the friendship and esteem of all around him, and daily entwined himself more closely in their affections. If his physical constitution was weak and delicate, he soon gave indication of uncommon and surpassing mental power. Rising step by step on the ladder of learning, he soon attained, and long managed to hold, a foremost place in the ranks of his competitors. He was destined for the profession of an artist, and had already made great progress in the prosecution of his labours under the tuition of the master who regularly attended the establishment. I have three or four of his pictures painted in those happy days, and often now I look upon them with wonder and astonishment. There is a boldness in their conception and character, and a delicacy in their execution, that at once stamp them, puerile even as they are, with the insignia of genius.

The period of his pupilage at last came to an end, and amidst a thousand good wishes and regrets Leicester Melville took his departure. Though still weak and delicate in constitution, he could no longer be justly called *le petit Melville*, yet as such he was long spoken of and remembered by his early friends and companions.

Italy, that genial nursery of poets and painters, was next to become his home. Rife with hope, and panting with ambition, thither he at once departed. Inheriting from his mother a handsome fortune, he was enabled to travel in the style most agreeable to his wishes, and to provide himself with every requisite necessary to the prosecution of his studies,—advantages which young men in his position and profession but too seldom enjoy.

It would be totally impossible to give an adequate idea of the impressions made upon his mind by the bright scenes, the fairy-like pictures, of the sunny south. He saw, as it were by magic, the realization of his brightest day-dreams of beauty. So long, indeed, and so devotedly, had he been accustomed to gaze on the pictures of the masters of that cloudless country, that he had imbibed, almost imperceptibly to himself, an intense admiration for the witching scenery they portrayed. The repose, not the commotion, of nature was his favourite study and contemplation. In every scene that was *Claude-like*, calm, sunny, and serene, he found a never-ending charm, and viewing it as he did, not merely with the eye of a painter, but of a philosopher as well, it not only excited his wonder and admiration, but tended also to strengthen and elevate the better feelings of his heart.

CHAPTER III.

THE period of Leicester Melville's pupilage, a period extending over eight or nine years, wrought, as may be supposed, many strange and unforeseen changes in the position and fortune of his progenitor. Shortly after getting rid of his son, he had formed a second, but by no means a reputable, alliance with a widow lady who resided in the village over which he presided as incumbent. Mrs. M'Douall, for such was her name, had formerly been the wife of a solicitor residing in Manchester, who had died some three or four years previous to her marriage with the Rev. Adolphus Melville, leaving her with two young children, a small annuity, and her estate encumbered with a second or a third mortgage. These, however, were but trifles in the estimation of the buxom widow, who trusted by a little well-timed ingenuity and finesse to be enabled shortly to repair her shattered fortunes by

a second and more eligible marriage. With a cold, calculating, mercenary, spirit, she played her part for some time in vain. At last, however, fortune happening to throw her in the way of the Rev. Adolphus Melville, who had obtained, and not unjustly, the reputation of being a wealthy and marrying man, her former efforts were redoubled. Slowly, but surely, ingratiating herself into his good opinions, she daily entangled him more and more in the snare she had laid, and had, in the end, the satisfaction of finding herself no longer the poor and plotting widow of a Manchester solicitor, but the gay wife of a wealthy minister of the established church. The parsonage was refurnished, the drawing-rooms enlarged, the pleasure-gardens extended, and the whole place completely revolutionized, under the vigilant superintendence of her ladyship. This sudden advancement to fortune appeared to have given fresh stimulus to her pride and ambition, always great, now inordinate. She was determined, at any cost or sacrifice, notwithstanding the occasional warnings and contradictions of her husband, to be the *fine lady* of the neighbourhood, to have the most costly house, the most elegant equipage. Expense was altogether out of the question when her whims and caprices were to be gratified. She had struggled hard and long to effect a "money match" (as she was wont to call a mercenary marriage), she had effected her purpose, and was now fully bent on reaping the whole benefit of her ingenuity and intrigue. A governess was engaged to superintend the education of her two daughters, who already promised to be no very agreeable addition to the family circle at the parsonage, and every thing that might be requisite for their future advancement in society was lavishly provided. Not a day was allowed to pass without Mrs. Melville's taking some opportunity or other to press upon the attention of her husband the promising beauty, and the precocious talent, of her young treasures, and often, and frequently most unseasonably, would she urge her solicitations in their behalf. With all her failings and her faults, Mrs. Melville appeared to have one cardinal virtue: she would never seek to deprive her husband of any pleasure or amusement, nor venture even so much as a remonstrance against any of his political exhibitions, however indecorous or absurd. But whether or not her motives were such as ought always to influence the heart of a good and faithful wife, may be a question of some doubt. She was a deep, designing, mercenary woman, and experience has long taught us that such women will play many parts to effect the object of their wishes.

After the marriage of his father, the visits of Leicester Melville to his paternal roof gradually began to decrease, and at length were almost entirely discontinued. His father's usually cold and harsh manners were now colder than ever. His step-mother, notwithstanding a sinister and hypocritical profession of most devoted

attachment, evidently availed herself of every opportunity to speak in his dispraise, and to poison the ear of his father by a thousand false and malignant stories. And as for the children, they inherited too much of their mother's temper and disposition either to excite his admiration or induce his friendship. Under such circumstances, the course which had been chalked out for Leicester by his father was perhaps the one above all others that he himself would have chosen, and so young a wanderer has seldom, if ever, set forth with so light a heart from the home of his childhood.

Those from whom he had a right to expect kindness and regard, had treated him with coldness and indifference,—the filial affections of his young heart had been cruelly blighted in the bud.—No matter, he had done his duty as a son. He had nothing to repent, much to forgive, and in the consciousness of this truth, we find the magic talisman of his happiness.

Time passed on, and the Rev. Adolphus Melville shortly found good reason to repent the step he had taken. An extravagant wife,—an increasing expenditure,—and a temporary depression of the funds,—placed him, at a moment when he little expected it, —in a position of difficulty and embarrassment. He was not the man suddenly to retrench,—appearances must be kept up, let the expense be what it might, however exorbitant and ruinous.—He would sooner have squandered every farthing he possessed, and then have retired, in penury and want, from the noisy bustle of the world, to some quiet and obscure nook,—where, alike “unknown and unknown,” he might have passed his remaining days in poverty and seclusion, than have allowed even a suspicion of his difficulties to have gone forth, at this moment, amongst his friends.

We had arrived at an important era, in the political history of our country,—an era that will long be looked back upon, with wonder and admiration.—An era in which a struggling and an oppressed people, throwing off the yoke of bondage, worked out their own emancipation,—and nobly won the freedom they now enjoy. Would that this good fight had gone on,—would that that era had proved but the dawning of a long and cloudless day of liberty,—then would all men have discovered that freedom is something more than a shadow,—something better than a high-sounding word to tickle the ears of a multitude. Yes, then would experience have taught us, that :—

“Freedom, rightly understood,
Is universal licence to be good.”

There was an election for the county !—Lord Waldron, a young and dissipated member of a proud but poor family,—was the can-

didate of the old school,—and at any cost or sacrifice, Lord Waldron must be elected. Bribes were plentifully offered,—readily received.

And the Rev. Adolphus Melville, proud of being looked upon as a leader of his party,—and perhaps still prouder of being considered one of the most wealthy commoners in the county,—became, in the excitement of the moment, profusely and unwisely liberal,—taking upon himself the responsibility of debts contracted by his party to a large and uncontemplated amount.

After a severe contest, Lord Waldron was declared to have been victorious. He took his seat in Parliament,—the honourable representative of a landed aristocracy,—carried there by the ill-bestowed wealth of his supporters,—many of whom he had never seen before the day of nomination,—*most* of whom he would probably never see,—nor even think of again.

“Gad, my dear Harry, it was a deuced costly affair, I know,—was that same election of mine. No matter, though; there’s that vain, self-satisfied, old dotard, Melville, (the political divine,—the ready cat’s-paw of young penniless adventurers like myself,) and three or four others, who will readily balance all my good old fashioned purity of election accounts, and think themselves amply repaid, by being allowed the honour of claiming my acquaintance.—‘*My friend,—his lordship!*’ has a mighty tickling effect on the ears of your would-be aristocratic, country gentlemen.”

Such was the trite and true remark of the new member for the county, as he entered the C — Club, in Pall Mall, three or four days after his election,—to his friend and companion, the notorious Count D —.

CHAPTER IV.

I left school about twelve months after the departure of Leicester Melville, and, singularly enough, like him, was destined to start out almost immediately for Italy, though on a very different errand.

I had a sister, at that time residing with an English family in Venice. We had just received a letter from her protector. She was ill, perhaps dying, and it was to administer comfort and consolation to that absent and beloved member of our family, that I was summoned to the land of poetry and romance. Mine was a bitter task,—sad, very sad, were the reflections that haunted me on my journey,—and much as I wished, ardently as I longed to press my unfortunate sister in my arms, I trembled at the very thought of beholding her sweet face, (once so lovely and redolent with health,) cold and pale from suffering and disease. Poor Marian! she was only a year older than myself,—we had been companions, playmates, when children, and I loved her perhaps with more intensity than I did any other member of our household. I halted not day nor night, until I arrived at the end of my journey. Alas! I was too late,—my sister had departed! Her cold, inanimate corpse, was all that I had left to look upon. Thank God, she had been a good, kind girl,—and I could not doubt but she had passed into a brighter and a better world.

This was the first real sorrow of my young heart.

I had been in Venice nearly twelve months. It was a calm, bright night in July, the moon shone in cloudless majesty in the heavens, shedding her bright rays over the lofty domes, and dark waters of the Imperial City, with more than usual brilliance. I was standing on the Rialto, contemplating with sad and melancholy feelings, the calm and tranquil picture that surrounded me. The streets were almost entirely deserted,—and the only sounds that occasionally disturbed my gloomy reverie, were the quickly retreating paces of a distant footfall on the pavement, or the gentle rippling caused by the solitary gondola as it swept rapidly along the sparkling bosom of the silent river.

I had never once seen or heard of Leicester Melville, though I had reason from my letters to suppose that he was now in Venice. On turning to retrace my steps towards home, my attention was suddenly drawn to a person on the opposite side of the way. Like myself, he was evidently contemplating the lovely picture that was spread before him. He was apparently young, handsome, and well-proportioned, but having his cloak drawn closely about his person, it was impossible for me to form any very accurate decision at the moment. I crossed to the same side of the street, when, turning suddenly round, and observing my approach, the stranger immediately drew his cloak still closer about his neck and hurried away, murmuring to himself as he went along, "Who could fail to be a poet or a painter on contemplating a picture bright and beautiful as this!" The voice, though it came indistinctly to my ear, sounded like a voice of the olden time; I was familiar with its tone, and though I could not be positive

that it was Leicester Melville whom I had just heard and seen, I was sufficiently assured to induce me to follow, at a short distance, the course of one who had thus suddenly excited my curiosity and wonder. After passing rapidly through two or three narrow streets, he suddenly entered a high, dark-looking Palazza, and hurriedly closing the door, left me in a state of most unenviable uncertainty. Should I now demand entrance, and thus at once satisfy my curiosity, or should I wait until the following day, and then use my endeavours to discover whether or not I had been mistaken in the person of the stranger?

Hesitating for a moment, uncertain how to act, I heard a light footstep coming quickly towards me, and turning suddenly round, was startled to find an infirm old woman advanced within a few paces of the spot where I was standing. She was closely muffled in a threadbare garment, and her face was partly concealed by a dark veil which fell in thick folds from her head. I pulled my cloak about my face, and was turning away so as to avoid her, when, stretching forth her long bony hand, she grasped me firmly by the arm, and motioning me at the same time to remain silent, addressed me in a low and hurried voice.

"Away, signor! you are in danger."

"How, and from whom?" enquired I, releasing myself from her grasp.

"Hush! they are within a few paces. Quick! quick! to your lodgings, or it will be too late."

"No; I move not a step," replied I firmly, at the same moment throwing back my cloak from my face, and seizing the old woman firmly by the arm. "No; I move not a step until you explain to me this riddle."

She threw back a veil, fixed her dark penetrating eyes on my face, and then starting with astonishment, exclaimed, "Pardon me, signor, I have been mistaken. You are not the person I thought."

"For whom did you take me, then?"

"You are an Englishman?"

"I am."

"So I thought from your speech, and as such I may trust you with my secret. I mistook you for one of your fellow-countrymen, a young man, by profession a painter."

"And his name?"

"Hush! not a word; they are close upon us. Away! meet them boldly, speak fearlessly, and for heaven's sake keep your face uncovered. Adio, signor, adio."

The old woman walked off as quickly as her infirmities would allow, while, stealthily approaching from the opposite direction, two tall, dark-looking, men advanced rapidly towards me. Pulling my cloak from my shoulders and throwing it carelessly across my

arm, I almost mechanically obeyed the instructions I had received. We met, and the two bravoës (for such I could no longer doubt them to be) made a determined stand, seized me firmly by the arms, gazed steadfastly on my face, and then, evidently assured that I was not their victim, uttered a deep though half suppressed imprecation, and passed on. I was neither in the humour, nor had I the heart, to offer any resistance, and to have dogged their steps would only have brought upon me that fate which had evidently been intended for another.

I could not doubt but the young man whom I had followed from the Rialto was the person of whom they were in search. I had seen him enter the house; the door was safely closed, and every thing seemed perfectly quiet and at rest within. "He is safe, at all events, for this night," mentally ejaculated I, "and to-morrow I may warn him of his danger."

Full of wonder, doubt, and apprehension, I retraced my steps towards my own house, thanking Providence, as I did so, for the friendly warning of the old woman, which had in all probability been the means of saving me from a cruel and untimely death.

THE CONTRAST;

OR,

THE ARTIST AND THE DWARF.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

Weary and wan there sat alone,
In a room both damp and dull;
With aching heart and wailing moan,
And hand as cold as if of stone,
One of earth's beautiful.

"Where are the hopes that led me,
In the days of youth gone by?
Where are the thoughts that fed me,
Ere grief had dimmed my eye?"

Oh, sorrow, and hunger, and tears,
Are sad for the heart to bear ;
And 'neath the weight of growing years,
How flourishes despair !

" I've toiled in the dead of night,—
I've toiled in the morning grey,—
Till the sun's broad light has dimmed my sight,
In the wants and woes of day.
Did I wear an alien name,
Not worthless were my zeal ;
With a pure flame the torch of fame
The artist would reveal.

" Gone are youth's hours and fiery powers,
And blessed dreams of life ;
And fame, that dowers in golden showers,
Gilds not my toil and strife.
There comes to me but poverty :
The spell that bound is gone ;
And this worn breast can know no rest,
Till life's last sands have run !"

II.

In pomp and pride, by beauty's side,
In revelry and glee ;
Where foaming wine in draught divine,
Went round with minstrelsy,
A mortal sat. Why was it fame
For him had told its lie ?
And to him came, led by the same,
Thousands and thousands nigh.

What had he done, that every one
Should trumpet forth his name ?
Did he the poor, in grief bend o'er,
And erring man reclaim ?
Say, had he sung earth's son's among,
Truths that may never die ?
Say, had his life been one long strife
With power's vile tyranny ?

Had he in might stood up for right,
And dared the jeer and scoff ?
No ! not for these were earth's gifts his :
Then why ? *He was a dwarf !*

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Tales of Many Lands. By MARGARET FRASER TYTLER. New Edition, with Illustrations. London: R. Yorke, Clarke, and Co.

THIS is a very delightful book, full of such stories as will do children good to read. Miss Tytler writes in a way that must win the heart of every boy or girl, whose eye glances on her pages. We commend the book as one of the best of its class. As one which fathers and mothers will do well to buy. It is beautifully printed, and forms a volume, fitted to attract the eye, as well as improve the heart, of childhood.

Howitt's Journal of Literature, and Popular Progress. Edited by WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT. Vol. I. Published for the Proprietor, by William Lovett. Strand.

WE congratulate the public on the completion of the first volume of Howitt's Journal. A Journal, from which much was expected, and which has not damped the hopes to which it gave birth. A Journal that claims the support of all who value the mental and moral enlightenment of our race. The work is too well known, to require that we should describe it. Full of valuable matter,—enriched with the thoughts and words of some of the most gifted of our day. It promises to do the state some service, and we commend it to the earnest support of those who would see Liberalism and intelligence pervade the land.



